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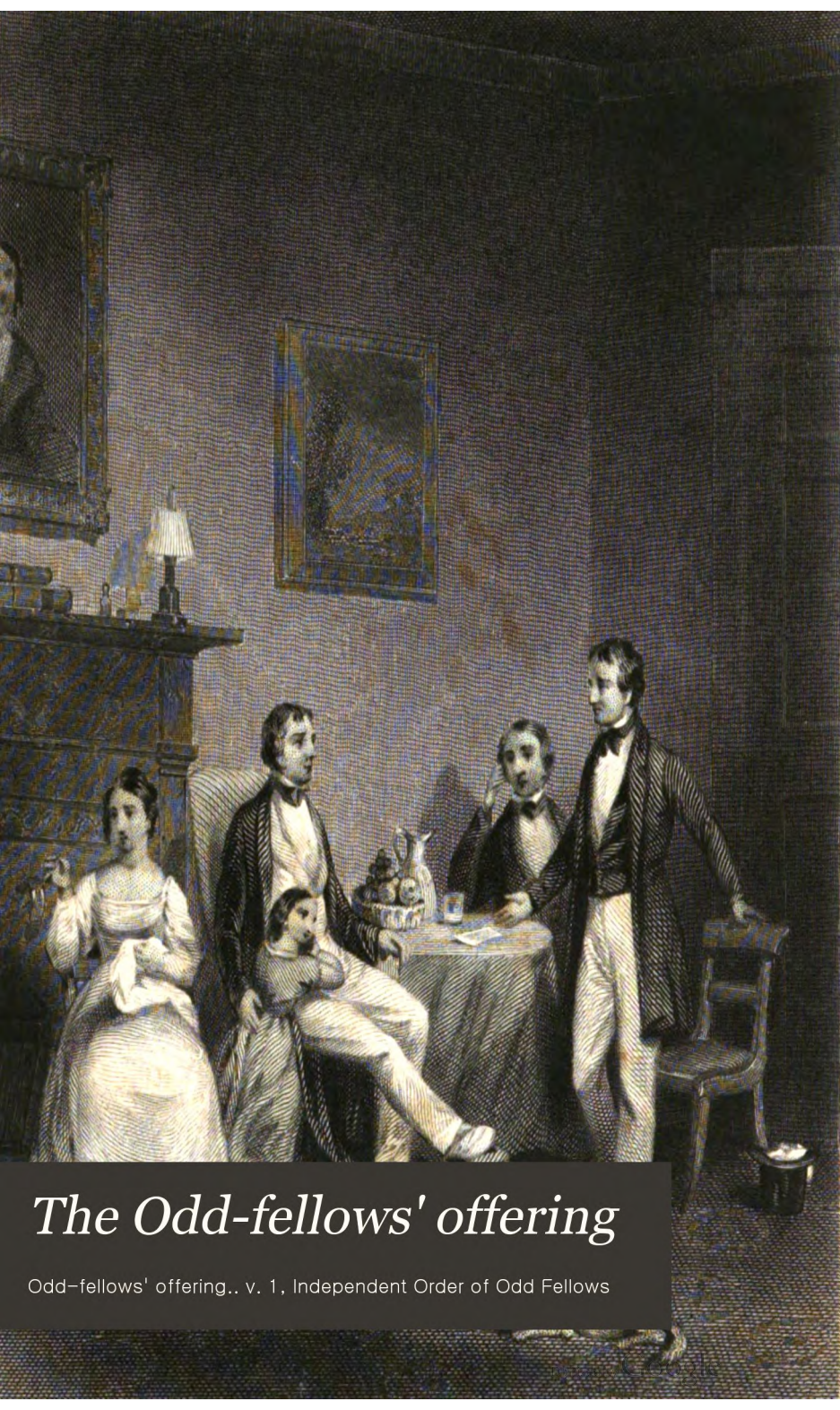

The Odd-fellows' offering

Odd-fellows' offering.. v. 1, Independent Order of Odd Fellows

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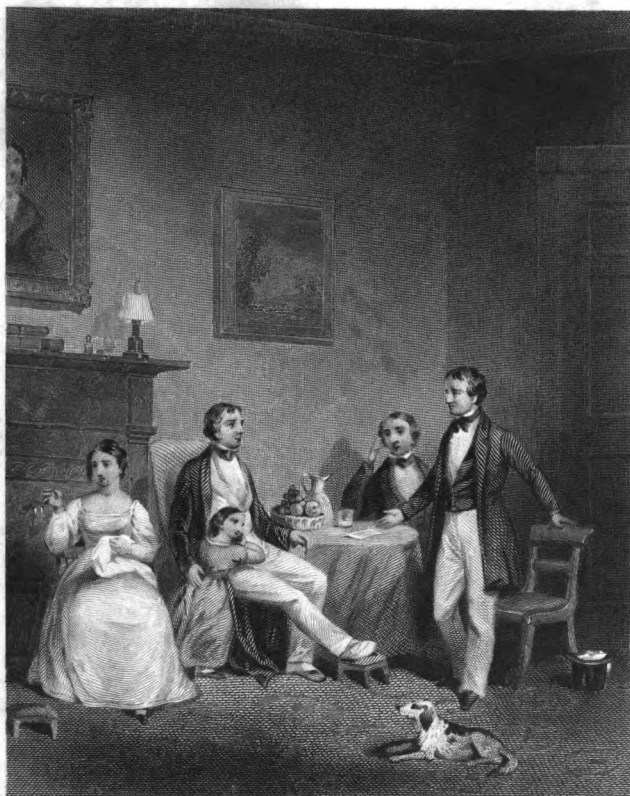

J.W. Casino

Rice & Hunter

Love's Triumph over Prejudice

Designed & Engraved for the Philadelphia Offering

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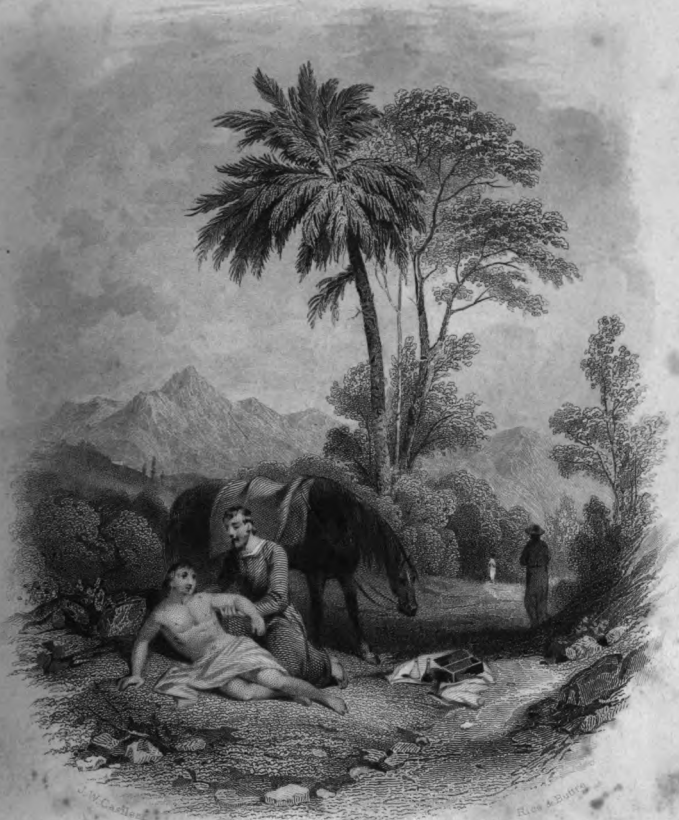
THE

ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING

FOR

1847.



EDITED BY

PASCHAL DONALDSON.

New York:

JOHN C. TREADWELL, 121 NASSAU ST.

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THE

ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING,

FOR

1847.

EDITED BY

PASCHAL DONALDSON.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN G. TREADWELL,
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MDCCCXLVII.

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PREFACE.

It is now FIVE YEARS since the Odd-Fellows' Offering first appeared. During that time, it has found its way into the families of the Brotherhood in every section of the Union, and also into Canada; young and old, grave and gay, friend and foe to the principles it illustrates, have perused its pages: and we are so vain as to believe, that, if those pages have effected no good, they have at least done no harm.

The reader will observe that this Book contains no ephemeral matter;—no romances of phrensy and murder; no tales of impurity and crime; no love-sick stories, for the perusal of the Billy-Lackadays of this most lackadaisical age. Yet—let us be not misunderstood—there *are* tales in this Work; tales, which portray and inculcate virtue and goodness of heart and goodwill to men; which show that those who perform deeds of kindness and love are the true nobility of earth. In one word—thanks

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to our contributors — the "Offering" is a book which a gentleman may place in his library, or a lady in her boudoir.

Improvement is the order of the day. The effort now, everywhere, is, to make men and things *better*. We have conformed to the prevailing spirit of the age, and improved our "Offering." The embellishments, especially, are more finished and elegant than were those of former years.— The artists employed in this department of the work have earned a "good reputation," and a just praise will be awarded them by the public.

P. D.

NEW-YORK, *August* 4, 1846.

—

The Odd-Fellows' Offering for 1848, which will be published in August next, will contain ten appropriate embellishments, the designs for which are already in the artists' hands.

J. G. T.

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THE

ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICE.

NIGHT, serene and beautiful, enveloped the picturesque village of M———. The prying moonbeams met no answering rays as they peered through the dark casements, save here and there, where the partly-shaded room revealed the flickering taper beside some sick couch, or the open window disclosed the patient sempstress bending over her long task with feverish cheek and hectic cough.

The furious plunge of a broad stream over the rocks of a fathomless ravine, alone broke the calm hush brooding above hill and valley, forest and plain. Beside the torrent, beneath the arms of an old oak, and in a natural arm-chair formed by its twisted roots, sat two young people in deep converse; while the flitting shadows of the

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leaves above them played on the impassioned countenance of the youth, and deepened the dark hue of the eyes gently resting upon it. He seemed to be eagerly combating some lurking distrust in the bosom of his fair companion.

"It is all bigotry, Mary, disgusting bigotry!" cried he; "I nad thought your mind unwarped by prejudice, but I fear that even you are tinctured by the narrow views of your associates. After all my devotion, am I to be coldly thrust aside because I will not, because I can not desert my friends? Oh, Mary! this from you? Can you so rashly judge, without understanding us? Then am I disappointed in you altogether! No, I will not believe it. You are too pure yourself to suspect the purity of others. You are now under the influence of other minds. I will wait patiently until the spell is over. A few years hence, perhaps, I will return to M———, and find that this unfortunate prejudice has worn off; then, at last, I trust to claim the hand once promised to me, but now unjustly withheld."

At these words, spoken in a firm tone, and with a look of conscious innocence, the young girl turned deathly pale. Bowing her head on her hands, she wept bitterly.

"Mary," he continued, in a softened voice, "remember that they who oppose our union are not your parents: if they were, I could not urge you to shake off your allegiance to them, and unite yourself to one who will shield you from their unjust persecution. Assert your independence; ally yourself to me, and you shall have no cause

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to regret it. Trust, Mary! Have faith in me!—try me——"

"Dear Edwin," interrupted the girl, "say no more. I do trust you; I have promised before Heaven to be yours. I here repeat my vow. Forgive my doubts! I will endeavor to believe that the Odd-Fellows' society, to which you belong, and which is now the barrier to our wishes, is all you have portrayed it."

Edwin Forrester was a talented, high-spirited young man, without a tinge of duplicity in his disposition. On the contrary, he was somewhat unguarded in his expressions, and sometimes involved himself in trouble by his impetuosity and frankness. This fault was linked to so much nobility of spirit and sweetness of disposition, as to be overlooked by the good and generous; but it often exposed him to the malice of the evil-minded, who delight to find a flaw in what seems to be perfection of character. In his choice of a wife, Edwin had been most wise, although it was rather the result of accident than of prudence. His taste was too pure to be pleased with a mere showy character, but his artlessness might easily have fallen a prey to hollowness of soul, if linked to refinement of manners and a cultivated intellect; these choice graces were united in Mary to a truthfulness of spirit and an amiability of temper, that had been tried in the furnace of affliction, and passed unscathed through temptation.

Educated by pious but somewhat bigoted people, she had imbibed some prejudices exceedingly repugnant to her lib-

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eral-minded lover. Love, however, triumphed over her scruples; and, amid the warnings of friends, the sneers of the malicious, and the persecutions of her own family, she gave her hand to Edwin Forrester at the altar, and openly became the wife of an Odd-Fellow. If she had married a notorious criminal, she would have created no greater sensation among her own particular associates.

The first year of their marriage passed happily away—so happily, that the coolness of former friends was disregarded, and Mary wondered as much at their intolerance as her husband had at her own. Frequent intercourse with the members of the Order had eradicated her prejudices, and she now believed that the principles they professed were not a specious covering for all that is bad in practice.

It is too frequently the case that ignorance fulfils its own prophecies. It seldom stops short of persecution; and, as if fearful that its auguries may be thwarted, bends every energy to promote the ruin it has foretold. The young couple had been watched with jealous eyes. No flaw, however, had been discovered in their domestic arrangements. To be sure, it had been reported that their boy, a fine infant, had been subjected to a mysterious rite at its birth: but what this rite was, no one seemed to know. That the child thrived in spite of it, there was too good evidence to doubt. For fear the happy trio should be too happy, it was deemed expedient to put in force a little wholesome persecution, to make them miserable,

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and thus at once expose the pernicious tendency of Odd-Fellowship.

Edwin held his farm on a rather uncertain tenure. It had been leased to his father for a long term of years by the mother of its present proprietor, who had always refused to sell it. Since his mother's death, not contented with the spacious homestead, the landlord was anxious to erect a more elegant dwelling on a fine eminence commanding a view of the sea, but covered with Mr. Forrester's profitable orchard. Even if the lessee had been willing to part with it, its proximity to his neat little cottage rendered it inconvenient to his landlord as a building-lot. The 'squire frequently dropped in to talk over the matter with Mr. Fox the attorney, who was Mary's half-brother, and a most violent opponent of her marriage. One fine evening, the two cronies had met as usual, and Fox told the 'squire that it was easy enough to eject his tenant, for, on looking over the papers, he found that his brother-in-law had no legal right to his land; and as to the house, no doubt he would gladly sell it, if he knew his claim to the farm was not valid. "Of course," he added, "the 'squire would not molest his tenants; but if some men, less honorable, had his right, *they* would do so." The 'squire replied with equal duplicity, but the hint he had received was not lost. As he left the house, Fox squeezed his hand, whispering that he knew his sister's interests were perfectly safe in such hands.

Six months from that evening the apple-orchard was

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razed; the noise of the hammer was heard in Forrester's pretty dwelling, and the clustering vines clung in vain to the familiar crevices in its walls. Trampled and bleeding, they strewed the once smooth but now broken sward. The 'squire had gone further than Fox intended. After ejecting his tenant, he refused to pay for the house, claiming *that* in payment of the back rent—declaring, as he did so, that his mother did not understand the administering of property, and had leased the land much too low. As the lease was not valid, he had a right to set his own value on the land, and claim it for the time Edwin had held it. After consulting a lawyer, Mr. Forrester found that resistance was unavailing. He quietly withdrew, and in a few weeks, almost penniless, came to the city to seek employment. He had been obliged to give up his trade because it injured his health; but, driven by the iron hand of necessity, he gladly accepted the pittance offered him, and was once more toiling in the unwholesome atmosphere of a printing-office.

Mary soon joined him; and by her patient cheerfulness, active benevolence, and ready sympathy, soothed his chafed spirit, and threw a halo of happiness around the dark brow of Poverty. Her natural elegance of taste no circumstances could destroy; and her apartments, though small, bespoke the presence of cultivated intellect and refinement of feeling. Edwin, whose tenacious memory recoiled at the concomitants of a city life spent amid toil and stinted means, was astonished and delighted at the comfort and

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happiness he enjoyed. Seated by the cheerful fireside, with his boy on his knee, and his wife near him busily employed with her needle, no monarch at the banquet-board feasted more generously of worldly cheer than he. And when the hour of rest approached, the open Bible attested the acknowledgment of thankful hearts. He felt that a *home* in the city, even if earned by incessant labor, was far different from a companionless, friendless residence among strangers. Mary was an excellent vest-maker; she found plenty of employment, and good wages. But it was not without the utmost industry and some self-sacrifice that she succeeded in obtaining profitable work. It was no easy thing for one brought up in competence and modest seclusion to seek employment from strangers. She was, however, shielded from the usual annoyances to which many a modest girl is subjected. Always accompanied by her husband, no insolent employer or impertinent clerk dared to trifle with her sensitiveness.

Mr. Fox fancied some business called him to town. He could not think of leaving without calling on his sister, whom he had not seen for more than a year. He had succeeded in prejudicing many worthy minds against her husband—giving them an impression of his want of stability, and his theoretical habits of thinking, so adverse to practical usefulness. He now was anxious to see the effects of their new life on Mary. It was his favorite adage that "Love flew out of the window when Poverty entered the door." The sneer faded from his lips as he stopped

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before the porch of a neat frame dwelling, with a small court filled with fragrant shrubs in front, and the broad arms of a horse-chestnut towering above the rear gable. The knocker, bright as brass can be made, reflected his sour visage, as he gave a loud rap, that served as a sort of safety-valve to his pent-up envy. With an effort he placidly returned Mary's cordial greetings; and following her into a room which served as parlor and sitting-apartment, with one rapid glance saw that Love and Taste both condescended to remain in their humble home. His sister was thinner and paler than usual; but the serenity of her brow, and the brightness of her dark eyes, as yet undimmed with tears, checked his expected triumph, and cowered his mean soul. His nephew, rosy and healthy, was frolicking with a large dog in one corner of the room, while a kitten — fit emblem of himself — was walking toward them with stealthy step, to secure a bit of cake that had been dropped by the playful child. This stratagem was the only agreeable thing that transpired during his visit. Although unconscious of his villany, Mary understood her visiter, and his motive in calling. The brightest aspect was therefore skilfully turned toward him: and he left her with his curiosity but partially satisfied, and his rancor aroused to the highest pitch. He had been completely baffled in his inquiries, while all around informed him of what he did not wish to know — that they were comfortable and contented. As he walked down the flower-bordered path, longing to demolish the gay-tinted beauties, he encoun-

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tered Edwin, who with a friend was returning home. After the usual salutations, Fox, with an air of interest, inquired how he was succeeding in business. Introducing his friend as a prominent member of "the Order," Edwin informed the attorney that he was indebted to him for an excellent place in one of the first banks in the city. Fox looked as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet. After mumbling something about stability, keeping to one's trade, etc., the attorney broke away, and returned to M——— with all possible expedition. Arriving there, he whispered to those who he knew would proclaim it the loudest, that "he had found his sister very poor, pale, and thin; and that by the article in her hands, which she was anxious to conceal from him, it was evident she was working for the 'slop-shops;' that Edwin had changed his business again, as he never could stick to one thing, and was roaming about the streets with idle fellows of the Order, while his wife was at home toiling," etc.

In the meantime, Edwin was seated by his fond wife, who was listening to his bright projects for the future, and praising his patience, which had met its just reward. The day after Fox's visit, he entered on his new duty at the bank. His income was now trebled; and, for a slight consideration, the family who occupied the residue of the little house were induced to leave, and Edwin and Mary took the whole to themselves. She had been acquainted some time with an orphan girl, who, lonely and deformed, seemed without a friend in the world, but had man-

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aged to support herself, with great difficulty, by plain sewing. Mary taught her to make vests, and, after the change in their circumstances, took her to live with them; and resigning the greater part of her business to the poor girl, at once rendered her independent and happy. In the orphan, she secured a true friend and intelligent associate. The girl had a distant relation in M———, poor, but honest and respectable. To her she frequently wrote of her happy condition; and through this channel, the calumnies of Fox were mostly refuted. Thus these excellent young people, by their benevolence and kindness to a friendless child, were unconsciously refuting the slanders of their enemies. Oh, why should man repine at injustice and wrong, or fear to suffer the worst that can befall him, since right so soon triumphs over error, and a beneficent Creator so surely succors the innocent, and heals the pangs that hallow, while they rend the pure in heart?

Several years passed by. The 'squire completed his magnificent house, but did not live to enjoy it. His son, a mere boy, inherited it. Fox had besieged the couch of his dying friend, in the hope of being made either guardian or executor. But he was disappointed; the 'squire knew the attorney's character too well. The excellent pastor of the village church was now the constant visiter and adviser of the dying man. Edwin was not forgotten; his cause was ably managed by the good clergyman. When the 'squire's will was read, the executor found that

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it provided for full restitution to young Forrester. This was an unexpected piece of good fortune. Fox heard of it with dismay; but, on finding that he had not been betrayed, wrote a letter of congratulation to his brother-in-law. Not content with this, he determined to make a visit to the city, to express his delight in person.

There was something in the aspect of his sister's house that indicated trouble or sickness. The blinds were closely drawn, and unbroken stillness reigned around the house. Tan was spread before the door, and a cloth was tied around the knocker. Mary opened the door softly, before he had time to rap. Ushering him into a pretty parlor, she informed him that Edwin had severely wounded his foot, while splitting wood for the oven. He was better, but had suffered deeply. He was troubled with nervous headache, and they found it necessary to keep very quiet. With a most lugubrious face, Fox followed her to another room, where he found Edwin conversing with two friends. He was pale and emaciated, but evidently contented. These gentlemen had called, according to the rules of the Order, to render him all the assistance in their power.

Edwin looked faint as Fox entered. Resting his head on his hand, he awaited his approach; but the attorney halted, as if fearful of disturbing him. Standing in a distant part of the room, he surveyed the group. There was an expression on Edwin's face that the attorney did not like. He evidently knew all. Withdrawing on tiptoe,

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the wily man whispered commonplace condolence in his sister's ear, and took his leave. It was his last visit.

For some cause, Fox suspected that he had become very unpopular at M———. He concluded the location was not healthy for him, and removed into another state. A few years afterward, he learned that Edwin had returned to his native place, built a good house on his own land, and retired from business with a competency. At a still later date, he heard of the marriage of Edwin's oldest daughter to the 'squire's only son, whose character had been modelled by an excellent guardian; and whatever taint he inherited from his parent, had been carefully eradicated. Fox had long since ceased to hope for the downfall of this high-principled family. He heard, therefore, of their prosperity, with a sort of pride in his relatives, and was often heard to speak of his nephew, the squire, and his dearest kinsfolk, the Forresters.

E. A. C.

New York, *June*, 1846.

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PRINCIPLES AND EXPEDIENCY.

BY THOMAS AUSTIN, P. G.

No PRINCIPLE that ever has been, or any that ever will be discovered, can be considered new. It may have been new to us; but its existence has been, is, and will be, co-eternal with Jehovah—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

The wants and demands of a higher intellection, and consequently a higher civilization, call forth energy and perseverance; and man roams the universe around in search of that happiness which he believes to be the final destiny of the human world, predicted by prophet and priest, typified and shadowed forth by past events, and ardently sought after by men at all ages of the world.

These energies, stimulated by such high hope, lead to the discovery of one principle after another; and man instinctively searches the bowels of the earth, penetrates the hidden recesses of nature, descends deep into the wells of truth, weighs far-distant worlds, and measures their wide-sweeping orbits.

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The poet sings of the "music of the spheres," and of the harmonies of the universe. He dives into the human heart, and unlocks the arcana of mind. In the exalted strains of his transcendent art, he rouses human passion, and opens up the fountains of all the finer and loftier feelings of the soul, by recording great achievements of other days, whether in art or science, history, philanthropy, or song.

The soul of the true musician is full of the spirit of humanity. He bodies forth his aspirations, and represents the perplexities and the jarrings of life—man's hopes and fears—his darkness and doubt—his conflict with destiny—and his final triumph—in major and minor strains, in symphony and chorus, in hallelujah and amen.

The painter and the sculptor, with hearts glowing with the flame of genius, manifest their aspirations and desires by color, form, and figure. Under the true inspiration of their art, the "*heaving* canvass" and the "*breathing* marble" represent life in its various forms and phases. They rake up from the oblivion of past ages names that have been illustrious in martial prowess, history, or song—give to them form and expression, and transmit them to nations unborn.

The chymist analyzes the various bodies which come under his notice, ascertains the ingredients of which they are composed, and searches the powers which form them. Light and heat, and the causes of rain and snow, storm and earthquake, are subjects of his investigation. He is

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the forerunner of civilization. His energies are directed to increasing the comforts, conveniences, and the elegancies of life. He teaches the laws which analyze, alkalize, and combine. His business also is to discover the laws of vegetable production, growth, and maturity, and the manner in which food is rendered subservient to the support of animal life.

The physiologist explains the various functions of the animal economy, examines its construction, and studies the laws which govern it. The deep aspirations of his soul are to set the human family free from that slavery to appetite, and prevent that carelessness of consequences, which so often causes man to bend beneath the weight of physical transgression, and cuts him short in the midst of high hope and delightful anticipation. Thus *he* directs his energies to improving the physical condition, and consequently adding to the happiness of the human world.

The moral-reformers in the various causes of Temperance, Non-Resistance, Anti-Slavery, No-Government, Association, Woman's Rights, Bibles and Missions, all study the bearings and influences which each of these principles will have upon the final destiny of man; and each urges his own peculiar views upon the attention of the world with all the ardor and zeal of which he is capable.

The propagators of Christian truth in the various sects of Episcopacy, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, Dutch-Reformed, Lutheran, Friends, Unitarian, New-Church, and Perfectionist, are all looking to the final

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redemption of man from the bondage of evil. Each is striving to improve man in this world, and—reaching over the things of time—extending his regards for his well-being in the world to come. Yea, there are those who, fired with an indomitable spirit and unquenchable zeal, even stifle parental love, fraternal feeling, and violate many of the obligations of life, to teach the truths of the cross. They plant the standard of their faith amid the pestilential and humid exhalations of the torrid zone, and the frost and the snows of the frozen regions. They run a short but brilliant career. Their ardent spirits burn within them as a lamp: the decay of the body feeds the consuming flame, and causes it to shine with an intenser brilliancy, until Death steps in and claims their bodies as his, and their spirits return to Him who gave them.

Now all these various bodies of men are instinctively striving for that future well-being that each believes—as just observed—to be the final destiny of the race.

This fact, perhaps plainer than any other, proves a future state of being, and the eternity of mind. For if death were an eternal sleep, then man would not, nor could, possess such an instinct. Hence it is natural that he should desire happiness, not only for himself, but for the whole human family: therefore he advocates that principle which seems to him fitted as the most likely to bring about that result. The universal happiness of the race has been the desire of man at all ages of the world. They have all believed it, and, as a race, have acted for it, let the result,

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or the nature of such action, have been what it might. In many cases, man has been carrying out a great principle, and acting for the highest interests of the human family, unknown to himself. He has been the instrument in the great chain of events designed to work out the end in view. The signature of King Louis to articles authorizing the departure of French soldiery to fight the battles of freedom in the United States, became, in a few years, the signature to his own death-warrant. So the act of King Charles, by preventing Oliver Cromwell from leaving the shores of Great Britain, shortly rolled his head in the dust!

But there are thousands of men of various creeds and opinions at the present day, who are acting understandingly in the great work of human redemption from physical, social, and political bondage. And however much they may differ with each other, in relation to one thing they are all agreed, and that is, that man does not occupy that position for which he was originally designed, nor possess that amount of happiness for which his constitutional principles pre-eminently fit him. And just in proportion to the strength of the conflict of mind with mind, so may be seen the strength of the desire that each partisan or sectarian feels to bring about the desired end in his own peculiar way.

There is a spirit of deep humanity and true sincerity in every heart, that responds to whatever is presented for bettering the condition of the human family; and most

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men, if they were free, would act out these responses, it convinced that the means presented would effect the ob ject. They might, as they doubtless would, differ; but in most cases their differences of opinion would be honest.

Men do not oppose principles intellectually. They are too often governed by their feelings. They do not all see through the same media. Temperament, education, surrounding influences, age, and condition, cause men to differ. Some will say, "Do your duty, and let conse quences take care of themselves." Others will answer "Yes; that is, when these consequences do not come in contact with the rights and privileges of others." And others will significantly ask, "What is duty?" Of these three classes, the first are generally young men, together with those whose benevolence is so large that it rules the judgment. The second are generally, though not in all cases, middle-aged men, who view things through a proper medium. They have lived long enough to mature the judgment, and seen enough of the world to form a true opinion, or base a correct idea upon their own experience; and not enough to sour them against everything and every body. With this class, man is not a living disappointment, nor life poetry or its paths flowers; nor is the world a great Golgotha. The third class are generally composed of older men, with those who possess large acquisitiveness and small benevolence, who, from much disappointment and suffering, and from having been so often deceived by false appearances, and, perhaps, through fear of losing

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anything they may possess, view things through a distorted medium. Their prejudices are strong; they look upon every new measure as an encroachment upon established rights and privileges.

The first of these three classes are sometimes termed new-school men. They are apt to contend for the immediate adoption of a principle, regardless of consequences. The second class contend for the adoption of a train of expediences, with the view of arriving at the ultimate principle. Not wishing to hurry on the machinery of the moral universe, they are willing to wait the successive developments of the great chain of events that carry on the great operations of the moral world. The third class may be termed old-school men. They are as far behind the age as the new-school men are before it. They are everlastingly talking of the good old rules, and the good old days, of by-gone times. With them, the world is not as it used to be. They are constantly quarrelling with it, because it will not stand still, to suit their views and ideas of precedent, comfort, and right.

Now, if we had no class but the first of these, nothing would be permanently accomplished. Being in possession of more "zeal than knowledge," the ardor of their opposition to existing customs and institutions clouds their reason, and urges them on to extravagance in speech and action, not consistent with the permanent establishment, or the firm foothold, of the principles they desire to introduce.

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If we had none but the second, truth would progress but slowly. Their conservativism would withhold them from making the sacrifice necessary to the furtherance of all great movements. They might *wish* for reform; but lacking enthusiasm, no great principle would ever be discovered, or set in motion, for the well-being of the human family.

If we had none but the third class, things would roll on as they had rolled. Intellect would not improve. The arts and the sciences would not advance, and, consequently, the moral world would remain as it is.

But the existence of these three classes is absolutely necessary to the development of truth. The three form a perfect system: the third neutralizing, to some extent, the extreme ardor and zeal of the first; and the second holds both in their places like a balance-wheel, prevents the opposition of the third class from crushing the first, and steps in, guides, and directs, the two extremes. Thus the three classes, however untimely and out of tune each may appear individually, yet, taken collectively, they form a harmonious circle. Reforms thus move on as fast as the world can bear them; and whatever is sowed by the first, is prevented from growing too luxuriantly by the third, and directed to the happiest and the most permanent results by the second.

Again: it is observed above, that the sentiment of the ardent enthusiast in politics, morals, or religion, is, "Do your duty, and let consequences take care of themselves;"

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and that the question is asked, in reply, "What is duty?" Now this question, under all the variously-conflicting opinions, and views, and doctrines, and creeds of men, in relation *to* truth, as at present advocated, would seem to be rather a difficult question to answer; about as seemingly difficult as that of Pilate, when he asked, "What *is* truth?" Indeed, this latter is the question that must be understood to some extent, before any man can understand the former. But, if we can not tell what it is, we know that it exists everywhere. The difficulty seems to be, where *the* truth lies. This is the provoking part of the question. It is one upon which no two can scarcely agree; and the controversy now between each is, who has *the* truth?

It is a great gain to see the necessity of a *thing;* but it is a greater point gained, when that *thing* is striven after. In relation to truth, activity has taken the place of torpor; and the various bodies of men are now unanimous in their efforts to ferret it out of its hiding-places, and understand it. This is the brightest side of the picture — the most important step in the journeyings after it; for the question itself is great and solid, solemn and momentous. Upon the responses which man may make to it, and the success of his efforts to find it, depend vast interests. Upon its solution depends the happiness or misery of all the millions yet to come on the stage of existence. Refinement, civilization, intellect, well-being, life, death, eternity, are all depending upon its momentous issues.

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When the question, "What is truth?" was asked Christ, he answered not a word. If he had, Pilate would not have understood it. But we aver that the question was answered by the very silence maintained upon it, and the din and roar of the maddening excitement caused by it. On one side were ranged the fierce multitude, the lawless mob, who, mad with the reprovings of their own conscience, were clamorous for the blood of Him whose life to them was a standing rebuke. There was the noisy, tumultuous error, to accomplish the destruction of their victim. On the other side were calmness, charity, innocence, conscious rectitude, and a firmness of purpose that partook of majesty and power. The contrast answered the question. He had taught the truth, and *lived out* its requirements. With his advent, *the* truth was introduced, although truth itself had been co-existent with, and constituted the essential principle of the great I AM.

Now the question comes home, "What is man's duty in relation to truth that he is required to perform by some independently of circumstances?" This is a perplexing question, urged as it is by every believer and advocate of the principle of every *'ist*, *'ism*, and *'ology*, in politics, morals, and religion. Under conceived ideas of duty, the advocate of science has been imprisoned; the *witch* been drowned; man has quarrelled with his fellow-man; father been set against son, and son against father; the Catholic has tortured the Protestant, the Protestant has tortured the Dissenter, who in his turn has whipped and hung the

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Quaker. The dreadful enginery of gibbet, rack, and stake, has crushed human mind, and sent thousands from the world whom it could the least afford to lose. Millions of victims have been immolated upon Superstition's bloody altar, and the battle-field has been strewed with the bodies of the dead—yea, whole nations been involved in bloody strife.

These are awful ministerings; but to the true inquirer may form, perhaps, the key to the question. They may lead us, at least, in all cases to put on the mantle of charity; for in no other garb should the question be asked, or can it be solved.

In politics, the Democrat tells me I must come out of the Whig ranks, and be a Democrat; the Whig tells me I must cast off my ultra notions, and become a Whig; the Native American disparages both parties, and urges the duty upon me of becoming an opponent of foreign influence; and if I do not, charges me with the defection of liberal principles, the loss of patriotism, and threatens the annihilation of republican institutions, and the overthrow of the liberties of our country. The Abolitionist tells me to belong to none of these, but come out and form a separate organization, the weight of whose influence in the cause of freedom shall be felt to the remotest corners of the Union.

The advocate of Peace declaims against war, and declares it my duty to remain passive under insult and non-resistant under injury; that by exercising the right of

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suffrage at town and state elections, I sanction all the acts of the government, and am directly responsible for the evils which flow or may flow from the mal-administration of justice and law, and indirectly all the evils which follow from the organization of men into states, kingdoms, and empires.

The Abolitionist says it is my duty to advocate anti-slavery measures and anti-slavery principles; that so long as I am merely *opposed to*, and do *not oppose* slaveholding, I am on the side of slavery against freedom, and consequently am indirectly supporting a system that steals men and women, destroys human intellect, and damns souls.

The Temperance advocate contends that the duty of every man is, to discontinue the use, the sale, or the making, of intoxicating drinks; that by making it, fountains of human destruction are opened up, whose poisonous streams flow over the land, filling it with pestilence, famine, and death; that so long as man uses it, he is within the outer circle of a Maelstrom whirlpool, every day contracting the circles, and that, before he be aware of his danger, he may be drawn, amid shrieks of wo, to the centre, and engulfed for ever in its dreadful vortex; also that by selling it, man furnishes the poorhouse, jail, and the gallows, with victims, and is answerable for the agony that is constantly ascending to the skies from the disgraced and broken-hearted.

The advocate of the Graham diet believes it to be the

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duty of men to change their diet and their habits generally, and live in compliance with the stringent demands of the principles which he inculcates; that all stimulants are injurious to health and long life; and that the health and strength of both body and mind are depending upon man's living according to the physical and moral laws of his being.

The Social Reformers advocate the principles of association: some the Fourier system, and others the ultra-community system. Each of these believes and preaches that the final destiny of the human race, either for good or evil, is depending upon the success or the failure of the principles of the new social science; that the social, physical, and moral condition of the toiling millions will never be improved until the various relations which now exist between the employer and the employed, the capitalist and the laborer, are changed—*the* new social system introduced that shall harmonize the conflicting elements of the moral world, and reconcile the seemingly opposite principles of man's moral nature, and make them subservient to his highest interests—socially, physically, and morally.

The Phrenologist also presents his science for men's regard. He desires to be heard in defence of the principles which he thinks are right and true. Human action, and various mental phenomena, he accounts for by temperament and crania development. He tells me, that as the various organs of the mind are seen developed upon

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the head, so is the character of the individual either good or bad; and that upon such external manifestations must I base my confidence and business calculation. Yea, some go one step higher, and tell me that, in choosing my companion for life, the discovery of a head with the intellectual and moral organs well-developed, should be the primary object; and that love and beauty, with all their delightful influences, should be but of secondary importance.

The Mesmerizer, in *passes* wondrously strange, puts his patient to sleep; and then, in visions of clairvoyance, the sleeper *descends* into the tomb and traverses the regions of the dead; comes back again to earth, and discovers the secrets of the living; extends thought to distant places, and appears familiar with the state and place of distant friend and relative. Occasionally one *ascends* into the future world, to discover spiritual arcana; and in his searchings, if his faith be *orthodox*, can find a place of eternal misery for the damned: but if a *heterodox* believer in universal salvation, in vain are his searchings!

Sectarians of every creed, from the lowest order of Mormons and Millerites, to high Protestant Episcopacy, urge the peculiar tenets of their respective churches; and each declare it necessary for me to believe, and my duty to practise them, in order to the saving of my soul; also, that such peculiar principles are those which were originally taught by the world's Redeemer. The ultra *orthodox* back up their declarations by organizing a local hell, with material fire, wherein dwells a horned and a tailed mon-

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ster, whose principal attribute is malignancy, and whose cruelty is so great that his chief delight is in torturing the poor souls of men; and, that all who are not put through the peculiar mechanically-converting process of their church, will have to dwell with the aforesaid monster through eternity's countless ages, weeping, wailing, and gnashing their teeth. The *heterodox* tell me to disregard all such declarations. They go so far, on the other extreme, as to open the gates of heaven and let me in; and not only me, but the whole human family indiscriminately, regardless of good or bad propensity, and chain impure souls, whether they will or no, to the throne of the Eternal.

Now, under this weight of opposite opinion and conflicting doctrine, in politics, morals, social science, and religion, the mind is well-nigh overwhelmed; and the question of, "What is man's duty in relation to all these principles generally, or to any one creed, or faith, or doctrine, in particular?" rebounds back again with increased perplexity.

If all men had one object, one desire, and all their interests were one, then would there be no difficulty in solving the question. But the very reverse is the fact. Man comes into the world, and, in many instances, he finds it a vast antagonism. The immediate interests of scarcely any man are his. Nor would it be for his highest good that they should. Things around him are continually changing. The claims of domestic relations, political duties, moral obligations, and sectarian tenets, are daily

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urged upon him. If his mind is not prejudiced in favor of any one principle in particular, he scarcely knows which way to turn. Truth, although all around him, and knocking at the door of his heart for admittance, appears more remote than ever. Then, alas! what course is left for an unbiased man to pursue? In what direction must he move? And how far is he responsible, or accountable, for the evils which the countless number of principles are advocated to remedy? These are questions which every man must ask himself, and for himself, and must act out his own answerings.

Every man has an orbit wherein to move, as distinctly marked as the path of a planet around the sun. Hence, each for himself must observe, read, digest, reason, hear, think, and speak. No man can do these for him, and no man can fill his place, or perform the business, which duty and destiny require of him. He must cast off, if possible, all prejudice, of whatsoever nature, kind, or degree, and be ever ready to examine, long and carefully, every principle presented for consideration; and, if he find it stand the test of his own examination, and do not run in collision with the claims of the moral law, he should at once adopt it, no matter what previously-formed opinions it may come in contact with. A mind that will act thus, will scarcely ever imbibe error.

There is no necessity that an individual should adopt any one principle exclusively, and then, resting upon his one idea, defend himself against the clamorous importuni-

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ties of all the rest. Heart and understanding should be open for the reception of every truth; and when adopted, by a train of measures which shall be called expedients, make the attempt to put it into practice, as quickly as it can be done consistently with the interests, the rights, the feelings, and the views of others. Act out the expedients at once, with the view of ultimately arriving at the end. No denunciation of others must mark our conclusions. The presentation of the question, if presented at all, might not have been in the same form to others as to us. Due allowance must be made for prejudice and previously-formed opinions, owing to education and condition, with all the various internal and external associations and influences which have formed the mind, biased the judgment, and controlled the character.

It is the business of man to reach out after a principle, but not contend at once for its ultraisms. Our expediences must be shaped to meet the principle, for the principle can never be shaped to reach us. He can not find the beginning, nor will he be able to find the end. Principles are infinite, and they can not, in their infinite applications, be at once applied to the finite. Man is mortal; his being is limited; his vision is shortsighted. Principles are immortal; their existence without beginning or end; they penetrate eternity. Man, at the best, but *gropes his way through life to a knowledge of himself, his duty, and his destiny;* therefore it is the highest folly for the mortal to attempt the immortal, or the finite to reach the infinite.

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Hence we should think that we *may* be wrong, but believe that we *are* right. Believe others to be right also, although *think*—should they differ with us—they are wrong. Never *know* anything of the justice or the truthfulness of any subject further than to *believe* it right and true *in our opinion.* Very little can be really *known:* very much can be profitably *believed.* Be free from conceit and presumption, and be an humble worshipper upon the altar of Truth. Whoever acts under the influence of such principles and feelings as these, if he can not answer the question, "What is duty?" will never be at a loss to perform it, in relation to the great principles which are advocated at the present day.

NOTE. — In justice to the author of the above, it is proper to state that his entire article is not here presented, for the reason that it was not furnished in season. The remainder will be published next year. — ED.

NEW YORK, *July*, 1846.

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THE ORPHANS' LAMENT.

ALONE! — alone! —
Those who loved us well are gone!
In yonder grave, with wild flowers dressed,
Our father — mother — sister — rest.
Alas! no more their voice we hear!
No more they kiss away the tear
That dims our eyes; we call in vain:
To us they ne'er can come again!
O! days of joy, that now are past,
You were too bright and fair to last.
Memory, with her magic power,
Recalls to us those days of yore.
We meet each fond, familiar face,
And filled appears each vacant place.
It is the holy hour of prayer:
See! they all are gathered there —
Father — mother — sister dear!
And, while they kneel, with hearts sincere,
From open lips and dewy eyes
Ascends the evening sacrifice.
* * * Alas! again we are alone! —
These were but memories * * *they* are gone.

BALTIMORE, MD., *August*, 1846.

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ADAM'S DREAM:

A FANTASY.

BY JOHN G. CLAYTON, P. G.

THE world was in its primeval age, fresh in the original beauties of its creation. Our first parents had disobeyed the commands of their Creator, and not only forfeited the beautiful Eden, the earthly type of paradise which had been prepared for their reception by the bounteous Father of the universe, but brought the penalties of sin, and sorrow, and sickness, and of death, upon themselves and their as yet unborn descendants. Still the threatened evil was in perspective only: sin had been indulged in; sorrow had been felt; but sickness had not as yet enervated the frame, and death, a mystery then as now unsolved, hung as a misty cloud at the remote period of existence, rather in the light of something that veiled another and a happier state of being, where the lost Eden should be recovered, than as the grim extinguisher of all earthly joys—the fearful termination of a transient day in an endless night!

Evil then was in anticipation only, while, as its counter-

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balance, the world in all its original freshness was before the first man and the first woman, in which to choose. Turn whichsoever way they would, were fields green with the untilled luxuriance of spontaneous production. The golden wheat, the silver rye, and the deep-green maize, rustled in the breeze. Rivers of crystal purity meandered through the verdant meadows. The very air was fragrant with the perfume of countless flowers, which Beneficence had planted to beautify the scene. Herds of lowing cattle wandered through the lowlands; flocks of white sheep reposed peacefully beneath the umbrageous trees; bands of agile goats leaped in playful wantonness upon the rocky uplands; while the atmosphere itself was rendered musical by the rich melody of feathered warblers singing the praise of Him who had created all! All, all was loveliness, and beauty, and harmony; and as our common parents gazed upon the enchanting scene, they forgot that "the ground was cursed for their sakes," and that "in sorrow should they eat of it all the days of their life"—and remembered only that they were "monarchs of all they surveyed," and that the beautiful world before them would to the end of time be peopled by their descendants.

The first week after the expulsion had passed away, and the sorrow in Adam's breast at the results of his disobedience had in a measure abated. He was standing upon a gentle eminence beside his rural dwelling, looking with silent joyfulness over the rich landscape. The sun—fit emblem at once of mortality and of immortality, which runs

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its appointed course by day, only to be hidden from the view by night, but still to rise again in renewed splendor —was just appearing from beyond the eastern hills, pencilling with tints of gold the cerulean arch above, and shedding light and beauty upon all which beneath it met the eye. The fruit of the tree of knowledge had wakened his mind to reflection; and as Adam pondered upon his future prospects—how he should live, and finally, dying, pass for ever from the scene—the spirit of meditative prophecy awoke within him, and his spirit passed afar down the stream of futurity.

Countless throngs filled the places of the single pair, who, ages before, were the sole tenants of the earth. The single dialect had given place to a multitude of tongues, and the primary occupation of man had been varied by all the results of the sciences and the mechanic arts. Forests had disappeared; mountains were levelled; morasses had been drained; and primitive nature had altered no less than all the rest around him. Man did not alone till the earth for a scanty subsistence. His enterprising skill had taught him to plough the wave; and the white sails of his noble ships shone brightly in the morning sun, and wafted his commerce to the most distant seas. From the orient to the occident—from the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof—all were busy in harmonious communion, exchanging the products of their skill, and vying with each other in the endeavor to elevate the prosperity of the nations into which they were divided. Long rows

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of warehouses were filled with countless riches; and manufactories reared their lofty heads, and gave employment to thousands, producers of national wealth. Turn whichsoever way he would, the sunbeams were darkened with the smoke of the steam-engine, and the air resounded with the musical clang of the workman's hammer, or the busy hum of the shuttle and the loom.

Nor was agriculture less altered than its sister arts. The first luxuriance of the soil was gone, the predicted thorns and thistles had come forth; and man tilled the ground in the sweat of his brow, that he might eat bread until he returned to the original dust from which he was taken. Nutricious grains, luscious fruits, and fragrant flowers, no longer came forth in spontaneous abundance; but labor, unremitting labor, was necessary, that man might live. But even here Science had stepped in. The simple implements of primitive husbandry were no longer known, and in their place were all that could lighten toil and force the ground to bring forth to the utmost of its capability. Artificial nutriments and stimulants enriched the soil; the plough cast its deep furrows far below the surface, and skilful culture doubled the product which unassisted nature could bestow. Flowers brighter and more beautiful than those which erst bloomed in Eden's bowers; fruits larger and more luscious, and in greater variety, than were known to primitive man; cereal grains in richer abundance than the earth brought forth in its years of virgin youngness, were scattered in bold profusion on every side.

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Man himself was not less changed than all by which he was surrounded: the simple coat of skins in which he was clothed after he had forfeited Eden, was discarded, and the plants of the earth, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, nay, the very creeping insect that spins itself a tomb, and the fishes that live beneath the sea, were taxed to attire him in the voluptuous magnificence beseeming the state of him who is the appointed ruler over all: silks of variegated hues, their many colors softening down and melting into one; cloths of silky softness, grateful to the touch; fabrics costly enough to serve for the ransom of a king; feathers floating and undulating in the air, and rich gems reflecting back the rays of light till the eye was dazzled with the splendor! But not to the acquisition of wealth alone was the daring genius of man confined; Wisdom also waited on him with her aid. The stars themselves could not hide their counsels from him: he traced their devious way through the heavens; told when they should hide their rays, and when appear again; eccentric comets came and went as he foretold; ocean's trackless waste was made a travelled road, through which his ships were guided with unerring certainty. Railroads shortened distances, and canals were made to take the place of rivers. Steam, that mighty giant, confined like the genii in the eastern tale, in its metal cylinder, had been subjugated to his will, and performed labors that, without it, had been impossibilities. All things ministered to him, and man was wise and great, and rich and powerful: and he was

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happy too—no, not happy; but he was merry. The note of the harp, the tinklings of the tambourine, and the glad clappings of the castanet, saluted Adam's ear, and blithesome maidens and agile youth gladdened his eyes as they threaded the lascivious mazes of the dance.

He gazed upon the scene, musing upon its passing loveliness; yet his spirit was sad within him, and the tear of sorrow trickled down his manly cheek. "What avails it," said he, "to man, that he has achieved greatness?—that all around him is prosperous?—and that Wisdom waits on his footsteps, and listens to his behests? A few short years, and shall he not DIE, leaving all, and be mingled with the original clod of the valley? And this all the result of my disobedience! Oh! why may not this curse be taken off? Why should my innocent descendants suffer for the parents' wickedness, and leave a world so bright, so beautiful, so happy?"

Suddenly the scene was changed. The sun was darkened, and the rich landscape, and all man's magnificence, faded from his view, and he was treading the streets of a vast commercial city. On one side, the stately palace reared its turrets to the clouds; on the other, the lowly hut of the laborer was crumbling to decay, its mouldy walls but half supported by the dark ivy with which they were overrun. The costly carriage, with its prancing horses and its stylish out-riders, dashed o'er the pavement, overturning in its progress the lame beggar, whose arm outstretched in vain for alms; at one hand was he whose prince-

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ly revenue might feed a province, and on the other the poor widow, whose children cried for bread, and found it not!

He entered a wretched dwelling. The door creaked on its rusty hinges as he gained admittance, and the crazy stairway shook beneath his weight as he mounted it. Here and there a ragged child, or a squalid woman, eyed him scrutinizingly as he proceeded. A low, deep moan, as of one in distress, arrested his attention, and he entered the apartment from which it proceeded. The air was chill with the cold blast of a wintry day, but fire there was none. The moisture trickled down the clammy walls and fell in drops upon the floor. A wretched pallet of uncovered straw, the refuse of a stable, was in a corner placed, and upon it, stretched at length, what once was a man. But exposure, dissipation, want, and disease, had nearly done their work: the attenuated frame, the sunken cheek, the glassy, glistening eyes—all told that he was dying. Two little children, half clad, whose very looks betokened starvation, were lying listlessly on the floor, while beside the departing man a woman knelt, haggard from want, but yet a woman still, bathing his pallid brow, moistening his parched lips, and wiping the cold death-sweat from his face. The last struggle was at hand. He raised himself upon his couch, gave a wild shriek, gazed around him with glaring eyes, and cried out, "Give me bread!—I STARVE, I STARVE!" Another groan, and all was over! The spirit had gone to its account—was in a world where there is no starvation!

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Again the scene was changed, and he stood within a spacious hall. At the extreme end were seated grave-looking men, and above their heads was a female statue, with eyes blindfolded, bearing in one hand a well-poised balance, and in the other a drawn sword. One half the room, divided off by a small partition, waist high, and furnished with rough benches, was densely filled with a motley crowd. Inside the enclosure, were sharp-featured men, who looked profoundly indifferent as to what was passing before them, or were busily engaged in the perusal of the neatly-folded papers with which the table was bestrewed. At one corner was a grated box, and in it a young man, prepossessing in appearance; but his pallid brow and sunken eyes showed the effects of long confinement. His was an eventful but not uncommon history. Sanguine, enterprising, ambitious, he had entered, but a short time before, the busy scenes of life. Success for a time greeted his honest efforts. He married, and a fond wife smiled upon his face, and an infant's prattle gladdened his heart as he rested from his daily toil. Reverses came —sickness followed, and he was a beggar. Haggard want hollowed the cheek of her he loved, and his child asked for the mouthful of bread which he had not to give. Employment was vainly sought—friends failed—he was tempted, and he fell.

One spectator was there, sitting beside those cold, grave-looking men around the table within the bar, who was not indifferent to the scene; for the convulsive sob

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that ever and anon burst forth, despite her efforts to smother it, told but too plainly the agonized feelings with which she awaited the return of the jury, who had just retired to decide whether the accused should be restored to his family and the world, or, immured within the walls of a prison, should expiate, by years of humiliation and of suffering, the wrong which society had experienced through him. Anon, the almost awful stillness of the place was broken, and a slight tumult at the side-door announced that the jury were about to return. The prisoner arose, and cast a cold, almost scornful look around, but carefully averting his eyes from her who was so nearly beside him. She also had risen, and the pallid face, the distended eyes, the compressed lips, the heaving bosom, all told how much of good or of evil hung upon the words which would in a moment be spoken. A voice, calm as unconcern could make it, asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" Another answered, in terrible distinctness, "GUILTY!" One scream, so loud, so piercing, that the hall reverberated with its echoes, and the spectators sprung from their seats, as if there were danger in the sound, proclaimed that a heart had broken. They lifted her tenderly up, and bore her to the opened window, in hope that the refreshing air of heaven might revive her. In vain—the convict's wife was dead!

* * * * * *

Years had passed by, and Adam stood within a prison's gate. He stopped not to look at the misery around him;

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to mark the effects of crushed hopes, forgotten aspirations, the terrible retribution which follows a life ill-spent. His was a higher mission. He had been summoned to see a Christian die. Yes, within those walls, so high, so gloomy, which shut out the pure air and light of heaven from the wretched inmates, a Christian spirit was about to wing its flight to those celestial regions where is neither crime, nor punishment, nor sorrow. He entered a lowly cell, where, propped up by pillows on a narrow bed, was the man whom he had seen just as the trial ended which had resulted in his present confinement. But oh! how changed. The full, manly cheek had wasted to a shadow. The proud and scornful look was gone, and meekness, resignation, nay, happiness, had taken its place. His two hands were folded together, and his eyes were uplifted to Heaven in prayer. Oh! what a torrent of fervid eloquence did he pour forth, laying his whole heart open as he communed with his Creator. He spoke not of his past blighted life; his hopes destroyed; his happiness wrecked. No; all was peace, and quietness, and joy. There was no darkness in the future; but glory and triumph through Him in whom he trusted, and a happy reunion above with her whom he had loved most below. He prayed, till his last breath passed away; and, as his spirit winged its flight, a smile of heavenly sweetness spread itself over the face of the earthly tenement which that spirit had forsaken.

Then Adam's eyes were opened, and he saw his folly and blindness when he lamented that man could not live

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alway. He knew, now, that death was the king of terrors only to those who had rejected the ransom which heavenly love had provided, while it furnished a happy release from the want, and care, and sorrow, of the world; that it was only a dark portal through which entrance was to be had to a brighter and more beautiful world, where sorrow entereth not, neither care nor want, where sin and death are unknown, and happiness endureth for ever.

* * * * * *

A light hand was laid on Adam's shoulder, and he started from his uneasy slumber. Nature's sun was high in heaven, and the morning mists had disappeared from the sky. Even so the doubts and fears which had clouded his morning meditations, had been dispersed by the light which beamed in the visions of his sleep, and he bowed his head in grateful submission to the behests of Him who had ordered all things in the spirit of infinite wisdom. Eve, her animated face radiant with smiles, was bending lovingly over him. He pressed her fondly to his heart. "When our race is run, dearest," he said, "we shall lie down in the earth, and be separate for a season; but death can not part us; for, shall we not meet, hereafter, in that better land, where parting is unknown, and TIME endeth its span in ETERNITY!"

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *June*, 1846

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THE BEREAVED.

BY P. G. B. B. HALLOCK.

"Oh, there's a grief, so with the threads of being
Ravelled and twined, it sickens every sense;
Then is the swinging and monotonous bell
Musical as the rich harp heard by moonlight—
Then are the limbs insensible, if they rest
On the coarse pallet or the pulpy down."

WHO that has felt the soft tendrils of affection binding his heart to some loved object, has not also felt the pain of bereavement? The bustling cares of life, the engrossing pursuits of the world, its din and its varied scenes, may for a time render us somewhat insensible to the keen sorrows of others. A long train of prosperity may shut out the unwelcome despoiler that rends the heart-strings and eats into the soul; a long course of uninterrupted health, in the midst of our little family group, where for years the motto may have been, "Give physic to the dogs," may make us in a great measure forget that lacerated hearts are bleeding all around us; that the wife is weeping in anguish, alone, and silent, over the ashes of the

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husband; the father, the mother, the child, is sinking in unutterable grief over the wreck of joys departed and friends gone for ever.

But when the "mighty leveller," Death, is sent on his mysterious errand into our own quiet family — when the roseate bloom of health is departing, and in its place comes the lowering, sallow cloud of disease — when the mother is bending over the wasting frame of the beloved child, or the father is fondly clasping to his bosom his dying boy — oh! then the cup of bitterness is drunk to the dregs; "'t is then the survivor dies!"

What we are about to relate, it is true, may be classed with the sad and the melancholy; and some may object to our story on this account, or rather to the place which it occupies among the flowers of wit, sparkling genius, and animating themes of the annual "Offering." But as the dark hues in a finished painting help to give effect to the whole, and the humble flowerets aid in giving variety, if not sublimity, to the paradise of the horticulturist, so may our little story perform a similar mission, and reach some chord in the great beating heart of humanity.

It has been my lot to see death and its ravages in many, if not in all, of its hideous and multiform aspects. I have seen the tender infant, as it breathed its young life away, like the dissipating, dying odors of the fading rose plucked from its stem. I have seen the youth, in whose bosom hope's fires glowed, cut down as in a moment; and the strong, stalwart man dying in the strength of his years. I

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have seen the mother struggling against the sweeping, desolating tide of grief, and falling a prey to the consuming canker of disconsolate grief. But to see one young, and guileless, and beautiful, going down to the regions of the dead, by a slow but sure and gradual decay, stung to the vitals by the ruthless fangs of sorrow which no medicine can cure, no antidote alleviate, is a sight which comes over the soul "like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings."

I became acquainted, sometime since, with a gentleman who had removed from Paris to this country, with two lovely children, a son and daughter. The daughter was the elder, a beautiful girl, not quite sixteen; and if ever a mortal could call for the adoration of idolatry, it would seem that she had all the charms to excite such worship. The bright and glossy locks that adorned her brow seemed like the fairest bouquet gathered from the first spring flowers; her form, and deportment, and appearance, seemed almost a paragon for one who would describe the perfection of human loveliness. Nor was this the only or the best of her accomplishments. Her mind had been well cultivated, and stored with knowledge fully equal to maidens of her age. The brother was a lovely boy, and with all his artless and undisguised demeanor, one might spontaneously cry out, on beholding him, without any pretensions to prophecy, that he would one day make a great man. That which endeared them both to me more than anything else, was the love they bore each other. They seemed

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only to be the happiest when they were together, and they lived in the sunny smile of each other's own pure affection.

It was a happy family, and hours of pleasure have I spent amid that little group, in which was "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." But the angel of desolation was brooding over this lovely circle; "the grim tyrant," whom neither tears nor love can soften, came: the mother died! It would be a vain attempt for me to describe the agony of the heart-stricken ones that mourned this irreparable loss. The husband and father, however, in addition to that balm which the poet ascribes to Time, when he says, "the strong hours conquer the anguish of the heart," had a hope "full of immortality," and he submitted with Christian resignation, that mingled its holy incense in the cup of bitterness and wo. He looked upward through tears hallowed by the consoling thought that the friend whom he had loved had exchanged this poor earth for the company of angels, and that they should meet again and be reunited with chords of love never to be severed or broken by death. The beautiful girl and lovely boy were grieved, sad, and deeply affected; but who does not know that in childhood and youth the deepest sorrow may soon be succeeded by returning joy? With the young, alternate clouds and sunshine, the tempest and the calm, are common. Their griefs are but as the vapors that lie on the peaceful lake till the sun dispels them, or as the dews that loiter on the "king of birds" till he cuts his upward

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way in the morning light. That these young hearts did not sorrow, and deeply feel their loneliness and bereavement, I would not insinuate; I saw their tears, I heard the deep tones of anguish that came up from the fountain of their true and loving hearts. But they were soon solaced; and time, and other scenes, and especially their own reciprocated and mutual love, wore away the sharpness of their grief.

The mother had not been dead a year, when I learned that my little friend Eugene was sick. I lost no time in calling at the house of Mons. ———, now made mournfully interesting by the occurrences of a few fleeting months. I soon ascertained that the boy was almost frantic with a raging fever; the family physician was in attendance, and I inquired of him privately as to the case of the lad, and the only response was a deep sigh and a shake of the head. Oh, I can never forget the overwhelming shudder that came over me, as though the fountains of vitality had been broken up. "This dear boy must not die! it can not be!" almost involuntarily choked my utterance. His sister sat by his bedside, with a fan in one hand and a vial in the other, an inimitable model of sincere grief and holy love. She had feared the worst; her bursting heart was too full for tears or words, and all that she could do was now and then to place a smothered kiss on the burning forehead of her idol. The boy had been ill but two days, and his sister had scarcely left him from the moment he was taken sick. I entreated the father to strive if pos-

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sible to prevail on this devoted "ministering angel" to leave her brother for a few moments; that his son was well attended, and that, if he did not wish to be childless, his daughter ought to be roused from a situation little less dangerous than that of her dying brother.

It was near the close of the month of May; the sun was just leaving the western hills; the birds were singing their vesper song, and the flowers had folded themselves up as if to meet the next morning sun with a more joyous welcome. Among a cluster of flowers, in a little vase on a table in the sick-room, I noticed a rosebud. That bud, thought I, will not bloom, mournful emblem of the dying boy! The father of the lovely girl, in a low tone, desired her to go with him a few minutes into the garden. Here all was quietness and beauty, and the stars were coming one by one into the deep, clear cerulean above. But neither the music of nature, nor the glory of the earth and the heavens, nor the voice of friendship, could charm the heart of my young friend. She was soon again at the bedside of her sick brother.

Not to be tedious in our narrative, suffice it to say, before the sun rose that morning, the boy died. A lovely flower had withered and perished on earth, but another had been added to the fadeless bloom of an eternal paradise. Josephine was with her brother when the convulsive, agonizing whisper fell on every heart in the room, "he has breathed his last." As yet, she wept not; but when she could no longer doubt as to the issue, and the last ray of

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hope had passed away, she clasped her hands as if in frantic ineffable grief, pressed them to her forehead, and throwing herself with her face on the couch of her dead brother, sobbed aloud in all the indescribable agony of despair.

The funeral passed away with its scene of solemnity, and that once-cheerful and happy family seemed now to be rendered desolate. Weeks rolled on, during which I made my visits more frequent than usual to the house of my friend. I had faintly hoped that one so young, so accomplished, might survive this sad wreck of her cherished hopes, and live on above the tempest and the storm. But it was manifest that her heart was broken; and in the midst of affluence, a circle of gay friends, and all the outward elements of happy life, there was a visible struggle to keep down the tide of anguish that was ready to burst from the soul's deep fountain. Amid the throng of admirers, the courtesies of friends, the festivities of social life, the beauties of nature, and all that would seem to charm and break the spell of sorrow, she was alone with her own spirit's sad musings. She seemed to me like one of earth's choicest flowers, that the winds had swept over, and left, in the dying tones of the sweeping blast, "*passing away!*" The despoiler had commenced his consuming work; the fair, the beautiful, and the lovely, began to feel the withering, chilling hand that wrote the presages of an untimely death. As her health began to decline, her father concluded that a voyage across the Atlantic, and the return to his former

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relatives and friends, might restore his daughter, the only tendril that was now left entwined around the parent-stem.

They set out for Paris about two years ago, with the warm wishes of many good friends, and the prayers of all who knew them; and I have since learned that this lovely, devoted girl is dead! In a few months after her arrival in Paris, she gave up a life as quietly and peacefully as the golden shadows that fall on the bosom of the still waters in the sunset of a calm summer-day, mild as the zephyr that plays around a bed of roses, and is lulled to silence by its sweetness. I revere the memory of that bereaved, stricken child. Her beauty, her guileless spirit, her deep and sacred affection, her ardent feelings, her decay and death, come over me in their softness and sublimity, like the rainbow on a silver cloud which has shed its genial waters and passed away for ever. Let it be granted that many a one as amiable, as lovely, and as loving as this, passes away in obscurity and poverty, and no pen records the glowing story; because,

> "Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

shall we cease to cultivate and cherish those that give a sacred odor from the vase in which they have withered and died?

> "Rejoice
> For her, that when the garland of her life
> Was blighted, and the springs of hope were dried,
> Received her summons hence; and had no time,

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Bearing the canker at the impatient heart,
To wither, sorrowing for that gift of heaven,
Which lent one moment of existence light
That dimmed the rest for ever."

When I think of Josephine and this family shattered into fragments, how glorious and blessed does the rich boon appear which "brings to light life and immortality." Can it be that we are the creatures of a day, and destined to the "oblivious sleep" of a second chaos or rayless oblivion? Are these ties of love that bind us together in faith and fellowship so strongly, to be cut asunder for ever by the sharp death-stroke? It can not be! These wishes that leap out from the fountain of the heart to live again, and "live alway," beyond the everlasting hills — these deep, hallowed desires to meet our beloved ones on the other side of death's cold stream — were never given to mock us with a delusive dream, or to be the fatal rocks on which aspiring hope dashes its scattered wreck. It is not true that the poor earth fixes the bounds of our destiny. It is not so, that life, like a bubble floating in the breezes of heaven, is thrown out on the dangerous waters of Time to be dashed into silence and nothingness. No! We "rise and flourish, fade and fall," for a higher, better destiny than the earth. There is a realm of immortal, fadeless felicity. The lost are there; the purified and the saved are there. The stars never grow dim there; Time has no gray locks, no tottering age there. Neither the light of the sun nor of the moon is needed there, "for the LORD shall be an

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everlasting Light, and our God our glory!" Beautiful creature of my dreams, I shall meet thee there! Angelic spirit of my loved child, I shall greet thee there! Yea, thy bright image, gone long years ago, is frequently with me now. In the musings of midnight, encircled in the twilight of summer stars, girded by the sunbeams—in "the wide waste or in the city full," thy lovely form flits and lingers around me, beckoning, with hands of radiance, to the loved on earth to come to that bourne where all the sorrows of life, and the dim years of age and weariness, are turned to endless peace and unfading joy. Oh, let me have these blissful, these priceless hopes! and if they are dreams, let me dream on! They shall guide my frail bark amid the tempest and the storm of trouble and sorrow, and they shall tinge the clouds that lower over my death-couch, with visions of everlasting light, and peace, and joy.

But further still: these hopes spread and expand, till the vast myriads of creation stand before my vision, redeemed, sanctified, and saved, and the full chorus of a universe breaks forth in a song of "blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever."

Stamford, Conn., *May*, 1846.

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THE LITERATURE OF OUR ORDER.

BY REV. A. W. BRUCE, P. C. P.

MAN was created for progress. The only legitimate business of his life is improvement, and consequently all human exertion must be judged by its tendency toward effecting this great purpose. Were man created only to labor—were he designed only to eat, drink, dress, and roam over the earth—it would be of little consequence whether he attended to these regularly or otherwise. Indeed, to bring life's business into order and regularity, would be to increase his burdens and magnify his difficulties. But man has a higher, nobler destiny, though it is too often unrecognised amid the endless shapings and shadowings of his daily round of toil and slavery. God has given him a mind which must be enriched and expanded, before he can rise to the true dignity of his moral nature. The acquisition of knowledge alone can effect this; and time is required, patient research is demanded, and he will then reap the full fruition due his industry.

Again: change is the order of creation. Governments

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framed by man have no permanency. Even in the three kingdoms of nature, nothing is stationary. Change is written upon natural, civil, and political affairs. Literature has its phases, and religion its rise and progress — its decline, its dispensations, times, and localities. Where are now to be found primitive arts and institutions? Antediluvian landmarks have been effaced; the age of patriarchs and shepherd-kings gave place to empires and dynasties. Nineveh has been overthrown; Babylon has fallen; the pride and pomp of Rome have fled; the classic altars of Greece have crumbled, and poets sing their dirge!

Now the truths expressed in the first paragraph are elucidated by those in the last. Much of the progress already made in the several branches of science is owing to the influence of facts and observations preserved in history. What nations and their peculiar forms of government have been, and what they now are, are matters of thrilling interest to him who would entertain and propagate right views of life. The very exaltation of the present age is the result of former effort, quite as much as of present exertion. And the history of the past, in all departments of knowledge, enriches and enlivens present exertion. Prudence consists in regarding the cause and tendency of present circumstances. And the things of the time form the signs of the time, without a due attention to which, our efforts will always be out of season. To linger here, or to anticipate, is a mark of folly; to know

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what is now right and do it, is wisdom indeed. It is on this principle that men of all pursuits seek and obtain success. The skilful farmer watches the seasons and the markets; the merchant, the tide of trade; the man of any occupation looks for opportunities. And thus it is that present effort gives character to the future. There is a sense in which nothing human ever dies; which, like affections and remembrances severed by death, are bequeathed to us in perpetuity. All that is noble and worthy of the rational mind — all that tends to bless and enliven our low estate — constitute this enduring legacy. And so of everything that engages our attention — everything, whether past or present. The world's history — whether written in blood or peace, by hatred or love, falsehood or truth — is ours, to assist us onward to the true goal of human felicity.

And now for the idea, its connexion, and application. It is the mission of Literature to illustrate and perpetuate the beautiful and true, and to aid the mind in its efforts for better and higher things. Everything that tends to this is worthy of man's regard; everything that has not this tendency is worthless. Accordingly, the "*cui bono*" is always in order, provided it springs from an earnest desire for truth and utility. If we will, as it were, go out of ourselves and our immediate position, and seize a higher point of view, we shall see that this world is no collection of mere perishable things, after all; we shall find that, as Deity ever lives *in* it, he gathers around him all that is

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most like him, and suffers nothing that is excellent to die. There are things in this world that are not meant to perish — works which survive the workman — which, like God's good word, "live and abide for ever" — which multiply blessings when they are gone, and make all who lend a faithful hand to them a part of the husbandry of the Infinite, and laborers with him in the great field of Time, whose culture and whose harvests are eternal. The pains we spend on our mortal selves will perish with ourselves; but the care we give, out of a good heart to others — the efforts of disinterested duty — the deeds and thoughts of kindness and affection — are never lost; they are liable to no waste; and are like a force that propagates itself for ever, changing its place, but never losing its intensity.

But the *connexion* of this idea with our subject — what is it? It is, that Odd-Fellowship will advance, perpetuate, and ennoble, the tendencies named, in a way that nothing else will, and with a certainty of success second to no effort originated by man. This admits of demonstration; but to enter into its detail now, would be foreign to our object. Let him who would test the matter, study well the import of our motto, "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH;" and if he has any confidence in the word of the tens of thousands now composing our noble "brotherhood," let him be not merely "almost," but altogether "persuaded" to say, "Thy people shall be my people."

But let us not be misunderstood, regarding the identity of our principles as Odd-Fellows with those of religion.

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In so far as they minister to the same results, they are identical. To visit the sick, protect the orphan, relieve the distressed, and bury the dead, are duties common to both. And so to "believe in one God, the Supreme Ruler and Governor of the universe, an intelligent Creator of all things"—to maintain a good moral character, and be a person of integrity and virtue—are indispensable requisites to become identified with either. But this affinity extends no further.

Is not Odd-Fellowship, then, destined to perform a holy mission among earth's pilgrims? Are not its principles, its objects and operations, indicative of the advance of the great benevolent enterprises of the present age? Those gigantic schemes of reform, which have elevated so many from the lowest degradation; those institutions calculated to bring the mind and affections in contact with each other; asylums for the poor, the deaf, the dumb, and blind; the great amelioration of prison-discipline—the substitution of moral influences for stripes and torture; the loud call for the abolition of the death-penalty, as being contrary to the spirit of our religion, and the genius of our noble institutions; the vehement earnestness with which schemes for moral improvement are discussed, and the universal indignation of the world against the wrongs of humanity—all are ominous of the triumph of truth and love, and of the extension of friendship among men. Every institution, every reform, has its earnest advocates—whose friends are busily employed in collecting and ar-

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ranging truths and facts for the benefit of the present and succeeding generations. All are engaged with a zeal commensurate with the objects aimed to be effected.

Another view: We live in an age of unbounded curiosity. The passion for information on all subjects was never developed to the extent it now is. Even the annals of crime are exhibited in all their hideous forms, and published with all attendant circumstances. This leads some, who do not look through to the end of the matter, to suppose the world to be degenerating: not knowing or thinking that, ere the rage for information became general, wickedness was committed and allowed to perish in secret. Then, the infrequency of detection prevented open discussion. Hence we aver that the very fact that our country is so alive to every outrage against morality, is proof abundant of the increase of virtue and philanthropy among men.

Now what prompts to all this noble effort? Doubtless many things combine to produce the great moral movements we witness. But take away the influence of our literature, and the entire machinery of moral effort would be suspended in its operations. We deem this position too obvious to need demonstration. We do not aver that *all* the popular literature of the day ministers to virtue. But yet, we would not be insensible to the many advantages we receive from the public press. Our business, as its supporters, is, to elevate and ennoble its sphere by timely aid; nor will mere pecuniary assistance effect the

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object. We must furnish matter adapted to the end we have in view, and suited to the growing wants of the people. Such is the duty of every citizen of our Union; and this duty, well performed, would witness a revolution in the present rage for light and frivolous reading. This brings me to the application of the idea advanced in the commencement: that, as man was created for progress and improvement, so must he aim at that result in whatever station he is called to fill. And now for *our* duty, as Odd-Fellows.

We have said that it was the mission of Literature to illustrate the beautiful and true, and to aid the mind in its efforts to obtain all true excellence and virtue. We wish now to bring this truth home to us, as laborers in the cause of "friendship, love, and truth." We humbly conceive that we are not merely called to sustain our periodicals and publications, in their design to disseminate our principles, but to strive and elevate our literature to that standing which those principles demand. We are now writing and publishing for generations to come; and our principles will be received by our successors just as we form and present them. Admonition here is needful, because we have no guaranty that our presses will not, sooner or later, follow in the train of the trifling and intellect-benumbing quantities of literature continually streaming forth from the thousand presses in our land. Polished lines, musical cadences, and elegant and well-turned periods, are not to be regarded as a test of our advancement.

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Only that literature is worthy, which gives utterance to noble aspirations for progress, and perpetuates a sacred devotion to truth and a high ideal of beauty This is true improvement; nor does it matter in what language such thoughts are communicated: the sole object should be, to convince the world that every new form of truth and loveliness is of right intended to bless humanity.

Every age, and every scheme of human improvement, is but the expression of the idea of truth possessed by that age or scheme. And now, what think we of the application of this to *our* institution and its progress? Are we prepared for the issue? What a mighty influence for good or ill can the ten thousands composing our Order exert, and what a weight of responsibility rests upon us, to "do good, to communicate, forget not!" What an impetus can we give to the advancement of "peace upon earth, and good-will toward men!" But to effect this with either profit or advantage, requires a corresponding concert of action and unity of purpose. In other words, we must make our institution all we would have others believe it to be. And our literature will assist to this end, in proportion as we elevate and ennoble it by our well-timed exertions; while, on the other hand, our influence will decline in proportion as our literature degenerates. And this degeneracy can exist only when we become less devoted to the true, and less susceptible to the beautiful, which compose and illustrate our principles.

It is too obvious to escape notice, that thousands con-

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nect themselves with our Order purely through pecuniary motives—to receive assistance when in need. But this imparting of assistance is but *one* among the many objects of our Order: and we might add, one of comparatively minor importance. Were this the primary object of Odd-Fellowship, it would claim little sympathy with the good and true. But the customs of society have not only generated but perpetuated the idea that "man's chief end" is, "to keep what he gets, and get all he can;" and this unhallowed sentiment actuates the larger portion of those professedly engaged in the reforms of the day. A revolution must therefore be effected, and the edict sent forth from the hearts of millions, that he who would live for himself alone, ought in justice to be made to live alone. The entire hosts composing our Order are to be regarded as one family, "whose actions should be founded on that grand principle which makes men social and humane." As in private families, so with us: the ill conduct of one member affects the prosperity of the whole. "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; and whether one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

We have said that there is a sense in which nothing human ever dies. Nothing, at least, which proceeds from the higher and characteristic part of man's nature; nothing which he does as a subject of God's moral government. And this will apply with force to all efforts made for the improvement and happiness of society; it will apply with

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truth to Odd-Fellowship. The true and faithful Odd-Fellow feels that his good and ill will live after him — a lasting blessing, or a perpetual curse; and this consideration will give dignity to the humblest effort made for the advancement of its principles. What a mistake, to suppose that any service rendered to mankind — any interesting relation of human life — any exhibition of moral greatness — even any peculiar condition of society — can ever be lost! Their form may disappear; but their value will ever remain, and perform the good office everlastingly. Material structures dissolve; they lose their identity and functions: but mind partakes of the eternity of the Great Parent Spirit; and thoughts, truths, emotions, once given to the world, are never lost: they exist and perform their holy mission as long as kindred spirits are found to be moved by them.

And now, if we do not greatly err, these considerations, and others similar, ought to prompt every member of our Order to preserve untainted, not only its principles, but the literature through which those principles and their many illustrations are to be handed down to those who are to uphold and perpetuate them. That these reflections may assist in this good work, is the sincere wish of one who delights in being hailed as an Odd-Fellow.

RAVENNA, OHIO, *January*, 1846.

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A Friend in Need?

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A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY A. A. PHILLIPS, P. G.

"The friend
Who smiles when smoothing down the lonely couch,
And does kind deeds, which any one can do
Who has a feeling spirit—such a friend
Heals with a searching balsam."—PERCIVAL.

IN 184–, I was on a visit to an old friend, who resided in the lovely and picturesque village of Peekskill, which lies like a gem upon the east bank of the noble Hudson. It was in the month of June, that period when blushing Spring drops the mantle of youth, and assumes the warm, glowing, and matronly dress of lovely Summer.

My friend, one glorious morning, invited me to take a stroll before breakfast, to visit the 'squire, as he was termed, —but whose name I soon learned to be Mr. Treadwell— which invitation I at once cheerfully accepted, and away we started. The pure air of the morning was most refreshing to nerves enfeebled by the close and noxious atmosphere of a crowded city; the river lay in the glorious sunlight like a rich vein of molten silver, the leafy banks

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enclosing it as in a huge framework. Our road wound its way beneath large and spreading oaks and chestnuts, beside the river's bank, while the view of the giant stream for miles was uninterrupted: the snow-white sails of the river-craft; the graceful steamer, ploughing her way majestically up the river; the slow and noisy tug, struggling with her heavy and clumsy barges, laden with valuable merchandise fresh from the city mart, on its way to consumers in the interior of this, and many of the western states; the large and ungainly raft, floating at the pleasure of the current to the great vortex of all merchandise; and the birds floating idly yet grandly over the bright expanse of water—exhibited a picture of the rarest beauty, which completely fascinated, and led me almost to forswear the dull routine of city life for the bright and joyous scenes of smiling nature. The scene was so new, that I stopped at every point where I could catch a new view, and gazed so long, that my friend was compelled more than once to remind me of the flight of time, and hasten me on to the end of our journey.

We finally left the river, turned inland, and as we entered the lane leading to the homestead of 'Squire Treadwell, the air seemed suddenly filled with fragrance, and I paused to ascertain the cause of this delightful odor. How shall I describe the scene that met my eye? On my right a hill, the base of which ran to the very verge of the road, was completely covered with wild rosebushes, which fairly bent beneath their beauteous burdens; the whole hill

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seemed one huge rose; and the sun, pouring his beaming rays upon the gorgeous scene, the effect was indescribably grand and dazzling. I stood entranced, until my less romantic friend seized me by the arm, hurried me on to our destination; and I had not fully recovered from the wanderings of fancy into which the glorious scene had led me, until I was roused by the voice of my friend introducing me to 'Squire Treadwell.

The 'squire was the very ideal of a benevolent, old-fashioned, noble-hearted country gentleman, who welcomed us most heartily, and immediately called loudly for his wife and daughters to prepare the breakfast, as Mr. Smith and his friend, from New York (your humble servant), had had a long walk, and no doubt wanted refreshment.

Mrs. Treadwell accordingly made her appearance, and I felt, as I took her hand, that suffering and sorrow were unknown within the limits of her sphere: charity and kindness were written in every feature. I could not but feel myself at home with this kind-hearted couple, and abandoned myself fully to the enjoyment I experienced. The old gentleman exhibited his cattle, outhouses, and garden, during the preparation for breakfast, and an hour passed most delightfully; for, although born and reared on the farm of which he was now the master, my host possessed a fund of intelligence and good sense, that charmed while it surprised me. O, ye learned city savans! the quiet retirement of country life affords opportunities for reflec-

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tion which, if embraced, give our unobtrusive farmers vast advantages over you, notwithstanding your boasted scientific lectures and media of instruction; and, believe me, there is beneath that broad-brimmed and slouched-crowned hat a depth of intelligence and sound judgment that put to shame all the ephemeral and shallow pretensions of the inflated *literati* which infest the city like swarms of chattering magpies.

We sat down to a substantial, old-fashioned breakfast; the table groaned beneath the weight of substantials and delicacies; and the meal, seasoned by the lively sallies of our host and wife, seconded by their rosy-cheeked and intelligent daughters, passed off in the most delightful manner; and I must confess to the fact, that the bracing air, and the delicious freshness of the viands, tempted me nearer to the confines of gourmandism than I ever before had been enticed.

Breakfast over, the 'squire, my friend, and myself, adjourned to the shady piazza, where the 'squire, producing his pipe, and myself lighting one of Gilsey's best "La Normas" (my friend having forsworn the glorious weed in all its forms), we passed another hour both profitably and pleasantly.

After much conversation, my host inquired when I returned to the city; and in reply to my declaration that I should leave Peekskill the next morning, said he regretted my early departure, as Harry Franklin would return from Albany in a few days, and he knew I would be delighted

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with him. At the mention of the name of Harry Franklin, Mrs. Treadwell came to the door, and was enthusiastic in her praises of the stranger.

"Who is this Harry Franklin?" said I, rather piqued at the place he seemed to hold in the esteem of all parties.

"Who is Harry Franklin!" said the 'squire; "why, the best-hearted, noblest, gayest, and most talented young man in the county. The rich love him for his gayety and good temper; the poor adore him for his kindness and generosity; the old love him for his respect and attention to their counsels; the young for his companionship and love of frolic; the learned respect him for his talents and extensive information; and the ignorant bless him for his instruction and ready assistance."

"I should like to see this matchless youth," said I; "he must be more than mortal, to possess so much unalloyed virtue; but, beneath a bland and winning exterior, there is often concealed much deformity."

"You speak too harshly of my young friend," said the 'squire; "but I can forgive your acrimony, because you do not know him. I need but mention one of his many acts, to convince even you of his manly, disinterested nature; the story is somewhat lengthy, but after dinner I will relate it: and if you do not agree with me, that my young friend is just what all who know him represent him to be, why, then—all the county are fools, that 's all."

Finding that my friend smiled at my chagrin and vexation at this unqualified laudation, I said no more; and em-

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bracing the offer of our host to furnish us with lines to have a cast or two for trout in a neighboring brook, while he went to the woods to look at his workmen, we sallied forth, and soon found excitement in drawing from their native element a number of fine speckled trout, which, being transferred to the hands of our hostess, were soon placed before us, dressed for the gratification of our voracious appetites. Our dinner passed off as all dinners should do, gloriously: sally after sally of wit enlivened the hour, while contentment and the most perfect good-humor were depicted in every countenance.

The meal over, and dessert duly despatched, we resumed our former position upon the piazza; and having recourse to that greatest of all after-dinner companions, a choice cigar, I prepared myself to listen to the details of the philanthropy of Mr. Harry Franklin, against whom I had engendered a sort of dislike, from the unrestrained and hearty praises which had been awarded him by the worthy 'squire and his amiable wife. The old gentleman lighted his pipe, and after puffing for a while in silence, began:—

"In order that you may understand the whole story, I shall relate sufficient of the history of those connected with the matter, that you may fully appreciate the full extent of the obligation conferred.

"James May is the name of an honest, hard-working, industrious farmer, who lived at the extremity of the county, about seven miles from this village. James, at

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the age of twenty-one years, was placed in possession of a small farm which had been left him by his parents, and which, although encumbered by a mortgage, yielded sufficient for the support of his family; but reverses came, and the interest not being paid, the mortgage was foreclosed, and he ejected from the homestead where he was born and nurtured, and which had been his home for thirty years. He did not despair, however, but hired a small cottage about five miles from this place, assisted the farmers in this vicinity in cultivating their land, and thus managed to support his family, consisting of his wife and four children. His wife, a poor fragile being, hardly able to bear up under the accumulated misfortunes which seemed to flood them, still struggled for her 'dear James,' as she always calls him, and her little ones—the youngest, at the time they were thrown upon the world houseless and homeless, being but six weeks old.

"For three years he pursued his avocation as laboring farmer to those who stood in need of his assistance; and about one year ago, while clearing a piece of woodland for Neighbor Hilton, he became entangled in the branches of a falling tree, and broke his arm in two places, which prevented his doing anything for the support of his helpless family. The neighbors were all very kind, and assisted the unfortunate family as far as was in their power; and they managed to get along very comfortably. Harry Franklin has not long resided in the place. He came here about a year and a half since; and at the time of

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the accident he was entirely unacquainted with poor May and his family. About a month after James was disabled, Harry heard of his misfortune, and called on him. He sat and chatted a while with Susan, James's wife, romped with the children, and condoled with the sufferer; when his attention was accidentally directed to a document hanging against the wall in a small, neat frame, which he found upon examination to be the certificate of membership of May in an Odd-Fellows' lodge in Albany.

"'Why, friend, are you an Odd-Fellow?' said Harry.

"'I was, sir,' replied the poor sufferer; 'but I could not, when misfortunes pressed hard upon me, continue a member. I could not pay my dues; and, as I was too proud to tell them the cause, I was suspended.'

"'Well,' said Harry, 'you shall not suffer'—and he placed a ten-dollar bill in the hand of the astonished laborer.

"After this, the family were well provided for. Supplies came daily, and yet James knew not who the generous donor was; but Harry provided for him and his helpless ones, as tenderly as if they were bound to him by the strongest cords of nature. Would that there were many such noble hearts, for there would then be far less suffering, and more charity in this selfish world!

"I forgot to mention, in the course of my narrative, that May had hired his cottage of old Bagby, than whom, a more cold-hearted, selfish, unfeeling man, does not exist. The rent, too, was exorbitant; for he knew that his vic-

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tim must hire from him or go houseless, as there was not another vacant tenement in the village, and he therefore extorted from the poor man a promise to pay him one hundred dollars per annum, for the use of a miserable cottage, with hardly sufficient ground to cultivate vegetables for his own consumption.

"Sickness of his wife and children, and now his own sad misfortune, crippled his efforts, and prevented his complying with his promise to pay his rent. The old ruffian pressed the poor fellow daily, threatened to seize upon the little furniture he had, and eject him from the premises, unless he paid the rent due—then nearly three quarters, which would amount, on the first of the coming month, to seventy-five dollars. In vain the cripple pleaded his poverty and his helplessness. On the day following, old Burly, the constable, went bustling into the poor man's house, followed by his crony and clerk, Bill Skinner, and notified May that he was required to pay up the amount due to the landlord within five days, or his goods would be distrained, and he ejected from the premises. The wretched man was in despair; he knew not to whom to apply, and want and misery stared his helpless ones in the face.

"The five days expired, and Burly and his clerk entered the premises. 'Well, old chap,' said the man of the law, a large-faced, small-eyed looking personage, whose nasal organ seemed to have been steeped in logwood and polished before a raging fire, 'are you goin' to fork up the

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tin?—no dilly-dallying; you know bisiness is bisiness.' —'I really have not the money to pay you,' said the poor laborer weeping.

"'Well, Bill, proceed to bisiness,' said the fiery-faced man; 'put the chattels in the middle of the floor, so we can take the inwentory.' His creature obeyed; and the scanty furniture was pulled from its accustomed place, and huddled together in the centre of the room. Mr. Bill Skinner seated himself at the table, and Mr. Burly, throwing his leg over the back of a chair, after the most approved method, looked upon the scene before him with the eye of a connoisseur. And what a scene to witness! The wretched husband and father, his disabled arm hung in a sling, was seated beside the table, upon which was piled the crockery and table-ware, which his wife had cleansed so often, and prized so much. Beside him stood his feeble wife, holding in her arms the youngest child, while two young daughters stood beside her, all looking on with dismay and grief; while the eldest, a lad of about twelve years of age, wept, leaning upon the back of his father's chair. 'Oh, mother,' said Charles, the eldest, 'what shall we do?—we have no friends. Where shall we go?'—'God is our friend, my child,' said the grief-smitten mother; 'look to him, my dears.'

"'Now, Bill, wake up, and take the inwentory,' said Burly. 'Here goes, now—be alive, will you?'—'All right, boss,' said the clerk, looking up; 'go ahead.'—'Well, now, one lot of crockery; one wash-tub; two small

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ditto; one clock—we takes the clock, cause as how the covey here could n't come to time; ha! ha! Bill, what d' ye say to that?'—'Ha! ha! ha! capital,' chimed in Mr. Skinner.—'Well, now be alive, Bill; go ahead.'

"'What 's all this, friend?' said Harry Franklin, walking into the room; 'what 's this about?'—'All right, sir,' said Burly, winking at Harry; 'we 're 'strainin' under this 'ere warrant,' tapping it knowingly with his finger; 'can 't pay up, sir; and we 're just taking an inwentory, and then we 're going to eject these sarpents from the primises.'

"'What is the amount of the claim?' said Harry.—'More nor they are able to fork—hey, Skinner?' said Burly, with a brutal laugh.

"'No insolence, sir,' said Harry; 'write a receipt for the full amount and costs, and I will pay it.'

"'You pay it!' said Burly, looking puzzled; 'why, good Lord, sir, it 's eighty dollars, costs and all!'

"'Write the receipt, sir, instantly,' said Harry, bringing out his pocketbook, while Mr. Skinner gazed at him in speechless astonishment; for had the archangel appeared before him, he could not have been more astounded, than he was at the bare idea of a stranger's paying eighty dollars for 'a beggar and his brats,' as he termed May and his children.

"'There 's all my storage and auction fees gone to the devil,' said the amiable Skinner, as he penned the receipt; while the poor family overwhelmed Harry with their honest gratitude.

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"Harry at once removed them to a more comfortable location; and, so long as they needed his assistance, they lived comfortably and happy. James has now recovered the use of his arm, and, by the influence of Harry, is now supporting his family comfortably, and is able to send his children to school. This is my story," said the 'squire, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"Your friend Franklin is, indeed, a noble fellow," said I; "but how came he to interest himself so suddenly in behalf of entire strangers?"

"As I told you, he saw a certificate of May's membership in the Order of Odd-Fellows, at his cottage, learned from it the name of the lodge to which he had belonged, and, being an Odd-Fellow himself, went to Albany, and inquired of the lodge as to the standing of May when he was suspended; and finding the poor fellow's statement to be strictly true, he returned with the determination of placing his afflicted brother beyond the reach of want, and arrived just at the moment I have described."

"I, too, claim to be an Odd-Fellow," said I, "and long to see Harry Franklin, and thank him for his noble generosity. Providence guided him to the house of the afflicted brother, and he proved truly to him, A FRIEND IN NEED."

NEW YORK, *June*, 1846.

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THE "UNION OF HEARTS."

BY J. W. WALES, ESQ.,
Late of the United States brig Somers.

THERE is no passion more strongly developed in man than a certain indescribable and irrepressible desire of sympathy and companionship. Indeed, so universally true is the proposition, that we scarcely can imagine the existence of such a person as a Timon. We are forced to turn from him with unconcealed disgust, as from a hideous abortion of nature; or else we unhesitatingly rank him among the ideal creations of a poet. It is impossible for us to conceive a man existing independent of his fellow-men; and we receive as an irrefutable axiom that, without society, there is no happiness. Who that has ever read that beautiful piece of poetry written by Mrs. Hemans, and entitled "The Captive Knight," has not felt his pulse beat thick and fast at the exultation at the commencement, and the soft tear of pity bedew his eyes at the close? Who has not felt his heart swell with pride and hope, as, in imagination, he placed himself by the side of

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the imprisoned crusader, and gazed with tearful avidity and trembling anxiety upon the host which wound its way "in pride and power" around the vase of the "Paymin tower"? And who has not shared in the heartrending despair of the unfortunate knight, as the prolonged echo of the shrill bugle of the retreating troop rang among the surrounding hills like the wild and mournful dirge of hope? Who, again, has not felt for the silent agony with which Philoctetes gazed fixedly after the Grecian ships as they faded slowly from the distant horizon? And who, when in imagination they beheld the last, lingering vessel pass away from sight, and Philoctetes throw himself upon the ground in a paroxysm of despair, has not heaped the bitterest mental execrations upon the hard-hearted cruelty of those who left him alone—ay! utterly alone—to die? And whence these feelings? Whence this sympathy, if it does not result from a consciousness that something is requisite for the enjoyment of happiness, and that without it the situation of man can not but be gloomy and desolate in the extreme? Task imagination to the utmost: let any one among us picture to himself scenes of such beauty that, in comparison with them, reality becomes cold, lifeless, and uninteresting; suppose, for an instant, that time has rolled back the tide which for ages it has swept over the departed glory and magnificence of oriental empires, and that the marble palaces and the chequered and festooned halls of Babel or Palmyra stand before him in all their original grandeur and stability; incense is floating

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around in fragrant clouds, gilded by the noonday rays of an Asiatic sun; music, heavenly music, such as Shakspere describes —

> "The sweet south wind
> Breathing upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor" —

and anon changing into the wildest clangor of martial music, and calling up a thousand images of grateful and exhilarating excitement, now breathes low and soft as the converse of whispering angels, and now again echoes shrilly through long corridors, as loud and startling as the storm-wind which sweeps in ungovernable fury over the tempest-beaten ocean! Add to this everything which the splendor of oriental magnificence can suggest to the most fervent and poetic imagination. Let him place himself in the midst of all this grandeur, and imagine all around is solitude — unbroken by the footfall of any human being! He is king — undisputed sovereign of all: but he is and must remain alone! How drear, how unenviable is such a position! — and how quickly would not each one of us throw off the glittering splendor of such tasteless and repulsive magnificence, and stoop to be the lowest of earth's denizens, if thus he might enjoy the delights of society! I might, again, for the sake of variety, picture one of the most splendid and beautiful scenes of nature — such a one as the pencil of a Claude Lorraine would delight to delineate, or the pen of a Thomson to describe. I might paint you silvery streamlets, flowing onward and continu-

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ally murmuring a soft and harmonious song of joy; a velvet sward, upon which, at the bewitching hour of moonlight, fairies would love to trip; flowers beneath the feet—such as would, by the variety and brilliancy of their hues, delight a Titania or an Oberon; and overhead an arching canopy of the noblest Titans of the forest, dressed in the gathered majesty of centuries. I might point out to you such a scene, and bid you enjoy the beauties—but alone! Again you would find that the most enchanting things of nature, as well as those of art, can not please, unless the satisfaction which they are calculated to impart be participated in by others.

Nor is this yearning of the heart after sympathy and communion peculiar to us. The dark-browed Indian, cold and morose as he appears to be, does not refuse to acknowledge and satisfy the claims of friendship. The chequered annals of their primitive power and now waning empire reveal not a few examples of heroic and self-devoted attachment which would adorn even the page of civilized life. The warlike and predatory Arabs, who are as free as the sweeping simoom which flies with the velocity of lightning over the desert, and who bend to no edict but that of necessity, are nevertheless the warmest and most faithful friends. Go where you will, turn where you may, you will always find that there man has erected an altar to friendship. No station in society, be it that of luxurious royalty or that of penurious poverty—no age, be it the dawn, the noon, or evening of life—no disposi-

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tion, be it of a poetic or ordinary nature—is free from the influence of friendship. The crowned despot, upon whose head glitters an imperial bauble, and the hardy peasant, who toils for his daily bread; the cold, calculating lawyer, and the enthusiastic and imaginative poet, whose mind is "with the far futurity of stars;" the blood-stained warrior, and the peaceful and laborious mechanic—all have in a greater or less degree consecrated their breasts at the hallowed shrine of devoted friendship. And yet, notwithstanding this, there are and have been those who have not hesitated to deny the existence of disinterested friendship. They attribute all that is holy, pure, noble, and exalted, in the society of men, to base and selfish principles, or the fortuitous events of chance. Accident, they say, flings men together, and interest binds them in one community. Then there is nothing nobler in the friendship of man than there is in the union of the beasts of the field and the birds of the air! That which we have hitherto considered as one of the noblest privileges of the soul is nothing but a dream, a shadow, which has been summoned up by the Protean wand of a fervent imagination, and which must pass away before the steady light of truth! Why do not those who make this assertion go one step further, and proclaim in reality, as they already do in effect, that government, order, ay! religion itself, are but a nonsensical farce? Why do they not proclaim aloud that the wise, the good, and the great, are but so many disguised prophets "of the silver veil," and that

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society is and has been for ages their deluded dupes? They have thundered at the door of the sanctuary: do they now fear to despoil it of its sacred treasures? No! I will not believe such an anomaly. There is friendship, real, devoted, unbought friendship! There is something pure and noble in man; and never will I, for one, consent to aid in throwing down the grand pillar of society by promulgating the belief that man knows no creed but that of interest! Never will I make a scorn and a mockery of the finest feelings of humanity! And never, oh! never will I believe that he whose heart seems to gush in union with mine — who appears to admit me into the very sanctuary of his heart, and who diffuses a tranquil and quiet happiness around one by his kindness and affectionate assiduity — never, I say, will I believe that *he* would consent, at the first call of interest, to throw off the long-tried affection of years, and coolly and cruelly rend asunder those bonds which ought to be dearer to him than life! What shall I say of those who, in the face of that Heaven which thunders back the refutation of their unholy opinions, and in the face of that society whose existence they are undermining, dare proclaim the condemnation of their own selfish littleness? Once, no doubt, the flame of better and truer feelings burned brightly in their bosoms; but alas! time and the indulgence of base and degrading passions have diffused an intellectual torpor over every faculty. The swelling fountains of the heart have long since been choked by the dust and rubbish of the world,

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and they now look back with dim and uncertain recollection upon the past, around which a sombre darkness is fast gathering, and they consider friendship only as a forgotten dream. Ay! let it be a dream, if they will have it so—a "waking," a noble dream, but rather a bright and glorious reality! And these men, hardened in the commerce of the world, and from whom the beautiful has faded away like some passing rainbow which spans the arch of heaven for an instant, throws a momentary brilliancy over all things, and then passes away—these, I say, are those who would pretend to say that there is no friendship!—

"O! ye to nature's purest joys unknown,
Can ye presume to judge, with hearts of stone,
The throbs which actuate an immortal soul
O'er which Eternal Wisdom has control?
Think ye the stature of each heaven-born mind
To the mean measure of your own confined?
As well the sluggish owl, that courts the night,
Might check the eagle in his sunward flight,
And think, because to him it is not given,
No nobler bird can face the light of heaven!"

I can not but pity him who is so unfortunate as not to be possessed of friends. He suffers mentally all the agony which Prometheus is fabled to have experienced. He, too, like the hero of classical story, is chained down to a cold and rugged rock, and vultures prey incessantly upon his heart! Life is his tyrant, and the world the scene of

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nis sufferings! Alas! where can he find happiness? where comfort? where assistance? To him life is truly one long and dreary desert; and no pleasures, like the crystal fount of the wilderness, whose trickling waters make a place of greenness and beauty around them, will spring to meet and cheer his wearied and desolate spirit! The shipwrecked sailor, when abandoned by all save Providence, gazes with harrowing despair at the dismal prospect of which he catches occasional glimpses: around him is a dark and foaming sea, and above him the darkened heavens are lowering in gloomy and terrible magnificence. Man is afar off, and he may be overwhelmed beneath the raging waters, and his fate be unknown and unwept. Thus is it with him who is friendless. He is alone upon the wide world: there is not one single living creature with sense to pity or power to relieve his miseries. The hand of sickness may press heavily upon his debilitated frame; the grave may yawn before him, and he must sink into it and be forgotten. The mind of man can not but recoil with horror from such a gloomy and repulsive fate. It can not but harrow the very soul to dwell, even for an instant, upon the probability of such a consummation of our lives. Day after day to languish on the verge of dissolution, without an affectionate hand to smooth the pillow of sickness—without a single kind voice to whisper hope and consolation—and then to go down to a "cold and silent grave:" such a prospect is sufficient to unman the strongest soul. Rather than

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"sleep in oblivion," we could willingly, ay, cheerfully, undergo privation, misery, sickness, and even obloquy itself, if the hand of affection ministered to our wants, and if some fond and grateful heart should cherish our after-memories. While gazing upon a gnarled and weather-beaten oak, which stood alone in solitary desolation in the midst of a vast field, and which the lightning of heaven had stricken, I have often thought that, had it grown in the forest among other trees, it would have escaped and flourished in "greenness, and beauty, and strength." The thought is true even to triteness; but I hope the application of it may redeem it from unmerited censure. How apposite the condition of the friendless and unfortunate man to that of the blighted tree! Had he surrounded himself with all the beautiful charities of social life, misfortune might have been arrested, and prosperity and happiness have blessed him: at least he would not have suffered so heavily. But he stood alone; and when misfortune came, it was with tenfold grief and bitterness, for there were none to comfort him!

It is chiefly in youth that strong and endearing friendships are to be formed. Life then is new and lovely, and the freshness of "morning's breath" is diffused over all things by the magic of youthful fancy. Then it is that the heart beats in gay unison with each harmonious impulse of the outer world. Then it is that each thing wears the livery of joy, and the rainbow-colors of hope are flung over the bright and vivid picture of the future,

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which imagination so much delights to portray. Then it is that fancy creates a beautiful and ideal world, in which the feelings are absorbed, and by the influence of which they are refined. It is then, in fine, that the pure, unrestrained emotions of the heart give a charm to every act, and confer a universal happiness, which in after-years we seek in vain to recall. We have not, as yet, known coldness or deceit; and, unchecked in sportive gladness, imagination roams among the fairest and loveliest flowers of earth. The heart throws out its tendrils, and they wind themselves around innumerable objects, gradually strengthening its hold, until no force can break it without first giving a death-blow to every sensitive and generous feeling.

It is this extreme susceptibility of youthful feeling, which has, in a greater or less degree, given occasion to querulous declamation upon the impropriety of warm attachments. The evils of hypocritical friendship are pointed out to us; and hence it is asserted, in a most Timon-like spirit of suspicion, we should beware of the kindly intentions of all. Not that any one is so bold as to dare plainly to state such a ridiculous proposition; but they inculcate it in a thousand indirect manners. I would not have you think that I mean that you should make an intimate friend of every one in whose company you are casually thrown. I know but too well the folly of such conduct. There are enough of "good-natured men" in the world already, without it being necessary to seek to increase their number, considering the continual distrust which is cherished

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by some persons of a morbid disposition. I thought I could but warn you against entertaining universal suspicions, which would infallibly narrow and degrade your feelings. Suspicion is dishonorable in gray-headed age, but it is revolting in the extreme to find it in youth. If there be one so base as to attempt to ingratiate himself with others, in order to lead them into vice and error, he is certainly worthy of the utmost contempt and detestation. I know of no punishment too severe, no name too opprobrious, for him. I would loathe him as I would the viper. The mere idea of such a crime excites feelings of horror. It is a most heinous and irreparable violation of the most sacred obligations of humanity and the fundamental laws of society. The contempt and execration of society must and will follow him who renders himself guilty of a crime of so dark a nature. Its curse will light upon the man who is instrumental in making a soul callous to the better feelings of humanity. But I can not believe that one so lost to honor and generous susceptibility, has ever existed. Fortuitous circumstances and selfish interests may have impelled some to seduce others from the paths of rectitude; but I can not believe that independent selfish motives have ever actuated any one to act what I may call the part of a moral assassin, and least of all will I believe that such a one could be found in youth; for, it seems to me that one who could thus basely demean himself, would not have failed to display his malicious disposition by some or other previous misdeeds.

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Here I might notice the precept of general charity, which, to the exclusion of private friendship, has sometimes been inculcated by some rigid and misguided moralists. They would have us love one man as another; and though they pardon the partiality which one relative entertains for another, their forbearance can go no further, and they declaim loudly against all personal attachments as regards other individuals. Their conduct generally bears along with it its own condemnation; for, they themselves are often forced to waive in practice what they so strenuously uphold in theory. We can not account for them; we can not even analyze them; but all are conscious of instinctive attachments; and until man is gifted with a more transcendant genius, and a more piercing penetration, the only reason we can assign is, that the same God who bade the planets roll in harmony, mutually "controlling and controlled," has ordained that man shall feel his heart beat in unison with that of his fellow-man; and most probably we shall never be able to *probe* the hidden cause, until we shall be competent to understand and appreciate the "music of the spheres." To presume, even for a moment, that (unless a radical change take place in the nature of man) all men can dwell in harmony and peace, much less in friendship, is a mere Utopian scheme, as wild and impossible as the most extravagant vagary oriental imagination has ever conceived. In the present depraved and vitiated state of society, such a project must appear ridiculous in the extreme, and its apparent realization

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would only serve to open new avenues and new facilities to evil. Independent of this, there are prejudices which are born with us, strengthen with our age, and leave us only at the grave; and which, by the omnipotency of their magic, would render all such fanciful fabrics *real towers of Babel.* For my part, I think that reason shows, as clearly as the light of heaven, that the kindly feelings of the heart must first exercise their influence on those with whom we hold daily intercourse, and interchange the social charities of life. What cares the enlightened American for the besotted Hottentot? The latter is too far removed to excite the warmer feelings of the former; and though his abject and ignorant state may excite pity, he will never conciliate the love of distant individuals. I do not deny that there is something noble in the strange theory which I have just noticed. I merely animadvert upon it, as being of no practical utility in the present condition of society; and I am convinced that it is one of those day-dreams which will always continue to disturb the heated imaginations of the fanatic and the enthusiast. Were a man to attempt to follow it out, his feelings would be diffused over so vast a surface that they would become weak and powerless, and finally they would either be deadened, or else be soured by a thousand disappointments. Those who are nearest to us naturally call for the most active exercise of our benevolence. If, in pursuance of our duty, we commence with them, our influence will gradually extend itself to those who are more distant, as (if I may borrow a

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comparison, though not the application of it, from a poet) the waters of a lake, when disturbed at the centre of the surface, swell off into progressively increasing circles, the last one of which comprehends the entire body of water. If the fountains of the heart gush forth in a continual, unrestrained flood to those who are needful, they will undoubtedly form a stream which will pass on to those who are at a greater distance.

The advantages of close and intimate friendship are (or rather ought to be) manifest to all. Those who possess such friends as they can call true, hardly need that I should point out the benefits which accrue from such connexion. They know what it is to have one with whom they can tread gayly the paths of life. They know what it is to have one to whom they can confide every doubt and every hope — who will rejoice in their happiness, weep with them in their sorrows, and bend over their sick and fevered couches in tender and sympathizing anxiety. They know what it is to have one who will cherish their loves, defend them from calumny, and, when the "taper of life" has gone out in darkness, still remember them with fond and undying affection. Often have I seen two noble forest-trees, which have been loosened by a tornado, and which would have fallen to the earth and there decayed, had it not been for the one depending on the other; and thus mutually upheld, they had again struck root in the ground, and flourished in their pristine luxuriance. So it is with two real friends. In the hours of prosperity, they share

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each other's success, and when misfortune frowns upon them, they defy her rudest blasts, secure in reciprocal assistance. Thus do they live in the most intimate and affectionate union of thoughts and sentiments.

> "Thus in their mutual love supremely blest,
> They glide through life and calmly sink to rest;
> Their mortal parts to kindred dust returned,
> By virtue honored, and by friendship mourned."

There is nothing which so fully and clearly proves the value which we set upon a faithful friend, as the difficulty we experience at parting with him. Though even before we loved him fondly and devotedly, yet, most probably we were not sufficiently alive to his merit; and the overpowering pleasure which we experienced in his company, by its very excess, rendered us incapable of duly appreciating him. We have hitherto roamed in a fairy world of bright and beautiful creations, over which he was the presiding deity. But other duties than those which have, until now, bound him to our side, call him away, and those bonds of friendship, which we have been so careful to draw as close as possible, must unavoidably be broken. He goes—and the ideal world, in which our imagination had formerly loved to lose itself, "fades away into nothingness." Truth steps in and disenchants the scene; and we now see nothing but barrenness and deformity, where once all was verdure and beauty. Days before the sorrowful parting, which previous circumstances have rendered inevitable, a

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shade of gloom will be thrown over the heart, and in vain will we seek to disguise it under the appearance of gayety. The day—the fatal minute—has arrived! His hand is within our own, and "adieu" trembles upon his lips. We essay, but in vain, to reply, and tears gush into our eyes. The hurried but thrilling pressure of his hand—it is over, and he turns hastily away. He is gone—he has left us; but we have caught the last faltering accents of his tongue, and they are treasured up in our hearts for "an eternity of love." We have gazed (perhaps for the last time) upon his countenance, but its cherished lineaments are engraven too deep on the memory ever to be eradicated; and, even now, we bend eagerly forward to catch the last echo of his retreating footsteps; this soon dies away, and then, indeed, we feel all the bitterness of separation. In vain do we attempt to imagine happiness without him; the future lowers "dark and drear" before us, while the agony of passing grief makes us feel truly "lone and desolate." This flood of uncontrollable sorrow will undoubtedly exhaust itself; but still the heart will love to revert with delight to the recollection of his many good qualities, and often, in imagination, will we fondly picture him standing before us, as good and as kind as ever.

There is nothing more valuable than a true friend, and nothing more deserving of every sacrifice. Never should we suffer a quick word, a hasty glance, or a passionate action, to part us from him even for an instant. For O! it is hard to be forced to frown haughtily and contemptu-

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ously on those who were once the enshrined idols of our hearts. It is similar to the sacrifice of Abraham in its affliction and tormenting agony of spirit. I will not stop here to characterize those who basely strive to sunder friends. If you have a friend, cling to him as you would to an invaluable treasure. Nor gold, nor silver, nor all the diamonds of Golconda, are equivalent to his worth. In after days, when the pilgrimage of life draws to its close, the memory of your youthful friendships will gild your age with images of soft and peaceful happiness, and hover around you as bright and angelic spirits of consolation, "ministering a joy to every wo." Then will the tired soul rejoice to turn to them, as the traveller, after a weary day's march over the desert, turns with renovated strength and gladness to the sparkling fount of the green oasis, which, glittering in the rays of the departing sun, and "murmuring sweet music as it goes," flows on in refreshing beauty and harmony.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *February* 6, 1846.

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WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

[On the night of the 25th of December, 1776, Washington recrossed the Delaware, and surprised and routed the British forces, taking one thousand prisoners.]

WINTER had stretched his hand
O'er hill and lea,
And stopped with his icy wand
The merry glee
Of the murmuring brook and rippling stream,
That erst did dance in the sun's bright beam
O'er glittering sand.

The invader had sought his lair,
In the pomp of might—
When a shout burst on the air
Of the still midnight:
'T was a shout from a band of the brave and free
'T was a shout that told of a victory:
No bonds they 'd wear!

Then up with our banners high,
And swell the strain!
Tell to the earth and sky
We 've broke the chain!
The chains for the free by the free were rent:
The tyrant was crushed; and his vassals bent
To the Freeman's cry!

NEW YORK, *August*, 1846. J. D. H.

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Buried Alive!

Designed & Engraved for the Odd Fellows Offering.

J. F. Denmead, Jr.

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BURIED ALIVE!

BY JOHN WESLEY M'CUNE.

I.

I ASKED a matron once, of restless mind,
Which she would choose, the pit or vaulted tomb:
She answered thus: "The narrow grave would bind;
'T was close and lonesome in its sullen gloom:
The vault more open was, and less confined:
And, e'en when stiff in death, she wanted room,—
Room for the roaming soul, which would return
To pace its dismal path around her urn."

'T was a strange choice, with which I can't agree.
Mine be the grassy grave well sodded o'er,
Beneath a waving, weeping willow tree!
Around be blooming every lovely flower—
Above may many wingéd warblers be,
So sweetly singing through the summer hour!
Such sounds and sights so near unto my rest,
Will lighten every clod upon my breast.

There is a lovely place I twice have seen;
And oft I long when lifeless there to lay.

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A mountain's brow it is, whose scalp of green
Above the clouds doth greet the coming day.
Midway below the morning mists do lean,
Till melted by the sun's dissolving ray;
And on its highest peak is many a mound,
Of spirits passed — an Indian burial-ground.

Myriads there have made their dusty bed,
Unnumbered generations of the past;
'T was there the earthy coverlid was spread —
When once 't is worn, it will for ever last;
Beneath it there is lain the chieftain dread,
Whose potent voice was as the rising blast;
The painted warriors, once his greatest pride,
Are shrivelled mummies, mouldering by his side.

The place I speak of now is "PARNELL'S KNOB;"—
A cone-like mountain, and a lovely spot:
Who climbs its shaggy sides will find a job,
By far more tough, perhaps, than first he thought.
Beneath each bending branch his head must bob,
Or else 't will stun his brain — if brains he 's got,—
And struggling upward still, and worn and weak,
At last he panting stands upon the peak.

All-glorious is the sight! The dizzy hill
Uprears so loftily from out the plain,
The widest creek is dwindled to a rill —
The rills are struggling to be seen in vain:
Each little cot contracts and hides its sill
Behind the pigmy fields of waving grain;
And man a marble seems, so far below,
Though strutting pompously himself to show.

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The dead are on the mount; or, what is left
  Of those who lived and moved in varied form;—
The reeking warrior, with his brains all cleft,
  And bosom bleeding from the battle-storm;
The blushing bride, of nuptial joys bereft,
  Whilst yet her life was new and love was warm;
The feverish poet, with his pulse so high,
His flaming fancy and his flashing eye.

And those are there whose locks were white with time,
  And those whose time would scarcely count an hour;
And manhood stricken in its boasted prime,
  And beauty blighted ere the bud could flower;
And blasted Genius, with his thought sublime,
  And soul-aspiring as a sun-lit tower;—
All — all are gathered on that mountain's brow:
Alas! what were they once? — what are they now?

It matters not: with them I 'd love to lay,
  So lightly lifted from the scum of earth;
My spirit, bursting from its clogging clay,
  Beneath the rising moon would wander forth;
Mayhap 't would join the long and dim array
  Of dusky shadows in their ghostly mirth;—
For ghosts are mirthful — or they should be so,—
Exempt from mortal pangs and human wo.

From o'er the craggy verge 't were joy to lean,
  And hear from restless life the ceaseless hum;
And seeing all things, be ourself unseen,
  And know that sorrow ne'er to us would come;
Assuming but to mock a mortal's mien;
  Nor lacking language, though our tongue be dumb,

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Each gossip ghost whose crony news had brought,
Though hearing nothing, would absorb a thought.

I hate those gloomy vaults made for the dead,—
Those mouldy cellars, with their walls of stone;
Where friend and foe are piled above our head,
So soon as they have spent their parting groan,
And ravenous rats are quick, with stealthy tread,
To gnaw the coffins to the corse's bone:
'T were better far to give us to the worm,
Than let such vermin feed upon our form.

I 've gazed within those vaults, when opened wide:
Huge rats were running in the light of day;
And as my living form they longing eyed,
They said unto themselves — or seemed to say—
"We soon will taste of you!" but there they lied!
When breathless is this brittle house of clay,
'T will slowly seek a rural church's yard,
And rest for aye beneath the grassy sward.

II.

Some years ago within this city dwelt
A fair young creature in the morn of life.
A fever struck her; and within she felt
The sad forebodings of a mortal strife.
Beside her couch her mournful mother knelt,
And prayed that Death would stay his lifted knife,
Nor sever thus the ties that bound her here
To that meek sufferer — her daughter dear.

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The prayer was vain: she shortly swooned away;
They thought her dead, nor deemed her in a trance:
Her weeping friends came crowding where she lay,
And took through streaming tears their farewell glance.
Then came the funeral, with its black array,
And slowly forward did the train advance.
Within an opened vault the maid was lain—
And then its yawning mouth was closed again.

My God!—she was not dead! She woke, and found
No kind, familiar face was bending near;—
The awful truth flashed on her! with a bound,
She burst her coffin;—'t was the strength of Fear!—
Then wildly did she scream; the rolling sound
Reverberated on her startled ear;
But none replied: she shrieked, and shrieked in vain!—
No human voice could answer her again!

The mouldy vault she trampled to and fro,
And groped along the wall to find the door:
Protruding coffins made her passage slow;
In loathsome piles they lay behind—before—
And all around, where'er she tried to go—
Descending from the roof unto the floor;—
Alone she stood among the many dead,
Six feet of solid earth above her head!

Alone!—alone! Among the dead—alone,
And breathing thick the foul, unwholesome air!
Oh! had her joyless brother but have known
That she was moving mid the horrors there,
With all a brother's love, he would have flown
To wrest her from the grasp of fell despair;

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But 't was not thus to be; — remorseless Fate
Forbids us knowledge till it comes too late.

Ay! she was shut mid darkness and the dead!
Or night or day — apart she knew them not,
But stumbled on, with false, uncertain tread;
For thrice her flowing robes the coffins caught,
And thrice she tore away; the rending shred
In vain withheld her from the goal she sought.
The arching doorway she perceived at last, —
But, oh! the weighty earth compressed it fast!

'T was also bolted on the outer side;
And why we know not, — but the bolts were there;
And hence 't was useless, yet she fiercely tried
To force a passage to the upper air.
The stubborn door her feeble strength defied,
And stood immovable, to keep her where
She still was panting to escape from Death,
Exhausted — fainting — frightened out of breath!

She could not bear to die! she was so young,
And life so lovely to her youthful sight!
Thus when 't was slipping, then the more she clung,
With grip tenaceous, to prevent its flight:
And then, her heart's fine chords were newly strung
To ring their symphony to love's delight;
Her sun was rising yet, midway from noon; —
The startling King of Terrors came too soon!

And now she longed for light, that she might scan
If aught could be removed that barred the way;

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And next she groping felt, to form some plan
  Of quick progression to the blessed day:
Anon, her sinking hopes she turned from man,
  And from herself — poor, helpless child of clay!
Then down the steps she went; and, kneeling there,
Unto her God she prayed a fervent prayer.

With penitential thoughts her prayer was rife,—
  Except in danger, such we seldom see,—
And oft she promised, if He granted life,
  She 'd seek Religion; — oh! how good she 'd be! —
Forsaking vain desires and worldly strife,
  And living only for eternity:
Her reckless friends she 'd urge, their souls to save; —
They 'd listen unto one from out the grave!

She calmly rose from that strange place of prayer,
  Her terror tempered to a sober grief;
And all her anguish she found strength to bear;
  For faith she had her trials would be brief, —
That He who takes the sparrows 'neath his care,
  Unto a dying girl would send relief:
And so she waited hours, but nothing heard,
Excepting her own sobs from hope deferred,

Or rattling vermin, which were hurrying o'er
  The hollow covers of decaying wood.
In droves they came; for, as I said before,
  Within those dreary caves they found their food.
With their long, yellow teeth, she heard them bore,
  So near, she could have touched them where she stood:
But none molested her; no doubt, because
They more than had enough to fill their maws.

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But still she feared them; for she did not know
How full they feasted and how well they thrive
And 't was another pang unto her wo —
The dread of being eaten up alive!
And then, the looked-for aid, — it came so slow! —
Impatiently she wished it would arrive;
And fretfully she chid the long delay; —
"I wish that they would come; where can they stay?"

But still they came not, though the second day
Was dragging slowly, since she first awoke
From that dread trance, in which so long she lay —
Till from its clammy clasp she wildly broke; —
The second day was come; and wore away;
Nor heard she jingling keys, nor mattock stroke,
Nor voice of eager friends: and now her mind
Was wandering, strangely loose and unconfined.

And what she wished to hear she thought she heard;
And oft she answered to the voice of men,
Though none were near her, and no breath was stirred,
Save her own breathing; which was quickened then
By fierce excitement: like a frightened bird,
Her bosom panted, and she trembled when
She stood to listen to the fancied sound
Of heavy footsteps, beating o'er the ground.

I said that none were near; but there I erred.
The dead were near her; and in the first tier
Her father slept the sleep that ne'er was stirred;
And slumbered by his side her sister dear.
Alas! they moved not, nor returned a word
In answer to the voice they 'd loved to hear,

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Though oft she called them;—for her weakened mind
Was still more wavering, and her senses blind.

She would not quit the door;—she *knew* 't would ope,
And let her out as it had let her in:
And mid her fancy's strange, deceptive scope,
Whole crowds were coming; for she heard the din.
Alas! 'twas Falsehood in the garb of Hope—
For Hope and Falsehood are so near akin!
But still she heard; and whilst they seemed to come,
She breathed upon her hands—they were so numb.

The vault was chilly, and she feared she 'd freeze,
So languid was the blood in every vein;
But then came back anew her old disease,
And all her system was on fire again:—
'T was a consuming heat; her trembling knees
Were tottering; they could not sustain
Her sinking form: alone she could not stand,
But leaned against the wall, on her right hand.

By sudden flashes she was wondrous strong,—
Far stronger her disease than nature's strength.
Anon she was all weakness, and along
The passage floor she stretched her weary length;—
For passages were there; they wound among
The piled-up coffins, with such narrow brendth,
That scarcely room was left for her to lay
Until her fits of faintness passed away.

And now her hunger-pangs increase apace;
Unheeded were they till they urgent grew;

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And raging savagely, they soon erase
Her olden terrors for her tortures new.
Alas! no food was there within the place,
But such from which she loathingly withdrew:
Fierce famine forced her; and, in mad despair,
She ate her shoulder till the bone was bare!

Though Hunger gnawed her, it was not the worst
Of all the pangs by which she was assailed:
The burning fever had produced a thirst,
Whose craving agonies o'er all prevailed:
And she who lately was so kindly nursed,
And in the lap of luxury regaled —
She now was famishing; and her swollen tongue,
For want of moisture, to her dry throat clung:

And in her misery she longed for death —
Then changed her longing, with no reason why;
She felt unwilling to resign her breath,
And hurried from the thought that she must die:
Anon she wished again to be beneath
Her empty coffin lid; and there to lie,
And never, never wake; she asked of Heaven
Annihilation — could that boon be given.

Annihilation! —'t were a glorious boon; —
But what we welcome most is most denied.
The awful future is before us: soon
Must all its dread reality be tried;
And as our souls are in or out of tune,
Or joy or sorrow 't is their doom to bide.
No choice is left us; for, poor mortals! we
Have no exemption from eternity.

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She was so sick of life, in any form
To change existence was to change her wo;
And when her worthless flesh had fed the worm,
She wished her spirit with her body low;—
'T would be for ever free from every storm,
Which through the future might with fury blow;—
Nor heaven nor hell had she desire to see;
She only coveted nonentity.

There once was war in heaven; and this she knew,
There might be war again; or — so she thought —
Some second Satan, with ambitious view,
Might head his angels, and have battles fought;
Rebellious banners might be streaming through
The realms of bliss which weary mortals sought;
And so she would not seek them, nor be blessed;
She only wanted rest — she wanted rest!

If Death, so dreadful, were a dreamless sleep,
How sweetly pleasant would his summons seem!
To steep our stormy souls, and bury deep
Their surging sorrows in some Lethe stream! —
Whence have we wandered? — to the vault we sweep;—
The maid is slumbering, and she dreams a dream:
She sees around her, in profusion spread,
A sumptuous feast of wine, and oil, and bread.

And, oh! she hears the music of a rill;
Its gushing gurgle, as it runs to waste;
She thought 't was sinful, and she flew to fill
A brimming goblet, and the same to taste:
Alas! 't was tasteless! though she swallowed still
Cup after cup, in her voracious haste,

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It would not quench her thirst; and, with a sigh,
She sprang into the brook — but still her throat was dry!

And yet she hungry was, though fast she fed
On every eatable that met her sight;
The wine was virtueless, and the fresh bread
Gave to her palsied palate no delight:
And oft she changed the dish, as fancy led,
Or some sweet savor did her sense invite;
But still her thirst remained — her hunger raged,—
The more she ate and drank, the less were they assuaged!

Her dearest friends were near her; they did look
With faces of affection, as of yore;
And eagerly their trembling hands she took,
But could not feel them as they felt before:
And then a troublous thought her senses shook;
It pierced her slumbering spirit to the core,
As naught but truth could pierce; for it did seem,
While she was dreaming, that she dreampt a dream;

And that 't was all a vision which she saw —
Her loving friends, the feast, and running rill —
And that she yet was shut within the maw
Of some drear cave, whose door was fastened still;
And with the thought there came the sense of awe —
A sickening shudder, strangely cold and chill:
She started in her sleep — awoke — and knew
The best she dreampt was false, the worst was true!

The worst she dreampt was true! — The seventh day
Was now approaching to a gloomy close:

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To her it seemed an age had rolled away;
And every hour but added to her woes:
Her soul was crushed within her, for each stay
Was stricken from her fast as it arose;
The fever, too, was raging, and her blood
Was hot and hasty as a lava flood.

She was so restless, from the stony seat,
Though scarcely touching, she would spring again,
And pace the cold, damp earth, with naked feet;
Or suddenly would stop, as though in pain —
'T was reason reeling, — she her temples beat,
And said a lump of lead was in her brain;
Then 'gainst the door she flew — the bolted door —
And tore it with her nails till they were sore.

And in her frantic fits she wildly raved,
And named her lover and her friends at home;
She said they cruel were — they misbehaved —
They knew she loved them, but they still were dumb, —
And then all-piteously she craved
That they would only for an instant come; —
She would do so, if they were in her stead,
And bring them water and a little bread.

This could no longer last: 't was day the tenth,
Since she was buried in that vault alive;
And so exhausted was her feeble strength,
That now 't was useless 'gainst her fate to strive:
And Death stood near her — he was come at length —
Uplifted was his dart, prepared to drive
Through all her heartstrings at a fatal throw, —
She sank upon the steps, to wait the blow.

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She sat, all motionless, resigned, and meek;
For reason had returned, with flickering ray;
Her thoughts were solemn, and she did not speak;
She knew her parting soul was on its way;
Her heart was fluttering, and she felt so weak!—
The time was precious, and she leaned to pray;
Then gently turning, to relieve her side,
She backward fell — and, with a gasp, she died.

III.

Time flew apace; his wings were on a strain,
So fast he flapped them in his haste to fly;
And Death was at his dirty work again,
For 't was decreed her brother too must die.
'T was done; and he a stiffening corse was lain;
The frantic mother heard his latest sigh.
Again the vault must ope: the sexton hoar,
With mattock and with spade, dug to the door.

The bolts were loosened, and within he gazed,
And something saw — but what he could not tell:
The more he looked, the more was he amazed,
Until he moved descending to the cell:
"Great God of heaven!" — his quivering hands he raised;
The iron mattock from his fingers fell; —
There lay, or leaned, the poor, uncoffined maid,
Just where she died, in cap and shroud arrayed!

One hand was grasping the projecting wall,
The other clutching fast her bony knee,

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As though she 'd struggled to prevent the fall,
When falling backward to eternity;
Her face turned upward, and 't was marked by all
The vital pangs of her last agony;
Her slightly-shrivelled, death-discolored feet,
Protruded from beneath the winding-sheet.

Her hair had lengthened — which her friends could see —
And, loosely drooping, o'er her shoulder spread;
For still 't was growing most luxuriantly,
And drew nutrition from that lifeless head:
Unearthly were those locks — so rank and free —
Their slimy surface filled the soul with dread; —
'T is passing strange, that thus the hair should thrive,
And better live, with nothing else alive!

Old sextons we have known to rob the grave:
Full gladly do they dig, in hopes to find
The loathsome tresses, which with care they save —
Once more to flutter in the wanton wind; —
But first they sell them to some coiffeur knave,
Who freely pays to keep the public blind.
The most of all you wear — those fine false curls —
Have seen the sepulchre; — believe it, girls!

How can you place them o'er your polished brow,
And let them dally with your healthful cheek?
'T is well that they lack language; for, I trow,
They 'd tell a startling tale, if they could speak
About the crawling worm, who travels slow,
Because that he is round, and fat, and sleek:
And yet you mingle, round each lovely head,
The plumage of the living with the dead!

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The maiden's mother, rocking to and fro,
Was wildly wailing her maternal grief;
Beseeching Death, who laid her children low,
To grant unto herself the like relief;
The grave was welcome, and she wooed the blow:
While thus she wept, she trembled like a leaf;
Her lifeless daughter was entombed in vain,
Since thus on hated earth they met again.

The widow's voice was there the only sound;
Her ceaseless sighs and sobs alone were heard;
For, from the many who were gathered round,
Arose nor sudden scream nor whispered word.
All silently they stood — 't was holy ground —
And scarce a rigid limb or muscle stirred:
With pallid face they gazed, benumbed by awe,
Their starting eyeballs fixed on what they saw.

The winds were sportive, and a playful gust
Gave rustling motion to the maiden's dress;
Whilst round her mouldy neck and faded bust
The ringlets rolled; for every loosened tress
Was lightly lifted — and so life-like! — just
As when on earth she moved, our eyes to bless:
A sickening shudder ran through all the crowd,—
They deemed the corse was rising in its shroud!

An aged woman told to me the tale;
All anxiously I pressed the same to hear;
And whilst she did the mournful theme bewail,
Her eyes were filling with a scalding tear:
I felt my bloodless cheek was turning pale;
And through my veins there crept a chilling fear:

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With her own sight she saw the sightless maid;
And proof I since have had 't was truth she said.

'T was in her girlish days, when she was proud;
Her wondrous beauty many lovers drew:
But when she saw that virgin in her shroud,
Her self-esteem was lowered — a peg or two; —
And others vain as she, who joined the crowd,
And came, all-breathless, such a sight to view,
Retired with ashy lip and lowly heart,
Resolving from that hour with Pride to part.

For she was lovely once — the sleeper there —
The lines of beauty every eye could trace —
The Grecian features and the jetty hair,
All damp and dewy in that charnel-place; —
But then she had a grim and ghastly stare,
Which e'en the shining sun could not erase;
Though life was round her, and the hum of life,
She moved not — stirred not — to renew the strife; —

The strife of being, which we all endure;
The strong, who face it, and the weak, who fly;
Nor wealth 's exempt, nor poverty secure —
Each has its heavy heart and weeping eye;
The mighty monarch, and the throneless boor,
Alike must struggle, and alike must die:
Of all who ever lived, and were forgiven,
But two escaped alive from earth to heaven.

If all were Enochs, then we all might sup
From life's full chalice, welling to the brim;

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Whilst Death, the dotard! with his drowsy cup,
Could find no thirsty souls to drink with him,—
And when his worthless trade was given up,
Though grim he looketh now, he'd look more grim.
But none escape his scythe — of mortals, none,
Excepting Enoch, and that other one;—

I need not name him — for his name you know;—
His heavenly flight, no doubt, you all desire.
Elisha stood, with open mouth, below,
And saw his Master mount the steeds of fire;
Then, flashing upward from this world of wo,
He pierced the realms of space — ascending — higher —
Till down from heaven his mantle fell to earth;
For human finery *there* is little worth.

NEW YORK, *May*, 1846.

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A NIGHT ON THE ALLEGANIES.

BY PASCHAL DONALDSON.

THOSE of my readers who may have been so unlucky as to cross the Alleganies in a six-passenger coach, wherein nine large men were crowded, are undoubtedly keenly sensible of the fact that they have suffered a most *insufferable* annoyance. Every one who has been placed in such a situation will, moreover, have discovered a wonderful diversity between promises and realities; and that those very urbane gentlemen who officiate as stage-agents, in Philadelphia and elsewhere, and answer travellers' questions with so much apparent promptitude and deep concern, possess a capacity for invention remarkably Munchausen-like. A stage-coach such as they describe would not be very far inferior to a fairy-car, which goes over the mountains so smoothly and pleasantly that the wayfarer may lie down as it were on a couch of flowers, and dream his journeying hours away. Often, when the honest creditor of these fine fictions comes to a knowledge of the sober facts, and finds himself seated in a wretched

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wagon with most obstinate springs, while the sad prospect of a long, mountainous road lies directly before him, he presumes to remonstrate — talk of breach of promise, et cetera. But those to whom he addresses his complaints are the most innocent creatures in the world. "*They* are not in the fault; *they* never made any rash promises; and they think, for *their* part, that the Philadelphia rogues ought to be ashamed of themselves to tell so much *more* than the truth!"

Early in the winter of 1845, I was one of eight passengers in a coach that went out from Chambersburg westward. The night, which was far advanced, had become chilly and uncomfortable; and a drizzling fog, that had lingered for several hours, was slowly disappearing before a downright northeastern storm of rain.

My seven fellow-travellers were very good men in their way; but, with one or two exceptions, they were somewhat uncouth and disagreeable. As, however, myself and one other happened to occupy the back seat, I possessed as comfortable a situation as the coach afforded; and I was, therefore, not much annoyed by the rough demeanor of those who sat around and before me.

I soon observed, though he was a person of good address, and intelligent, that my companion who sat beside me was a young traveller, perhaps on his first journey. This fact was plainly indicated by his evident surprise that the Philadelphia agents, of whom I have spoken above, should have deceived him. He would scarcely believe himself

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on the right road. "For," he said, "that gentlemanly man to whom I paid my fare felt the utmost interest in my comfort and convenience. Indeed, he was so fearful that I would be imposed upon by the opposition, that he offered to send me to Pittsburg for two dollars less than the usual charge!"

As the other passengers were so rude as to laugh at this unsophisticated speech, the stranger said no more; but, leaning his head against the leathern cushion, essayed to sleep; and very soon, in fact, as the time wore heavily away, and the horses toiled slowly up the mountains, the rain pattering meanwhile over our heads, we all fell into an uneasy doze, from which we were not aroused until the coach paused at the foot of "Sideling hill."

The night was so excessively dark that the nearest object was quite undiscernible; and consequently, when the driver presented an additional passenger for admission in the coach, it was impossible to descry the features, or even the sex, of the intruder. When our eyes fail us, however, we are apt to refer our judgment to our ears; and these plainly apprized us that the voice of the new-comer was that of a woman. Of course, she was handed to the back seat, and took the place between myself and our friend whom the "gentlemanly man" had so cruelly deceived.

The stranger being thus, as I have said, completely concealed by the darkness, and having already spoken with the soft tones of a woman, became "an object of

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interest," especially to my friend the youthful traveller—a gallant but somewhat romantic Pennsylvanian—who, doubtless, supposing her to be young and beautiful, and knowing her to be alone and unprotected, at once addressed her, and rather broadly hinted his surprise that she should be travelling in such inclement weather. The stranger replied, briefly, that urgent business required her presence in the west; when a pause of some minutes ensued, during which the passengers again fell into an uneasy sleep.

A quarter hour thus passed, and I was quietly but wakefully musing, when I heard the Pennsylvanian inquire of the lady, in a low and tender voice, if she were not suffering with the cold.

She replied in the negative.

"I trust you are warmly clad, for the air is very sharp," resumed the speaker. "Nay, you are deceiving me—I am sure you are shivering! Pray, take my cloak——"

"No—no—my dear sir; do not disturb yourself. I do assure you, I am comfortable—very comfortable. Nay, I do not need the cloak!"

But the lady's words were evidently vain. The good-hearted traveller had, in the midst of her remonstrance, withdrawn the cloak from his own shoulders and placed it on those of the lady.

"I pray you, my dear madam, do not refuse it: surely, no gentleman can bear to hear you shivering with the cold."

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"But, my dear sir, I am not——"

"A lady—especially one placed in your situation—travelling alone, at night, over these dark mountains—should receive every attention it may be in the power of a gentleman to give. I would look upon the man who should refuse such attention as an unfeeling brute, my dear madam: I would not own him for *my* countryman, I assure you. Mr. Dickens, in his 'American Notes,' observes, I am proud to say, that the Americans are universally gentle and courteous to women!"

"True—true," the lady interrupted, hastily; "but here is a mistake which I ought to correct. I am not what——"

"You believe me to be, then, a base wretch, who would grossly insult an unprotected female!" interposed the Pennsylvanian, eagerly. "Madam, I deplore your too hasty judgment; but I forgive you, while I declare that you have strangely misapprehended my motives. I am no perverter of female innocence. I trust I have a correct appreciation of what belongs to the conduct and character of a man of honor. I beseech you, say not another word! I am hurt, my dear lady, by your unjust suspicion—and I beg that no more be said on the subject."

At this moment the horses stopped, and the passengers were roused from their sleep by the coarse voice of the driver, who shouted to the innkeeper for a lantern. A short pause ensued, and Boniface appeared, half asleep,

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and, holding high the light, threw its rays into the coach. At the same moment, the person who had so cruelly lacerated the feelings of the honest Pennsylvanian, bawled out, with an exceedingly effeminate voice, but in a most blustering manner—

"Ho, landlord! bring me some hot brandy and a cigar. Gentlemen, what'll ye have?"

"The devil! are you not a woman?" exclaimed the Pennsylvanian, looking into the stranger's face, and hastily rising, as though he would have rushed out of the coach-window.

"My good friend, I have been trying for the last five minutes to apprize you of your error, but you would not allow me to proceed with my explanation. I am in fact a creature of the rougher sex, with a singularly effeminate voice. It is a real affliction, which I bitterly deplore; but what can I do? You are not the only person who has mistaken me for a woman; but I must say, to your credit, that you are the first man who ever offered me a covering to protect me from the cold. I tender you my sincere thanks for your good wishes: and I have undeceived you at the earliest possible moment."

The chagrined Pennsylvanian received his cloak without a word of reply, though I could perceive, by the light which the innkeeper had brought, that his face was scarlet. Feeling heartily sorry for the poor young man, whose embarrassment, I knew, must be greatly heightened by the unrepressed laughter of our rude fellow-passengers, I

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ventured to remark that the mistake he had made was a perfectly natural one, and to express a hope that it would give him no uneasiness.

"Curse your sympathy, sir!" cried he, roughly; "I wish none of it! I am no bigger fool than my neighbors. The best man among you would have taken this soft-toned stranger for an innocent girl. I, believing him to be such, would have treated him as such. Who among you would have done likewise?"

Reader: my story has a moral—as all stories should. It is this: Inexperienced men are not always the most heartless and unfeeling. Their generous and unsuspicious natures often prompt them to perform acts which, to the more selfish and experienced, seem ridiculous. The young man who offered his cloak to the stranger, did so from the noblest motive; and the fools who rudely laughed at his mistake, either did not appreciate that motive, or were incapable of performing a similar generous deed.

NEW YORK, *June*, 1846.

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MORAL INFLUENCES OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY REV. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

THE claims of Odd-Fellowship, as an institution of a purely healthful and salutary moral influence, have been often asserted and sustained by the most clear and convincing arguments. The pledge of brotherly love, which is of itself the source of all true morality — the chaste and hallowed sentiments, that speak in all our lectures and charges, and breathe from all our emblems and ceremonies — are evidence that the institution can exert no other than a beneficial moral influence upon its members. There is, however, one view of this subject which I do not remember to have seen presented by any writer or speaker of the Order. I allude to the close and intimate relation that exists between the physical and moral condition of man, and the improvement of the *one* by meliorating the *other*. It may be doubted if moral teachers have been in the habit of properly estimating the powerful influence of outward circumstances in giving a direction to human conduct, and tone to the moral character. How-

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ever much it may have escaped the observation of the world, there is a deep significance and a true philosophy in the prayer of Agur: "Give me neither poverty nor riches .... lest I be full and deny thee .... or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." There are few who do not regard poverty as a great evil. Yet, it is presumed that the general dread of it arises rather from a view of its physical sufferings and privations than from a proper appreciation of its effects upon the moral character. It is granted that the pains of hunger—the fears of famine and absolute want—the cold and nakedness—the sickness and suffering attendant upon a state of abject poverty—are sore and dreadful evils. But great as they are, and much as they are to be dreaded, still, the effects upon the moral nature are far more detrimental to human happiness. The rich roll in affluence, and those in more moderate circumstances sit at ease in their houses: and when a poor fellow-mortal is brought before "his honor" for the crime of "petit larceny," they wonder that a man should be so lost to all sense of justice as to steal, or so wanting in self-respect as to degrade himself to the character of a thief for a trifle so small! In like manner, the teacher of religion reads the records of crime, and as its vast amount rises in all its aggravation before his vision, he often curses with bitterness, and denounces with strong invective, the *depravity* that leads to all this guilt. Could the one and the other know that there is a mighty power at work in outward circumstances

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—that the moral sense is not obliterated, but only overmastered by other influences—and that many, very many criminals, are made what they are by their destitution of physical comfort—they would often drop a tear where they now let fall a malediction, and pity and forgive where they most harshly censure and condemn

Take an illustration: Here is a man who, by misfortune and the dishonesty of others, has been reduced to abject poverty. We must look at him now as a ruined man, and ruined, too, by his fellow-man. He goes out to look for the means of supplying the necessities of himself and family. He asks for the poor privilege of serving another. But he asks in vain. None will hire him. Meantime visions of suffering and want are floating before him. He returns to his house, and meets the dear ones in whom his affections are centred; and dark shadows cross his brow, and fearful thoughts grow up in his soul, as he sees in prospect poverty, rags, and hungry famine itself. Again he seeks the means of satisfying the wants of those around him; and again he fails. He applies to friends, but finds, alas! they are friends no longer. He knows that the coffers of the rich are full, and the garners overflowing with food, and yet his children cry in vain for bread. His confidence in the Divine care fails him. He curses his hard fate, and blasphemes God. He becomes desperate, and swears that there is enough for all, and he will not suffer or starve. He steals! Then come the officers of the law, and take him to the court and the

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prison. And when after a period of suffering he emerges from that living tomb, he finds his children in the poor-house, and his friends gone. No kind hand is extended for his relief—no voice whispers a word of encouragement or hope? But men shun him as a loathsome, leprous thing, and pass him by, as of another race. What shall he do? God help him, what *can* he do? One refuge is left. He seeks the society of the vicious and the profligate, and panders to their iniquity, because (with shame be it confessed) they will give him what all the charities of a professedly Christian people fail to supply —bread. Here, sick of the world, and mad with all his race, he becomes an apt pupil in the school of vice. Who does not see that poverty—abject, sinking poverty —was the cause of the first step in this downward course? Want pressed upon him, and thus strand after strand that bind to truth and duty was broken, until all was lost. And who does not perceive that a little melioration of the outward condition of the man in the outset might have saved him from moral ruin?

It may be that the father himself is sick. The arm that toiled so patiently and stoutly for the support of a family is weak and helpless. The usual supplies are cut off. The hungry wolf looks in upon that once happy family. The watch, the table, the cloak, the wedding-ring itself, disappears for the means of satisfying the wants of that now wretched family. At length, all is gone; and that dear arm upon which a wife leaned so trustfully, and

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in which children hoped so confidently, is still nerveless and weak, and they must beg or starve. That wife, or that blooming daughter, go out to beg! She meets the rude gaze of the cold world's eye. She is cut to the heart by unfeeling refusals of her petition, or—what is worse—by suspicions of imposture. Shall we wonder if principle falters, and she steals? Alas! there are demons in human form who will seize this favorable moment to lead to a worse fate! True, there are trusting spirits that can endure all this. Confiding souls there are, worthy a diadem and a crown, who will bend before that dreadful tempest, and remain unbroken by its utmost fury. But there are others who . . . . . I pause—the reader knows the rest.

Ye prudes, who toss your heads so contemptuously, and pass so disdainfully, remember, that fallen one hath a *human soul*, like thine own: and hadst thou given but a tithe the cost of that gilded, useless bauble on thy breast, that SISTER of thine might have been saved! Spare thy harsh condemnation!—

"Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' places!"

It is not contended, that all instances of crime originate in causes like these, but charity would at least hope, that the instances of moral degradation, without some pressing necessity, are comparatively few. And all who are ac-

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quainted with the world know, that the sun of heaven shines every day upon the reality of the picture above faintly sketched.

And what are the means in operation for preventing this moral desolation? Preventing!! Human institutions and human laws have been so busily employed in *punishing*, that they have had no thought to spare upon the means of *preventing* crimes. We have laws framed with nice regard to every form and grade of crime, measuring out punishment as by strictest weight and measure. We build our prisons and houses of correction, and send out our Argus-eyed officers to arrest and punish the offender. And what is the result? Such is the omnipotence of wealth, that it usually manages to escape the penalty of its crimes; and as for the poor, they are cast into prison, and, having served their time, they come out again to the light of day. But how do they come? With the same poverty around them—the same want pressing upon them —with characters blasted—reputation gone—all hope of decent and respectable livelihood cut off; and however good their resolutions, all outward circumstances are against them, and they feel that they must steal or starve. What now is the power of all your laws? What your "act of assembly," or your "act to amend an act"? What your prisons and fines, and officers and courts? The truth is, Nature's law, the irresistible law of NECESSITY, is stronger than all other laws, and it will defy them all. The whole vast machinery of government can not

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penetrate below the skin, in an attempt to probe this ulcer upon the soul of man. It festers in poverty and abject want; and the cause must be removed, ere the effect will cease to flow.

By this law, also, the power of the church is defied; for, unhappily, the church has not yet sufficiently learned, that the *soul* can not be much improved while the body is starving. What avails it to preach to a man one day in seven, and leave him for the balance of the time to battle with cold, nakedness, and hunger? Or what success can attend the exhortations of a sabbath, when the week must be spent in an exposure to the hardening, faith-destroying influences of poverty and distress? The great truth should be known, that the body must be placed in a tolerable condition of physical comfort, as an indispensable prerequisite to moral improvement. And it is precisely here that the moral influences of Odd-Fellowship exhibit themselves in their greatest perfection. Its laws and regulations are such, that extreme suffering, from poverty, can not befall any of its members. It goes to the house of sickness before the little store, laid up for the day of need, is exhausted, and by its timely aid keeps famine far from the door. It relieves from many anxieties in regard to future want, from sickness and distress. It makes the unfortunate feel that they have friends left, and that there is hope for them in the darkest hour of trial; so that necessity can never drive them to a yielding up of a fraction of their integrity for the sake of the means of subsist-

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ence. And when death comes, and the head of the husband and the father is laid low in the grave, it throws its protecting shield around the widow and orphans, and saves them from those grinding oppressions and wants that drive so many to vice and infamy. If it did no more than this — if it uttered no word of counsel or warning — if all its teachings were merely negative, its emblems, forms, and ceremonies, unmeaning shows, still it would be a powerful coadjutor of those who seek by religious influences to improve the morals of the world, for the reason that it places its members in the best physical condition for *moral* improvement. But when it is known that lectures of pure and sublime morality are rehearsed at every lodge-meeting, that every form and emblem points to the path of virtue, and, that thus a thousand voices are constantly sounding in the ear of every member, calling him to the performance of moral duty, and the cultivation of "Friendship, Love, and Truth," it is not claiming too much to say, that Odd-Fellowship is powerful and salutary in its moral influences.

MOBILE, ALA., *March*, 1846.

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ON THE LOSS OF A FRIEND.

BY JOHN D. HOYT.

DEATH — "insatiate archer!" — never wings in vain
The shaft that cuts the silver thread of life;
The thread, that binds eternity and time, in twain
He rends; and takes the Friend, the Sister, and the Wife.

The glittering star, that through the darkness gleams
From its high place, shoots out to realms unknown:
The rose, that blooms beside the purling stream,
Breaks with the summer's blast, or winter's frown.

But grieve we not: the star will shine again,
In cloudless skies — where changes never come:
Beside Life's stream — where joys for ever reign —
The fragrant rose shall ever, ever bloom!

NEW YORK, *August*, 1846.

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THE WINTER OF THIRTY-SEVEN.

BY DANIEL ADEE.

WHAT New-Yorker does not remember the winter of 1837?—when the streets were rendered almost impassable by the vast quantities of snow, that covered alike the great thoroughfares and the humble alleys—the extensive warehouse, the stately mansion, and the tottering tenements of the poor—with a garment of extreme whiteness and brilliancy, the appearance of which seemed to add additional rigor to the piercing cold?—when our rivers were as firmly locked in the embraces of the icy king as though they were turned to stone, and the keen, biting blast howled through the streets, causing all who encountered it, no matter how warmly clad, to turn hastily aside and shrink trembling from its searching embrace? To add to the horrors of such a winter, the community were still suffering from the effects of the disastrous conflagration of the preceding one, which had laid in ashes about one quarter of the entire metropolis—depriving thousands of the only means of earning their daily bread

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and hurling them at once from competence to unexpected poverty.

In the city of Rochester, on one of the bitter days of that winter, a pale, careworn man, with an old, weather-beaten hat upon his head, and a threadbare coat closely buttoned up to his chin, accosted a surly, hard-featured teamster, inquiring the price of a load of wood he was offering for sale.

"Three dollars," was the prompt reply.

"It is too much," replied the first, whom we shall call Herbert. "Your charge is enormous, and I can not afford to pay it."

"Then let it alone," replied the other. "You may think yourself fortunate to be able to get wood at any price on such a day as this."

Herbert hesitated: he had indeed been searching some time for a load of wood, and this was the only one he had yet seen. "Well," said he, at length, with a deep-drawn sigh, "I suppose I shall be obliged to give you your price, exorbitant as it is."

"If you please, then," replied the other, "I will take the money now. I do not deliver my wood without that." As he spoke, he cast a suspicious glance upon the well-worn habiliments of his companion. Herbert drew from his pocket a tattered bill, and handed it to the teamster. "You will give me two dollars change," said he; "'tis all I have in the world." The teamster took the bill, and, after scrutinizing it for a few moments, coldly returned it.

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"Keep it, then," said he; "the bill is not worth a straw: and if you want my wood, you must give me the silver for it, or you can not have it. I will have nothing to do with your broken-bank bills!"

Herbert clasped his hands in despair; and, turning his eyes to the dark and gloomy sky, seemed to call upon the heavens for that aid which a cold, unfeeling world denied him.

At this moment a stranger, muffled in a warm Spanish cloak, who had paused as he was toiling on against the rushing blast, observed the gesture of Herbert. Melville (for such was the stranger's name) was at his side in an instant, and clasping Herbert's hand, desired in an earnest tone to know in what he could assist him.

"If you *will* assist me, then are you indeed sent from heaven!" replied Herbert, "for man has forsaken me."

He then, in a few words, recounted his simple story: He had been a clerk in one of the large mercantile establishments of New York for a few years previous, during which time he had married and been blessed with two sweet children. But the terrible revulsion in business which had succeeded the great fire of '35, swept the land as with a scourge, and, together with thousands of others, prostrated at once the company in which he had served, and quickly reduced him from circumstances of happiness to a state of wretchedness difficult if not impossible to describe. In vain did he exert himself to the utmost to obtain even the most menial employment that might yield

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him any relief. Thousands were in the same condition with himself; and his tale was too common a one to excite the sympathy of those to whom he applied — who, perhaps, could only sigh, and read therein what would but too soon be their own condition; all his efforts to procure employment proved fruitless.

While in this situation, he learned that an opportunity was open for him to obtain employment in the flourishing city of Rochester; and, accordingly, by the aid of a few friends, he acquired the means to proceed with his family to that place. But, alas! he was one day too late — and another had obtained the place he had hoped to get! A stranger, without means, he could not endure to behold the wretchedness which now awaited his once happy and still dearly — almost madly — loved wife and children. His uncomplaining wife, herself the picture of despair, was vainly striving to quiet the moaning of her children, who piteously besought her for some food and fire to keep them from perishing. Alas! not a morsel had passed the lips of either of them for the last twenty-four hours, and their last fagot had long since expired upon the desolate hearth. With a choking sensation she sought to hide the tears which would ever and anon flow silently from her eyes as she turned them from her curly-headed little boy, who was burying his face in her apron, to his younger brother whom she was supporting in her arms.

"Henry," said she, in a low tone, "if we do not obtain some relief before long, our sorrows will soon be

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over. Ah!" she added, shivering as she spoke, "*it is so cold!*"

"I will make one more effort," exclaimed he, starting up. "Surely God will not utterly forsake us!"

So saying, he pressed his lips to the cold, clammy cheeks of his tender wife, and again sallied forth, he knew not whither. Collecting his distracted thoughts, he resolved to apply to an acquaintance of former years, now residing in Rochester, who was indebted to him a small sum for services rendered in happier days, but who, upon some trifling pretext, at that time avoided paying it. With faint and weary steps, he proceeded to the splendid mansion occupied by this individual, in ——— street; and finding the person he sought at home, at once stated his errand. The rich man would have put him off with a request to "call again," but he soon saw that Herbert was too fully bent upon obtaining his demand to be thus turned away. He therefore, with much apparent reluctance, took from a well-filled purse a roll of bills, and, after carefully scanning each, handed out a tattered one to Herbert, who eagerly clutched it, and, uttering a few words of thanks, hurried to the street, and bent his steps in search of a load of wood, which, with much difficulty, he finally succeeded in finding: but when about to pay for it, what was his consternation to find that the heartless rich man, of whom he had obtained the bill, had given him one upon a broken bank!

It was in this, his moment of deepest despair, that he

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was observed by the stranger, whom we shall call Melville, who, scarcely waiting for the recital of the sad story, drew forth his pocketbook, and, extending it to Herbert, bid him supply his wants therefrom. The convulsive pressure of the hand, and the grateful looks that brightened upon Herbert's pallid cheek, told far more than words his deep sense of thankfulness. The wood was soon purchased, and the now attentive teamster sought to make amends for his late insolence, by the alacrity with which he obeyed the directions given him.

Melville insisted upon accompanying Herbert to his temporary abode, to assist him in restoring his family to comfort. They soon reached it, and Herbert, bidding his companion follow him, was in a moment locked in the embrace of his faithful wife.

"Cheer up, love," said he; "God has not indeed forsaken us, but has sent a brother to save us in our last extremity. Look up! and assist me in thanking our preserver."

Slowly the suffering woman raised her eyes, until they met those of Melville, who, deeply affected, stood intently gazing upon her. A deep flush overspread her cheek as she encountered his earnest look, and she murmured, "How strange!—how very like—and yet it can not be—"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Melville; "it is my own long-lost sister! God has truly sent me to you, and do I find you thus!" As he spoke, he caught her from Herbert's arms, and pressed her to his heart.

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It would be difficult to say which of the now-happy group was the most astonished. Herbert was so bewildered, that Melville assumed the charge of providing for their comfort; and the teamster, who had thrown his wood at the door, was despatched for female assistance, by the aid of which a cheerful fire was soon blazing upon the hearth, and their only table loaded with delicacies to which they had long been strangers. Before partaking of this, however, they, with overflowing hearts, returned devout thanks to that All-wise and Gracious Being who had so mercifully rescued them from their deep affliction.

As soon as they were sufficiently restored, Melville provided for their instant removal to more comfortable quarters, where they were surrounded with every luxury they could desire. He then explained to Herbert that, when yet a mere youth, he had left his father's home, and embarked for a southern clime, in which he had spent many years and amassed a large fortune, and had but lately returned, to find that both his parents were long since dead; that his only sister had married, and removed from place to place, until at length all trace of her was lost, and he gave up the search, despairing of ever finding her.

"But how is it," asked he, "that you gave me the token of the sacred brotherhood, and have not applied to them ere this for relief? You are surely a member?"

"I was," replied Herbert; "but it is some years since I have attended a meeting; and my wife was so strenuously opposed to my remaining a member of a society

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which she feared would draw me from my home, and possibly lead me into evil habits, that I yielded to her wishes, and suffered my rights to expire. As I had never been an active member, I was soon forgotten by the Fraternity, if they missed me at all. I have deeply deplored my error since, but it was then too late. But, may I ask how it is that you are a member of a brotherhood that, in this country at least, is as yet only in its infancy?"

"I once was a witness of its power in saving an intimate friend from almost certain destruction," replied Melville, "and was so impressed with the circumstance, that I lost no time in availing myself of an opportunity, which soon after occurred, to enrol myself in its ranks; and I have truly cause to be thankful to that Power which has led me to take a step that has restored to me my only surviving relative."

We will only add, that Herbert's affairs from that time wore a brighter aspect. Aided by his new-found brother, he commenced a moderate business for himself, and those who so lately would have turned a deaf ear to the application of the destitute, unemployed clerk, were now eager to proffer their services to the brother-in-law of the wealthy Mr. Melville. His intercourse with the Order was renewed, and he is now known and respected as one of the most worthy and influential merchants. But never to this day has he forgotten the WINTER OF THIRTY-SEVEN.

NEW YORK, *June*, 1846.

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MOTIVES TO PRACTICAL CHARITY OR GOOD WORKS.

BY THE REV. J. D. GARDINER.

THE land of Uz, in the eastern world, was the dwelling-place of a distinguished prince, a man no less distinguished for his benevolence, than for his sudden reverse of fortune. Whether Job belonged to the fraternity of Odd-Fellows or not, history affords no particular information; that he breathed their spirit, and abounded in those works of charity and kindness so characteristic of this noble Order, there is no question. But this did not shield him from the changes and afflictions of the world. In the morning on which he rose, no cloud flitted across the heavens to dim for a moment the brightness of his vision. A thousand streams of pleasure flowed around him, and filled his cup of enjoyment. The canopy of a serene sky hung over his head, and a carpet of the green earth lay beneath his feet. Nature, in all her loveliness, smiled about him, and promised lasting happiness. The charms of wealth, the splendors of oriental magnificence, sparkled on his eye, while the melodies of song enraptured his ear.

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Servants waited his pleasure, and thousands were ready to do him homage. He beheld his flocks whitening the hills, his oxen ploughing in his fields, and his herds grazing in his pastures; while his children, gathered round the convivial board, were rejoicing together at their brother's house. All the endearments of "friendship, love, and truth," clustered about his family and his home. In the midst of prosperity and affluence stood this great and good man. As the centre of the social circle, his sons and daughters gathered about him, and, with filial affections, rejoiced a father's heart. But lo! how soon was this bright scene overspread with Egyptian night! How soon did all these enchanting visions pass away and perish for ever! In an hour of unapprehensive security, he was robbed of his wealth, and stripped of his children.

Then it was that he, who rose in the morning the greatest of all the men in the East, overwhelmed with despair, sat down at evening to bewail his misfortune, and weep over the ruins of his departed glory. Though resigned to this unexpected calamity, the tender recollections of the past came over his mind; and the remembrance of charities, which he could now no longer bestow, gave poignancy to his grief. When he beheld the children of poverty, whom he had clothed and fed, but whom he could clothe and feed no more, the sight filled him with pain, and, under the feelings of a heart alive to the noblest sentiments of pity, he exclaimed, in anguish of spirit, "O that it was with me as in months past, as in the days when God pre-

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served me! when the ear heard me, then it blessed me; when the eye saw me, then it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. Then the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." What an illustrious example of charity is here presented for the imitation of all! To understand its nature and its motives is the duty of all, and especially of those who belong to the society of Odd-Fellows.

Among all the Christian virtues, Charity holds the most distinguished place. Her circle embraces every other, and is the root from which they spring. Benevolence is the essence of her nature, and consists in love to God and man. All the duties and principles of morality and religion come within her bounds. The universal happiness of man is the grand object at which she aims in all her movements. This is the end of her being; the object alike of all her desires and her efforts. On this, and this alone, her eye is fixed. As the daughter of Heaven, for this purpose she came down to earth, dressed in the robes of love. For this end she takes up her abode in the bosom of mortals, and lives, and plans, and toils.

In this world of sin, she beholds a miserable race dwelling together, all exposed to innumerable trials. Without regard to kindred or name, she seeks to alleviate the sufferings and promote the welfare of all. It is her glory, that "she seeketh not her own," exclusive of the happi-

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ness of others. She rises above self, and, with outstretched arms, embraces the whole family of man as one great brotherhood, whose wants she delights to supply, and whose miseries she delights to relieve.

As the dispenser of good to a suffering world, she will have an end; but in her nature, she is immortal as God, from whose bosom she came. "Charity never faileth." She will survive the sun, and moon, and stars. She will outlive the ruins of the whole material universe. Permanent as the eternal throne, she will rise and shine, when Faith and Hope are no more.

It is her nature to work, while she continues here on the earth, where so much is to be done. But she works by love. This is the power that impels her to action — the moving principle of all her operations. She is the sum and substance of every virtue in earth or heaven. Being active in her nature, she can not lie dormant in the bosom where she dwells. She prompts her subjects to every good work. Her hand has laid the foundation and reared the superstructure of every true benevolent society that ever existed among men. The institution of Odd-Fellowship is the fruit of her labors, no less than the evidence of her being. Her name is written upon the badges of the Order, and upon the walls of their rooms, to remind them of the duties of practical charity. To the performance of these duties, motives are not wanting.

Among them, the BENEVOLENCE of the DEITY stands conspicuous. Perfectly happy in himself, in the enjoy-

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ment of his own infinite blessedness, nothing was needed, and nothing could be added, to increase his boundless felicity. The attributes of his being, the perfections of his character, constituted a source of unlimited happiness, incapable of augmentation. Prompted alone by the goodness of his nature, by the overflowings of his active BENEVOLENCE, his power was put forth in the creation of other beings, to adore his perfections, to participate in his bounty, and share in his love. It was for this purpose alone that he spake into existence the unnumbered worlds that rise, and roll, and shine, in the regions of infinite space, and hung them around his throne as evidences of his power, and as a theatre of action for his boundless benevolence. For this end, his hand formed every world and system, and peopled them with all their various inhabitants. For this end he created the sun that shines by day, and the moon and stars which give light by night. For this same object, too, he laid the foundations of the earth, and prepared it for the dwelling-place of man.

In this world, wherever the eyes are turned, what a vast scene of wonders opens to view, all resplendent with the glories of divine goodness! Heaven and earth, sea and air, all creatures and things, fashioned by his wisdom and upheld by his power, speak the benignity and proclaim the beneficence of their great Creator. There is no land where the operations of his goodness are not seen; no place where the voice of his kindness is not heard.

Throughout the wide domains of earth, every object

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that meets the eye, whether animate or inanimate, every beast that roams the wilderness, every fish that swims in the caves of ocean, every bird that flies through the arch of heaven, displays the benevolence of God in his handy-work. If, from this general survey, we look at man, as a particular object of his workmanship, and examine the wonderful mechanism of his body, in every member, organ, limb, bone, and ligament—if we look at the head, hands, and feet—if we view the eye, the ear, or any other part of the frame, and see how exactly each is adapted to the use for which it was designed, and then contemplate the mysterious, complicated, and yet harmonious movements of this curious and nicely-adjusted piece of machinery, how strikingly is exhibited the goodness of the Divine Architect, in so forming and arranging the whole, that all its parts shall conspire to promote the happiness of man! Nor is the goodness of God less displayed in the constitution of the mind than of the body. Look at its powers, and faculties, and capacities, for knowledge and improvement—its understanding, judgment, memory, imagination—its intellectual and moral perceptions of truth and duty—its power to arrange its thoughts; to associate, compare, and combine its ideas; to reason and decide upon the great variety of subjects embraced within its range; to call up the past, to enjoy the present, and anticipate the future—its fears, to warn us of danger; its desires, to excite us to action; and its hopes, to cheer and support us under the various trials of life.

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Now do not these faculties of the mind, in their design, operation, and wonderful adaptation to the use and purpose intended, bear the bright impress of that divine goodness by which they were bestowed, and manifest the desire of their great Creator for the happiness of the whole rational family? In what way could his benevolence to our race have been exhibited in a more striking form?

If we leave man, and turn our eyes to the place of his primeval abode, we shall see equal evidence of the divine goodness, and find equal cause of wonder, at the display of his benignity and kindness. Placed in the midst of Eden, robed in beauty and perfumed with flowers, free from toil and care, disease and death, he walked forth in the dignity of his nature, as the lord of the creation. No thorns sprung up in his path to annoy his footsteps; no clouds darkened his prospects; no disappointment agitated his mind. Under the culture of his hand, the vines flourished and the flowers bloomed. No worm corroded their root. The softest zephyrs played among their branches, and bore away upon their wings the sweetest fragrance. At morn, the song of birds waked him from his slumbers; at eve, the murmur of brooks lulled him to repose. The trees covered him with their shadow, and supplied him with their fruit; while the river, meandering at his feet, slaked his thirst. All without, and all within, was calm and unruffled as the peaceful pool reflecting the image of heaven. Divine Benevolence was written in capitals upon the door of his tent; and the goodness of his

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Lord was the theme of his morning and his evening hymn.

Nor was this goodness confined alone to man. The beasts of the field, delighted with their state, went forth with joy to graze in their pastures, and the flocks rambled with pleasure upon a thousand hills. The irrational animals shared with their lord the bounty and beneficence of their Creator. In praise of his benevolence, the finny tribes leaped from their watery beds. On every side, the feathered songsters of the grove carolled forth anthems to the morning sun, while swarms of happy insects sported in his noontide beams, and gathered their food from the sweetness of every opening flower. The lamb and the lion lay down together under the shadow of the same rock; and the leopard and kid, in mutual embrace, reposed in the same bed. The banner of the Lord waved over a peaceful world, while his goodness shone forth emblazoned upon every fold. Every object in the bright assemblage around him conspired, as one great, harmonious whole, to increase the happiness of man, and proclaim the benevolence of the Creator, who reared up the world about him as the place of his habitation and enjoyment. How powerfully does this exhibition of the Divine benevolence urge us to the practice of that noble charity which delights in the supply of human wants and in the relief of human woes!

To the goodness of God may be added the example of the Savior as another motive to the practice of charity.

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Christ was a true philanthropist. He spent his life in doing good. Wherever he went, this was its object and its end. Clad in the vestments of celestial humanity, he entered upon his errand of mercy, and began his labors of love.

He found himself in the midst of a sorrowing and a suffering world. A wide field for the toils of practical benevolence opened before him. Within its limits stood the poor, the disconsolate, and the wretched, of our race, without any to pity or to help. Here were the deaf and dumb, the sick, the lame, and the blind, with hands stretched out, supplicating in vain for assistance. The picture of grief sat upon their countenance, and the canker of despair corroded the heart. Pity filled his bosom; love melted his soul; the sight awakened all the tender sensibilities of his nature. With an eye beaming with kindness, and a heart overflowing with compassion, he beholds these sons and daughters of affliction, and enters their circle.

Nor did he suffer their cries for relief to pass unheeded. His spirit of charity prompted him to action. To do them good — to dispense his kindness to the indigent, and his aid to the victims of suffering — he goes from village to village, and from city to city. Unallured by the splendors of wealth or the trappings of power, he visits the cottages of the poor and the cabins of the afflicted. To alleviate the miseries of the hapless children of misfortune — to bear the cup of consolation to the sons of want and wo

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—he declined no toils, shunned no hardships, shrunk from no difficulties. In well-doing he was never weary. Wherever he went, mercy attended his footsteps, and the light of benevolence shone about his path. The fame of his charities spread far and wide; thousands, struck with the wonders of his goodness, came to him, as their friend, for instruction and relief. Such was his course of active benevolence, that, wherever he travelled, multitudes gathered around him for the relief of their sorrows and the cure of their maladies.

In the company of his followers were seen, not the rich and the noble—not the devotees of pleasure and the worshippers of mammon—not the shining courtier or the fawning parasite—but the poor and the sick, the halt and the blind, seeking the assistance of his kindness. Nor did he frown them from his presence; but, delighted to do them good—to cause the lame man to leap, and the heart and tongue of the dumb man to sing for joy—regardless of the opposition of an unfeeling world—unmoved by the smile of contempt, the hiss of derision, or the finger of scorn—he persevered in his course of godlike benevolence.

Nor is this example of the Son of David beyond the reach of imitation. It may be followed by the humblest of our race. What though they can not accomplish all that he accomplished, or all they desire? What though they want power to heal disease, to give feet to the lame, or eyes to the blind? Can they therefore do nothing to

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alleviate the miseries of suffering humanity?—nothing to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, instruct the ignorant, and reclaim the wandering?—nothing to cheer the disconsolate, and chase away the gloom of penury?—nothing to dispel the darkness from the cabin of sorrow, and light up a smile in the aspect of wo?

Who, among the sons or daughters of men in this land of freedom and plenty, of light and knowledge, is so destitute of power, or means, or influence—so POOR—as to be unable, ABSOLUTELY unable, to do anything—to contribute a mite, to give a cup of water, or a morsel of bread, or rag of covering, to a needy and suffering mortal, in token of regard to the noble example of his Savior? Few are they who can not copy his philanthropy, and, by some charitable deeds, show their attachment to Him, who, though he was rich, became poor—spent his days in doing good, and laid down his life for the benefit of a weeping and a suffering world.

Another motive to charity is found in the express direction of Heaven. This direction is contained in the revelation of the Divine will: "The poor shall never cease out of the land."—"If thy brother be waxen poor, then shalt thou relieve him, that he may live."—"Thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thy hand against thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thy hand wide unto him, and thou shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need in that which he wanteth."

How reasonable, just, and benevolent, are these requi-

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sitions! They are worthy of being written upon the arches of the sky—to be read and known by all the nations of the earth. They are filled with the spirit of charity and fraternal affection. They contain the great principles of true Odd-Fellowship, no less than of practical Christianity. They are the foundation of every benevolent society, and form the golden chain that unites and binds together the members of every charitable association. Were these principles carried out in action, what a change would be produced in every land of suffering and want! No pining children of indigence and wretchedness would pain the eye, or pour upon the ear their tale of need. Hunger would be fed, and nakedness would be clothed; while Pity would extend her balm of healing to "every wound," and, by the radiance of her smiles, light up with joy a benighted world.

Another incentive to charity is drawn from the promises of future reward. The promises of reward found in the gospel are made alone to those who do good, and in the spirit of true benevolence seek to promote, by the performance of good works, the happiness of man. On this condition all the gospel promises of reward in a future world are made. If the condition be not fulfilled—if the required "good works" be not done—the promise fails, and there can be no claim to the promised reward. Without those deeds of charity and kindness to our fellow-men which the gospel enjoins, all our hopes and expectations of happiness in another world are delusive and vain.

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And the amount of the reward will correspond to the amount of our good works — not as works of merit, but as the visible expressions of that charity which consists in love to God and benevolence to man.

The magnitude of these works is estimated, not by their outward splendor, but according to the ability and means of those by whom they are performed. The poor widow, who gave her only mite, received as great a reward as if she had bestowed the wealth of a kingdom, for she gave all that was in her power; and had she possessed the treasures of the world, she could have done no more. The bestowment of a crust of bread, a rag of clothing, or a cup of water, upon the naked and famishing, may prove a richer favor than the bestowment of a crown while these charities are withheld, and the former may entitle the bestower to higher reward than the giver of the latter.

And these works decide the character and the future destiny of men. It is not the place of their birth, the society to which they belong, or the circle in which they move; it is not the fire of their zeal, the strength of their faith, or the noise of their professions; it is not their attachment to forms, their devotion to sect, or their adherence to creeds, adopted by the pride and wisdom of this world, and for which men have fought and shed each other's blood — that determines their condition in another state: but it is their good works; their deeds of charity, mercy, and kindness, to the poor and the destitute — to

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the widow and orphan, and him who hath none to help him; deeds flowing from the noble principles of "friendship, love, and truth," and which constitute the BRIGHTEST TRAIT in the character of true Odd-Fellowship, as well as in the character of true Christian philanthropy. And when poverty shall be stripped of its rags, and wealth of its splendor — when the poor and the rich — when the monarch on the throne and the beggar in the street — shall stand upon the same level, and when all the distinctions of names, sects, and creeds, shall vanish away, then will the GOOD WORKS which men have done to one another stand forth in all their lustre, and not the *least* in the train lose its reward.

To these motives we might add the example of the virtuous in other times, whose names and deeds are inscribed upon the tablets of history for the instruction and imitation of successive generations. Though dead, they yet speak by their example, left in the record of their generous deeds. In this history is found the doings of the prince of the East and the widow of Zarepta. The one clothed the naked from the fleece of his flock; while the other, surrounded by famine, with but a handful of meal in her barrel, and but little oil in her cruse, for herself and son, reached out her hand of charity, and gave, nobly gave a part of her little all to the famished prophet. And here is found the poor widow who, in the midst of indigence, cast her two mites, which were all her living, into the treasury of benevolence. And here, too, is the record of

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her who poured her box of ointment upon the feet of her Lord, as the testimony of her generous charity. Nor is the conduct of the liberal Martha here forgotten, in so often opening her hospitable cottage to "the man of sorrows," and spreading her table for his own and the entertainment of his companions.

In this history of benevolence, in later times, the name of HOWARD stands conspicuous, as the bright mirror reflecting the image of charity. He is here seen as the Christian philanthropist, as the true Odd-Fellow, going from city to city and from kingdom to kingdom; and, with an eye beaming with love, and a heart filled with sympathy, entering into hospitals, diving into prisons, plunging into dungeons: and in these gloomy abodes of sickness and disease, suffering and sorrow, searching out their inmates, exploring their avenues, surveying their wretchedness, amid cold and hunger, amid poverty, pestilence, and death, that he might do some GOOD WORK for the alleviation of distressed humanity. Here he is beheld regardless of life, of health, of every social endearment—shrinking from no toil, flying from no danger, complaining of no fatigue; but, in spite of all the difficulties met in his way, going forward on his errand of mercy and in his labors of love—measuring the heights and depths of human misery, that he might shed a ray of light upon its gloom, and lessen its dimensions, by the deeds of a heavenly charity. What a noble example! What a spectacle of moral grandeur and sublimity, on which the world may stand and

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gaze, while all the lesser glories of earth fade away and are lost in its splendors!

These are the trophies of benevolence: far nobler than were ever gained by the conquests of an Alexander, a Cesar, or a Bonaparte; greener laurels than ever composed the crown or decked the brow of the mightiest conqueror. These good works have perfumed the memory of their doers, and erected to their names and their praise a monument more enduring than the pyramids of Egypt: for those, beneath the wasting hand of time, shall moulder away, shall crumble down to dust, and bury for ever in their ruins the names and achievements of those who reared those monuments of pride and folly; but the fame of those and other illustrious benefactors of mankind shall live till the heavens be no more, and the histories of the world are consumed in the general conflagration.

The conscious pleasure derived from doing good is another strong incentive to the performance of good works. What employment so agreeable, what feelings so pleasant, what work so congenial to a benevolent mind, as that of doing good to our fellow-men? It is that which maketh rich, and bringeth no sorrow. It is that virtue which carries with it its own reward. What purer joy can spring up in the breast than that poured forth into the bosom by the perennial stream of benevolence running through the soul, and diffusing its influence over all its faculties? How happy is that man whose heart is warmed

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with the genial glow of affectionate sympathy for the wretched about him!

Never does he realize a loftier dignity, feel a nobler elevation, or enjoy a more sublime and refined pleasure, than when wiping the falling tear from the cheek of sorrow, binding up the broken-hearted, soothing the sighs of the widow and the orphan, and bearing with an angel's hand the cup of consolation to the sons of wo.

Compared with *this*, how grovelling and insignificant is the pleasure of the proudest monarch seated upon the throne of empire, and swaying his iron sceptre over trembling millions! Compared with *this*, how low and unhallowed is that of the greatest conqueror returning from the field of victory and of blood, amid the roar of cannon and the shouts of triumph! Compared with *this*, how mean and sordid is that of the richest miser standing upon his heaps of gold, or seated amid his coffers of treasure! To their possessor none of these can bring comfort in the hour of the last extremity. When consolation is most needed, they all stand aloof and show their impotence. Or if they awaken reflection in such an hour, it is only to increase his misery by harrowing the mind with indescribable emotions. The thought of leaving them serves but to fill him with distress, and plant thorns in his dying pillow. But the pleasure of doing good is mingled with no alloy. It is pure and unsullied as the mountain-snow. On his deeds of beneficence the good man can look back with joy, as so many gems set in the crown of his reward, to cheer

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him on his way, and illume his footsteps in his descending course. And when about to close his eyes on time and things, what tongue can tell, what language can express the pleasure of seeing the poor and the afflicted, to whom he has done good, standing around his dying couch, pouring forth their tears and benedictions, as the last sad tokens of their gratitude for the kindness he has bestowed upon them? And how pleasing the reflection, that, when he has taken leave of this world, he is not forgotten, and that his memory is embalmed in the widow's bosom, and his grave bedewed by the orphan's tears! How happy the thought that his funeral obsequies will not consist in the empty and heartless eulogiums of hireling orators, but in the honors which consist in the sighs and tears of those whom he has relieved; of the poor whom he has supplied; of the straying whom he has reclaimed; of the sorrowing whose wounds he has bound up, and whose tears he has wiped away! These are the record of his good works, of his deeds of benevolence — written, not in stone, but upon the imperishable tablets of the soul; these are the crown of his glory and the monument of his fame. And these, standing upon his urn, and pointing to his ashes, tell the passing traveller — "There lies the man who, when I was hungry, fed me; when I was naked, clothed me; when I was sick, visited me; and when I wandered from the way, followed me with his kindness, and led my erring feet into the path of virtue and of peace."

Sag Harbor, L. I., *February*, 1846.

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THE PAUPER'S CURSE.

BY F. J. OTTERSON.

On a wintry night, in a marble porch,
A starving woman stood;
While flickered and flared the passing torch,
As it swung in the tempest rude—
While the traveller, wrapped in his woollens, quivered
As he faced the frozen snow—
This starving woman stood and shivered,
The personification of wo.

Through the long-worn dress her arms were seen,
Like the skeleton arms of Death;
They were purple with cold, and skinny and lean,
And over them oft her breath
She feebly poured, for the piercing frost
Was pricking the blue flesh sore;
And anon she would gaze, in astonishment lost,
At the silver that shone on the door.

And she listened oft to the revelry
That rioted loud within—

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And she grimly smiled o'er the devilry
In the mansion of gold and sin!
Then her thin lips parted, and, broken and low,
Came words of a fearful mood:
They parted to curse — for ye well might know
They seldom parted for food!

They parted to curse! Oh, Jesus! pardon
The hungry and desperate woman;
Thou knowest the weight of the poor one's burden,
For thy sufferings once were human!
They parted to curse! Oh, ill-starred mortal!
Warm-housed in your gorgeous palace,
Hark to the terrible voice in your portal,
And hide from the beldame's malice!

"Freezing! starving! while within
Food is piled, and fire is glowing;
Mirth is making joyful din,
And the ruby wine is flowing;
Freezing! starving! at the door,
While they riot in profusion;
Should I dare a crumb implore,
They would spurn my bold intrusion!

'Freezing! starving! — God of heaven!
Man forgot me long ago;
From his haunts with scoffings driven,
Forth I went to dwell with wo!
Freezing! starving! Heavenly Father,
Is there no retreat for me,

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Where no howling tempests gather?
Am I, too, forgot by thee?

"Ay! the pauper's grave is yawning —
'T is a chill and peaceful home;
Ere the morning light is dawning,
I will curse the world and come!
If, upon this cold stone lying,
With my snow-shroud curling o'er me,
Dives should see me calmly dying,
He would pray to go before me!

"Freezing! starving! — God's red anger
Fall upon you, purse-proud slave!
May my weak and corpse-like finger
Point you to a restless grave!
From your wine-o'erflowing glasses,
Where your eye delighted stood,
When my ghostly image passes,
You shall quaff a pauper's blood!

"Falling! dying! — limbs ye fail me!
Want and wo have done their worst;
Who shall miss me? who bewail me?
None of all the race accurst!
Glad, I ban and leave the earth —
Joyfully, I say farewell —
Certain of a happier birth —
Worse than *this* were worse than hell!"

She fell on the marble — one struggle, and all
With the pauper on earth was ended;

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The storm-king above her laid lightly his pall,
And her dirge from the wind-harp ascended:
But the curses she called in full vengeance were hurled
On the miser who slumbered near—
Ghost-haunted and thief-like he stole through the world,
And his death was a picture of fear.

NEW YORK, *June*, 1846.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY PETER SQUIRES, P. G.

WHAT is Odd-Fellowship?—It is, in part,
To feel for others' woes, and share them too:
'T is that which warms and elevates the heart:
'T is FRIENDSHIP pure, unshaken, tried, and true.

What is Odd-Fellowship?—'T is that which clings
More closely as the tempest frowns above;
It is the impulse which eternal springs
In God's own heart—disinterested LOVE.

What is Odd-Fellowship?—'T is that which lives
For ever in the fadeless bloom of youth;
Which time new beauty and fresh vigor gives:
'T is virtue's brightest garb—'t is spotless TRUTH.

What is Odd-Fellowship?—'T is to fulfil
Man's highest duty here: it is to be
What God designed us—brethren of one will:
'T is FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH, in unity.

NEW YORK, *May*, 1846.

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THE LAST VISIT:

OR,

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

W. H. H. PRALL, P. G.

"WILLIAM, you have long possessed my heart, but ere I give my hand, which you just now so ardently desired, I too have a boon to ask, and a solemn determination, that I have resolved upon."

"What is it, dearest Anna, you ask?—but mention your desires, and it will be, as it always has been, a proud moment of my existence to obey your commands. And a despairing lover never confines his scope of possibilities short of the width and breadth of the universe."

"After marriage, dear William, their limits of space are very often materially contracted, while the numberless promises turn out but few realities. But, seriously, before you lead me to the altar as your happy bride, I now issue my last behest. William, as you love me, before our hearts are blended inseparably together, do as I desire

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you! Become an Odd-Fellow. Join that Order for which every sympathy of my heart is enlisted. I could tell you why I ask it; and, if you knew all, you would not let a week escape before you united yourself with that respected brotherhood. Now say 'Yes!'—come, do!"—and a kiss was imprinted upon the cheek of him to whom she had plighted her troth.

"Beloved Anna," answered William, "since you introduce such *pleasing* arguments, I really can do naught else than promise you. So I do say 'Yes!' I have always thought well enough of Odd-Fellowship in the abstract, and been frequently solicited by my friends to join the Order, but have kept delaying the matter to them. I, however, frankly confess to you that I have had some slight reluctance in being initiated (I believe that is the term designated) into the supposed mysteries of an alleged secret society. And if they practise what they profess in the matters of benevolence and charity, why confine their dissemination among themselves? Why not enact the example of the good Samaritan, and alleviate the sufferings of those in the world upon whom the cold hand of misfortune has been heavily laid? Although I have given you my word, suppose they deem your very humble servant unworthy of membership, and express *their* views by black-balling him? Don't you think that he would then feel mightily chagrined? I assure you there is no doubt of it."

"If they were to adopt your creed," replied Anna,

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"and scatter their capital indiscriminately among those necessitated in the community, how many, I ask you, out of the myriads, could they relieve? and what means resort to, in order to discover those deserving of their bounty? With fraud and misrepresentation to contend against on either side, the result would inevitably be, that the funds, originally and exclusively collected for the purpose of giving adequate relief to those holding a legitimate right, would vanish to the four winds; while the sick Odd-Fellow and his destitute family would be the sufferers. Think you, for a moment, that the world would reciprocate the favor, and, in return, step forth and relieve them? But have not the friends you speak of, dearest William, already informed you of the necessary qualifications to Odd-Fellowship, and do you fear the ordeal? Do you not believe in the overruling of an all-wise Providence? Is there blot or blemish upon your character derogatory to a man of honor or integrity? You are blessed with health, engaged in the pursuits of an honest calling, and surely you are not intemperate in your habits? William, if I for a moment thought that you possessed not the essential qualities necessary to become an Odd-Fellow, I would never see you more. This interview should be our last, though it sent me broken-hearted to the grave!" And tears dimmed the brilliant eyes of the fair creature at his side.

"For Heaven's sake," cried the lover, "talk not thus! I trust that I shall never prove unworthy of the bright

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jewel I possess in you, or of discredit to the Order you so warmly advocate. Dry up those tears: it troubles me to see them coursing on features that should be all joy and smiles. Come, be thyself again."

William Seymour and Anna Thornton had been acquainted from infancy. Their parents had for many years been near neighbors in New York, and were now enjoying the profitable results of bygone years of toil. Elisha Seymour, six months before the date of this story, had transferred his entire business, that of a wholesale grocer, to his son on his becoming of age, and who was now about securing to himself a partner in the person of the lovely Anna Thornton. Her father, Joseph Thornton, was a master-builder, and had but shortly before retired on a farm he had purchased in an adjoining state. His reasons for so doing were twofold: Mrs. Thornton's health was precarious; she also, after having undergone the care and anxiety of raising a large family, had the misfortune to see them all, one by one, descend to the grave, with the exception of Anna, the youngest. All the affection of the family was therefore centred upon her. And for the purpose of weaning his wife as much as possible from the scene of her losses, as well as hoping to recruit her shattered constitution, Mr. Thornton had removed from the city to the residence mentioned, where the interview between the lovers, just related, had occurred. Seymour the same day took a short leave of his betrothed — not, however, until he had exacted a promise to be enlightened at

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their next interview in regard to her being converted to the faith of Odd-Fellowship, of which, were it tangible, he would have been apt to be jealous. He departed for home, there to encounter the usual din and bustle of a metropolis.

True to his appointment (what *lover* is not?) Seymour presented himself, at the time specified, at the residence of his lady-love, and found her bounding with delight to see him. After the usual interchange of a little confidential talk, he proposed a stroll through the pleasure-grounds; and reaching a shady grove, they seated themselves—while she, at his request, related the following tale of truth:—

If ever a beautiful creature breathed the air of this world under golden auspices, Julia Morton did. Her family was one of the most wealthy in the city, and considered the leaders of the aristocracy. Horace Morton, her father, had commenced life as an assistant in a large importing house, and by dint of good conduct, the most scrupulous honesty, and faithful attendance to his duties, rose in a few years, step by step, to a partnership; and shortly after, by the unexpected death of one of his associates, became the head of the house. His commercial transactions now extended to every clime—his canvass whitening the most distant seas—while vessel after vessel almost daily came and departed, freighted with the most costly and luxurious, as well as cheaper but not the less

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useful commodities—productions of the New and Old Worlds.

At first, upon reaching the pinnacle of his ambition, Morton was polite and courteous; but as soon as he became courted by the leading persons in the city, and began to feel the weight of his own supposed importance, he became morose and overbearing in the extreme: luckily, the greatest portion of the internal management devolved upon the junior partner, a man of intelligence and worth, else it would have been insupportable to those connected with the house. The principal salesman, Ferdinand Seaforth, was a relative of the deceased partner, who, having suddenly expired at sea while returning from a business tour through Europe, died intestate, and, of course, Seaforth was thus cut off from that portion of the estate which it was intended he should possess. In fact, he was to have been a partner on the return of his uncle, which was daily looked for. Judge, then, of the feelings of the family, as well as his own, when, instead of the arrival of one near and dear to all, the lifeless remains of Mr. Blauvelt reached the family mansion! It was, indeed, a scene of wo and despair.

After this, for some unaccountable reason, Mr. Morton took an especial aversion to Seaforth. Some hesitated not to say, it was because he bore so striking a resemblance to his uncle Blauvelt, and that Morton disliked to have the remembrance continually before him of his late benefactor; while others insisted that it was to prevent the

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fulfilment of the agreement between the late Mr. Blauvelt and himself relative to Seaforth being interested in the house. Be that as it may, his subsequent conduct forced Seaforth to leave the establishment: not, however, until it had hastened an event, to avoid which he would have forfeited his possessions.

Unknown to her father, Julia Morton had long been attached to Seaforth, and of course their sentiments were mutual. A mere casual acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy of a warmer nature between the pair; and as Mr. Morton's vindictive behavior toward Ferdinand became worse and worse, the more the sweet girl sympathized with and encouraged her lover. In truth, he had no one else now to advise or comfort him, as his aunt Blauvelt had departed on a protracted visit to her native clime, the valleys of sunny France.

Seaforth was an orphan, without any friends in the city, and had been adopted by Mr. Blauvelt somewhat contrary to his wife's wishes. His mild and gentlemanly deportment, and close attention to business, and his universal reputation for probity and worth, had so won upon his uncle, as to determine him, when his protegé reached manhood, to place him as a partner in the firm.

The marriage of the two was often the subject of their discourse, but it was deferred, for obvious reasons, until a brighter future presented itself.

Although Mr. Morton's whole soul was wrapped up in the accumulation of wealth, yet he loved his daughter,

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and probably the more so, as she was his all. He lavished money in decorating and dressing her, often against her will, in order that she should outvie in appearance all her large circle of acquaintance. But *nature* had done more to adorn than art or wealth could accomplish. Pride had a great deal to do with the course her father pursued. He had long made up his mind that naught but a *millionaire* should aspire to his daughter's hand; whether the heart went with it, he cared not: enough for him that he could amass the glittering gold.

Mrs. Morton repeatedly expostulated with her husband on the absurdity as well as folly of sacrificing her daughter's happiness at the shrine of mammon, and the more so, as he was in possession of a vast fortune himself. In so doing, she had invariably to encounter a whirlwind of passion; but the welfare of her child was paramount in her affections, and she heeded not the storm. Julia well knew her father's stern mandate, and dared not, as yet, think of marriage with him who had won her heart.

Unfortunately for Morton's determined resolve, he one day met Seaforth leaving his mansion as he was about entering it; and giving way to his rage, he rudely seized him by the collar, exclaiming, "What seek you here? Is it to make love to the scullions or the cook? I'd have you know I permit no baseborn beggar to associate with my family!"

"Release me," demanded Seaforth, "or I shall do you harm!"—and his upraised arm was about to descend

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upon his insulter, when a third party appeared: it was Julia herself, who had witnessed with great sorrow the conduct of her parent. Seaforth, regretting that he had taken any notice of this rude treatment, disengaged himself from Morton's grasp, and merely said, "You have now very effectually stamped the seal of disgrace upon one who has never done you wrong: we part for ever!" and, bowing respectfully, he departed.

"Leave me, rascal! villain!" shouted the still enraged father; and, pushing his daughter roughly aside, he entered the dwelling in a fit of fury.

The following day, Seaforth received a note from Mrs. Morton, requesting him to call that evening. Upon the "wings of love" he flew, reckless of all the fathers in Christendom; and, upon arriving at the house, saw the good mother of his Julia. She told him that she knew all: that she had encouraged the intimacy existing between her daughter and himself; and that she had done so in anticipation of a favorable termination — alas! now a vain hope! — that, the evening previous, her husband had introduced a superannuated coxcomb, of foreign birth, reputedly wealthy, and forced the poor girl to bedeck herself like a gilded butterfly, insisting that she should receive his addresses, and, if he proposed, accept the wrinkled brow and the withered hand. "Under this state of things," she concluded, "we have come to the determination to cause your nuptials to be performed at once, and to await the worst. This evening, at the residence of a reverend

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friend of ours, you must be united; and may the Supreme Being in his goodness bless the act!" The joy of Seaforth was without bounds—his only fear being that of compromising Julia. But it was useless to

"Stem the torrent of a woman's will"—

and that night Julia Morton became the wife of Ferdinand Seaforth.

The next day Mrs. Morton undertook the hazardous task of communicating the event to her liege-lord. Contrary to all expectation, he silently listened until she had ceased speaking, and then, calmly asking, "Is that *all?*" sent for his daughter. Fearing the dreadful effects of her father's wrath, she was scarcely able to totter into his presence, and a chair only prevented her from falling. "Stand up, madam! *stand up, I say!*" sternly exclaimed he; and she mechanically obeyed the mandate, while he continued: "As you have thought proper to pursue a course, *for life*, contrary to my express commands, and have disgraced me for ever, now hear your destiny! In one hour from this time," pulling out his watch, and laying it before him on the table, "you leave your home, *never* more to return: and if here one moment after that, I'll cause you and yours to be cast out of doors! Accursed minion! I disown you! Leave my sight for ever!—go and starve!" And the incensed parent turned livid with passion. But the poor girl heeded not the injunction: ere he had concluded, she had fallen senseless at his feet!

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Some three years intervened, when Seaforth, forced by circumstances, concluded to leave the city. His chief reason for so doing, was the annoyance and persecution he indirectly encountered from his relentless father-in-law, in his business pursuits; making his life one continual path of thorns. Sometime before his marriage, he had enrolled himself among the great and rapidly-increasing brotherhood of Odd-Fellows — unknown to Morton, however, or probably the venom of his malice would have even reached the sacred precincts of a lodge-room. What little money he had was nearly exhausted; but he determined to try his fortune elsewhere than in the home of his adoption. He accordingly settled down in a remote but flourishing little village, far from the theatre of his late persecutions, with his family — for now a doting little daughter graced the domestic circle, and sweetly lisped the name of "father."

Viewed with a favorable light by all around him, his business steadily increased, and he made considerable acquisitions toward the attainment of a fortune. That fickle goddess, however, is not always enwreathed in smiles, nor does sunshine always light up the heaven of earthly life. A storm of sad adversity came on, and its heaviest fury fell on Seaforth. A devastating fire, at night, consumed his dwelling, and with it, all his earthly wealth. Himself and family were almost miraculously preserved from a fiery death, by the extraordinary efforts of the firemen,

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who were all his warm and devoted friends. His all was consumed; his wife and children were now his only fortune.

Friends, however, rallied to his aid—and those friends were Odd-Fellows. Their sympathies alleviated his sorrows, and their fraternal kindness partially repaired his loss. By this opportune relief, his reawakened energies were soon employed with fresh vigor, and he again advanced on the road to prosperity. But, alas! his sky was again soon overcast with clouds, and adversity once more stared him sternly in the face. The heavy hand of disease was laid upon him; and, after expending a large portion of his means upon his medical advisers, consumption seemed to mark him for its prey. A journey westward was recommended, and the brotherhood adequately supplied him with everything necessary to accomplish it. Neither were his family forgotten in his absence.

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On the close of a sultry day in summer, a solitary traveller wended his lonesome way through a portion of the fertile regions of the west. The sun had nearly dipped his disk in the horizon, and no hospitable abode for the night as yet presented itself to view. The jaded steed heeded not the spur, which the impatient rider planted rowel-deep into his already lacerated and bleeding sides, to urge him faster on. Solitude for many a weary mile had reigned with undisputed sway, and, save the occasional arrow-like flight of the deer, the chirp of a lone

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squirrel, or the carolling of a warbler, all was as silent as the grave. The duskiness of eve soon obstructed the already-contracted view, and wrapped the roadsman in gloominess and dread. Night was somewhat anticipated by the lowering heavens, which, after long threatening, burst forth with tremendous violence, in wind and rain, as usual in that region. What with the intense darkness—the howling of the storm—the terrific peals of thunder—the frightful antics of the lightning, as it played among the giant tenants of the wood, felling here and there a lofty cedar or a stalwart oak, the horseman soon lost the beaten track, and wandered at the mercy of the elements.

Drenched to the skin, although well wrapped up, he had not proceeded far, ere his trusty steed, who had hitherto journeyed quietly along, suddenly aroused from his lethargy, and, with a snort, swerved to one side, nearly unhorsing the rider. Casually glancing upward, Seaforth (for he was the benighted traveller) saw, in the lightning's gleam, the fiery eyes of a huge panther glaring upon him. It lay outstretched on a near projecting limb, apparently crouching for a spring. He had but barely regained his position, when his horse, blinded with fright, stumbled over some fallen timber, and, in so doing, threw Seaforth heavily to the ground. Hardly had he fell from the saddle, before the beast, with a fearful roar, bounded on the animal's back, who started off with demoniac speed with his ill-fitted rider; and ere many minutes intervened, although miles had been traversed in their heedless course,

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the insatiable monster had drunk the life-blood of the favorite charger

Danger to Seaforth stopped not here, although he knew it not. The thrilling cry of a beast of prey was heard in the distance, approaching nearer and nearer to where, during all this time, he lay stunned, sheltered by the wide-spread branches of a sycamore. Here, for a short time, we leave him.

The steed, convulsed with agony, made the woods echo with his piteous moans, amid the howling of the storm. Death soon closed the scene, but not until one of human form had been attracted thitherward.

He dwelt hard by, in a cabin constructed by himself. James Morris formerly resided in the city of Baltimore, where his industry had become proverbial, and his honesty and fidelity were beyond reproach—so much so that in a few years he was universally hailed as the "honest carpenter." The dawning of 1832 was inauspicious for him. Early in that year, unlooked-for reverses swept away that which he had accumulated by drudgery and toil, and, soon after, the fatal and remorseless pestilential cholera deprived him of wife, father, mother, child, and all. Ruthlessly robbed of all that he held near and dear, he resolved to leave the scene of his misfortunes, and, with a faithful negro, the heirloom of the family, set out toward where—

"Westward, the star of empire led the way."

The sole occupant of the household of this hardy pio-

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neer, besides the servant, was Rover, a stanch stag-hound, who had been his companion in many a perilous adventure. A few acres of arable land, adjoining, supplied, in addition to his gun, what necessaries he desired; and thus he passed away his life.

His trusty sentinel, being attracted by the cries of the dying steed, aroused, by his barking, his master, who, seizing his rifle and sheath-knife, accompanied by Dick (the servant) and Rover, hastened in the direction of the sound, which seemed near at hand. On reaching the scene, a hideous spectacle presented itself to view. There lay the mangled form of the expiring charger, whom the voracious beast had torn piecemeal asunder. Upon the ground appeared what had once been saddlebags, now rent in threads, and the contents scattered in every direction.

By the light of the lantern, Morris examined the various articles spread around. Some clothing, one or two letters, apparently of recommendation, and a few little notions, completed the variety. No clue, so far, presented itself of the owner's whereabouts.

"Massa James," remarked the negro, "what is dat so shiny over dar? He be no glow-worm dis night;" and a small bright object attracted Morris's attention. On taking it up, it proved to be a peculiarly-formed pin, attached to which were the symbolic links of Odd-Fellowship. For a moment his mind wandered to happy days gone by, when the monumental city knew him as an active

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member of the Independent Order; and the various reminiscences connected therewith crowded through his brain. *Now* he was called upon to bring every nerve of his sinewy frame into speedy action. A fellow-creature doubtless was near, requiring aid, and, above all, that aid was to be rendered in behalf of a suffering brother. But he was fearful that he had been destroyed. The trail of the horse was easily discernable by the blood, and their rapid movements soon brought them into the vicinity of the unhorsed traveller.

The storm had subsided, the stars shone out bright and clear, and the only noise, save the suppressed murmurings of the wind, was the casual rain-drops descending from the branches as they passed. Rover, who all the while had been busy on the search, suddenly gave a loud bark, and eagerly began scattering with his paws what appeared a bed of leaves.

"Massa James, I s'pose we found the gemman at last," said Dick, picking up a riding-cap which the dog had uncovered; "but I 's in hopes he no dead and gone."

"God grant me the favor of finding him alive!" replied Morris, as he disentombed Seaforth from his leafy sepulchre. He then bared his arm, and drawing his sharp-pointed knife, copiously bled him. Seaforth was soon conscious, but unable to stand; the exposure he had endured had completely chilled and prostrated his strength, and he was likewise much injured by the fall.

It instantly occurred to Morris that a beast of prey,

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probably being satiated, and supposing him dead, had concealed the body until itself and cubs could feast thereon. Before mutual explanations could occur, or Seaforth thank his deliverer, the peculiar cry of a panther rang in their ears. Morris hurriedly conveyed Seaforth some distance from the spot, leaving Dick to support him; then, enjoining the latter to keep the dog quiet, and concealing the lantern, he hastened back. He procured a log, covered it up in the manner in which Seaforth had been found, and renewing the priming of his rifle, ascended a tree near at hand. Scarcely had he done so, when, by the dim light, he discovered a large panther a rod or two off, with two half-grown cubs. Leaving her cubs, and advancing a short distance, the panther reconnoitred; and finding, as she supposed, all correct, called her young, and prepared for a leap.

The eyes of the animal became at once as living coals. All the worst passions seemed aroused; and giving the usual cry, she bounded on the centre of the wood, making the bark fly in all directions with her knife-like fangs. As she discovered the trick that had been played on her, her rage knew no control, and she eagerly sought for the author of her disappointment. Morris, in endeavoring to secure a favorable position to fire, caught his knife in a twig, causing it to fall to the ground. The animal quickly seized the blade, grinding it between her teeth, determined on revenge; but she soon unloosed her hold in great agony. Looking up, she espied her enemy, and then rapidly

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ascended the tree where he sat. His life now depended on his rifle. When within a short distance of her prey, the enraged beast paused, and shaking her gory head, bespattering him with blood, leaped toward him. As she did so, he fired. The fatal ball sped true. Without a groan, she fell headlong to the ground.

As the shot reverberated through the woods, Rover sprang from his covert, and hastened to his master. The half-matured cubs gathered around their lifeless parent, and, on seeing the dog, both attacked him. A desperate fight ensued, the result of which for a time seemed doubtful; but Morris, joining the affray, effectually silenced one with the but-end of his rifle, while Rover killed the other.

Seaforth was conveyed, on a litter formed of boughs, homeward by Morris, and every care taken on reaching there to counteract the effects of the exposure, but without avail. He opened his whole heart to Morris, who deeply sympathized with his sorrows, and endeavored to divert his mind. The attending physician advising his return to his home, Morris procured him a horse, and he departed —not, however, until he was made sufficiently comfortable for the journey. The parting between Seaforth and the athletic pioneer was a source of grief to both, and the hope of again seeing each other was never realized. He never lived to repeat his obligations to his brother of the Order for his miraculous preservation from a horrid death

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While he progresses homeward with heartfelt acknowledgments toward his much-cherished brother, a glance at others that figure in this tale will not be amiss.

Morton, out of revenge, or to soothe his disappointment, had taken in partnership with him the man he had intended for the husband of his daughter. But the haughty and pompous *millionaire*, with his titles and his courtly breeding, in the end proved to be an impostor and a renegade, and adroitly managed to rob the house by forgery and otherwise of an immense amount of money; and, superadded to their other losses, some heavy reverses happening to them about the same period, caused the house to become irretrievably bankrupt. This was too severe a blow for Morton's pride. On the facts becoming known to him, he resorted to the cowardly alternative of self-destruction. Still relentless, he induced his wife to leave home for a few days; and when she returned to the family mansion, she found it in possession of strangers, and her husband consigned to a suicide's grave! Thus deprived of all she possessed, she at once left the city, and took up her abode with her son-in-law; at a time, too, when her careworn daughter needed a mother's presence. Seaforth loved her as a parent. His aunt had married in France, and apparently forgot both him and his.

Seaforth at length reached home, much enfeebled by his journey. But he was received by the open hearts and outstretched hands of his brothers. To his family, it was a source of joy. His business was soon closed up, leav-

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ing him only under obligation to his warm-hearted brothers. Their soothing and sympathetic hands sustained and comforted him amid the sorrows that settled on his mind. For months he lingered under the deceitful illusions of hope, which that fatal disease, consumption, is so well calculated to beget. Anon he would sink into despondency, and despair of life. But hope of restoration to health at length finally fled, and he prepared himself to die.

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Now follow me into the presence of remorseless Death. Behold, on that sad couch, propped up with numerous pillows, reclines a dying brother! His sand is almost run. He is beyond all mortal aid, and the retiring physician has exhausted the last skilful alternative—alas! in vain. His eyes, although glassy with death, yet recognise the loved forms around him. His ears drink in the sound of wailing and of wo. See the tender and affectionate partner of his joys and sorrows, as she has thrown herself, disconsolate, convulsed with agony, across the form of her idolized husband; while he places his cold hands on the head of her and his darling boy, and silently invokes a blessing from his God to enable him to succor and protect his mother! Around him are his brothers—not in the worldly acceptation, but in the spirit and truth of Odd-Fellowship. Mark the maternal fondness and anxious solicitude of his widowed parent, who, while supporting his aching brow, endeavors to prepare him for the abyss he is about to pass! He dreads not the trial, although

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his mind seems troubled: the thoughts of wife, and children, and mother, and what would be their destiny, alone disturb the calm serenity of his mind. How could he leave those beloved ones to the cold and scanty charities of a heartless world? How could he endure the thought of their poverty, and want, and sufferings, without a husband's and a father's hand to defend and to sustain them in their pilgrimage through life? How could he die in peace, while they must live to suffering and to sorrow?

In the midst of these moments of hopelessness and wo, angels of mercy approached him: they were the visiting-committee of the Order to which he belonged, and they came to administer succor and consolation in a dying hour. He faintly addresses one of his warm-hearted and sympathizing brothers; the others are too much affected to be his counsellors. Listen to what they say! it is well worthy of your serious consideration:—

"Brother Seaforth, I have noticed that something yet remains untold. Are you not willing to confide in us? Speak, brother, speak! and in behalf of our lodge, which, I fear, is soon to lose one of its most cherished members, your wishes shall be gratified. Is it that you fear to leave your wife and children without proper protectors? Fear not that: the ample protection of the Order will be thrown around them."

"Brother Forrester, you have guessed aright. That alone makes me unhappy. Feeling as I do, that Death is about to claim me as his own, how can I leave my grief-

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stricken Julia — my little prattler Rufus, now sobbing as if to break his heart — or Charlotte, my fond pet, who is moistening you with her tears — or my good mother, alas! her too? How can I depart from them all, leaving them no comforter? For Heaven's sake, speak! — what will become of *them?*"

"Brother," replied Forrester, "what says the book of Holy Writ? does it not state that the Most High will protect the widow and the fatherless? Let your hope, then, rest on the God we unitedly worship, and all will be secure. And what speaks the oracle of Odd-Fellowship? It loudly proclaims that mutual relief is a leading office in our affiliation; that 'to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, to bury the dead, and *educate the orphan*,' is an imperative duty which Odd-Fellowship enjoins. Doubt no longer! The outstretched and charitable hand of the Order is at all times extended to the unbefriended, such as these, now fondly watching every look and word of yours. Rest, then, in content! And what say our own lodge-laws, too? Ample provision is therein made for the bereaved and agonized consort of a departed brother; for his idolized and fatherless offspring; for his beloved and probably superannuated mother; for his parentless sisters. The icy grasp of misfortune is kept aloof from them; and should any of the unfortunate be called upon to buffet with the toils, troubles, and vexations of this life, a friendly eye contemplates the scene, and alleviates all further trials."

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A light, pure as an emanation from Heaven, lit up the countenance of the dying brother, as he exclaimed, "I now die in peace! To your care I confidently intrust those that surround us. As you love your Maker, betray not the trust! I fear it not—and die content!" He summoned his wife, and children, and mother, around him, for a final adieu; and while his brethren of the Order were weeping sorrowfully by his side, he breathed a prayer to his God, and almost inaudibly articulating—"My wife—and children—will be—protected—and supported—I die happy!"—departed to a purer and a holier land.

And thus the Odd-Fellow died. His was not the death-bed of dismay or dread, but the gradual and winged flight of a soul filled with joy and delight. Benign *Friendship* supported—the gentle voice of *Love* cheered the dying man—and immutable *Truth* consecrated the effort, and immortalized the victory over the grave!

Thus discoursed Anna Thornton to her betrothed. In view of where they sat, arose a small but tasty cottage. Everything around, from the newly-whitewashed fence to the blooming honeysuckle, bore the impress of neatness and of care. Within the dwelling, the same cleanliness reigned. A cheerful and contented family were the inmates. Anna, pointing thereto, exclaimed: "William, *there* resides an Odd-Fellow's widow! From her have I learned the facts stated to you, and obtained an insight of

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Odd-Fellowship. We will visit her together: and when you hear from her lips what the Order have done for her and hers—and still do—your false idea of its contracted benevolence must vanish into nothing. Happiness is depicted in the countenance and deportment of every member of that interesting family—the only alloy being the loss of *one* ever in remembrance. Charity reigns in its mildest form; and Benevolence stands ever ready to give relief, without its being known by the meddlesome world.

"Almost daily," she continued, "similar cases occur in the annals of Odd-Fellowship: and even others, where adequate relief has been tendered to a far greater extent, without pomp and without show, but in the kind spirit and feeling of that united brotherhood. How wide the contrast with the world! There, an ostentatious display of their liberality to the poor unfortunates whom they partially relieve, is generally made, while the wide-stretched pinions of the Order will always protect those under its fostering wings, without a recourse to that humiliating measure."

The marriage of Seymour and Miss Thornton was consummated in a few weeks—not, however, until he had been an eye-witness of the sublime principles of brotherly love. He lost no time in joining the Order; and he is now doing all in his power to disseminate far and wide the hallowed blessings of Odd-Fellowship.

New York, *June*, 1846.

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THE TWO FUNERALS.

BY J. W. M'CUNE.

'T is early in the month of May;
And Lucy and her mother,
As is their wont each lovely day,
Are walking out together.

A funeral train comes down the road,
With solemn step and slow;
The mourning-scarfs and banners broad
Are waving to and fro.

Sad music swells upon the gale,
As nearer now they come;
The trumpet wakes its plaintive wail,
And rolls the muffled drum.

Six bearers, side by side, uphold
The coffin's weighty dead;
The gloomy pall with ample fold
Swings slowly as they tread.

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And close behind the mourners come,
In lengthened double file;
Their cheeks are wet — their voice is dumb —
Their hearts are sad — the while:

And symbols of some mystic tie
Are thick amid the throng;
And staves are craped, and crossed on high,
And bibles borne along.

"Now who come here," said Lucy Lynne;
"Mamma, what men are these?
So orderly they cross the green,
Toward the willow-trees!"

"Those are ODD-FELLOWS marching there,
In full regalia dressed;
And on that sable bier they bear
A brother to his rest.

"We'll follow with them to the grave,
'T is but a step or two;
And see how manly hearts behave,
To Love and Friendship true."

How fresh and green this grassy sward,
Beneath the shady tree!
Yes, lay him here! — his lot was hard;
But now his spirit's free.

'T is done: the funeral rites are o'er:
Smooth down the broken sod:
On earth his face you'll see no more; —
His soul is with his God.

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'T is done; 't was well: and now depart,
Ye band of brothers true:
There 's not a virtue of the heart
But dwells with each of you.

'T is yours to stay the sinking soul,
Despairing of relief;
And yours, when tears of sorrow roll,
To stanch the fount of grief.

And he who here is lain so low —
You took him by the hand,
Though stranger garb and accent slow
Bespoke a foreign land.

He was a man; and 't was enough.
He travelled far that day;
The rocky road was very rough;
He fainted by the way:

And none were near to him allied:
He came from o'er the sea:
When friendless thus, by the roadside
He moaned in misery.

Too poor to pay, with Want he strove;
You soothed his vain alarms:
Too weak to walk, with Truth and Love,
You bore him in your arms.

By turns you bathed his brow so pale,
When throbbing pains would come;
By turns you heard his mournful tale
Of loving friends at home.

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Oh home! oh home! — that heartfelt word —
Its fulness none may know,
Until, by some strong passion stirred,
Afar from home they go.

And poor Le Roy a mother had,
And wife, and prattling child;
He named their name with spirit sad —
Betimes with ravings wild.

You took their place around his bed,
And held the cordial nigh;
And when fell back his lifeless head,
You closed his glazing eye.

You sent the tidings of his death
To friends beyond the wave;
And when was gone his latest breath,
You robed him for the grave.

'T is done; 't was well: and now depart,
Ye brothers tried and true:
There 's not a virtue of the heart
But dwells with each of you.

"'T was very kind," said Lucy Lynne,
"When he was sore in need,
From the highway to take him in;
'T was very kind indeed."

"'T is but our duty so to do;
'T is the Creator's plan;
And yet, of all who live, how few
Assist their fellow-man!

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"I do remember, when a child,
Dear Lucy, such as you —
About your age, and just as wild,
Mayhap as thoughtless too,—

"Full ripened was the yellow rye;
To harvest all were gone:
'T was noon, the broiling sun was high,
And I was all alone.

"Now who is at the wicket-gate,
So lightly knocking there?
It must be little idle Kate —
But I 've no time to spare.

"Another and a louder knock! —
To her I will not go:
I may not stop my work to talk;
I have so much to do.

"'Come in — come in;' I said no more,
Nor to the window ran:
A step was heard, and in the door
There stood a tall, strange man.

"'Through scorching roads of choking dust
I 've come, a weary way;
I come to beg a crumb or crust; —
No food I 've had to day.'

"These saddening words he slowly said;
His voice and air were bland;
Uncovered was his noble head;
A staff was in his hand.

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"'A drop of cooling water, miss—
I pray thee bring it quick,
By all thy hopes of heavenly bliss—
For I am deathly sick!'

"I sprang to help him to a seat;
I feared his strength would fail—
He tottered feebly on his feet,
And looked so very pale.

"'Now rest thee there:' then to the spring,
With hurried step, I flew,
And thence the dripping wave did bring,
So grateful to his view.

"And food I brought for him — the best —
And warmed a cup of tea,
Which he partook with hungry zest;
And thus revived was he.

"He seemed a gentlemanly man;
His clothes, though plain, were neat;
And o'er his comely face there ran
Expressions sad but sweet.

"'Come hither now, my pretty maid,
I fain would speak to thee;'
To him I ran, nor felt afraid,
Though he was strange to me.

"'God's blessings on thy gentle head,
To shield thee night and day!
You gave the weary wanderer bread:
For thee his lips will pray.

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"'If all on earth were like to you,
And from their store would give,
With hand as free and heart as true,
'T were pleasure then to live.

"'My darling little girl at home!—
She calls aloud for me!—
And when at length to her I come,
To her I'll talk of thee.

"'She is too poor to spread a feast,
Like you, with lavish hand;
But still like you, she may at least
Have kindness at command.

"'For e'en a cold, dry crust of bread,
When with compassion given,
Brings blessings on the giver's head,
And opes the gates of heaven.

"'Now fare thee well! I must away:'
Then back he looked, and smiled:
I had not sense to bid him stay;
For I was but a child.

"But I did watch him as he went,
Supported by his stick;
His gait was slow and slightly bent;—
'T was plain he still was sick.

"The village church, I well may say,
Was half a mile or more,
Adown the road which wound its way
Apast our cottage door.

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"The churchyard had an olden wall,
With matted moss o'ergrown,
And o'er it running vines did crawl;
You scarce could see a stone.

"And when the sick man came thus far—
The yard, it looked so green,
The swinging gate, it stood ajar—
And so he ventured in.

"'Now, blessings on this pleasant place,
So free from dust and noise!
No snarling curs my steps may trace,
Nor graceless village boys.

"''T is grateful to my aching feet;
And here I 'll rest awhile,
Where all around is fresh and sweet—
Sweet as my mother's smile.'

"He threw him down upon the grass,
Beneath the ivy shade;
An infant's grave his pillow was,
So soft and ready-made.

"The brutal sexton came that way,
And found him there alone;
No longer would he let him stay,
But stoned him with a stone.

"'Now hold thy hand,' the stranger cried,
'For I am weak and wan;
And if I may not here abide,
Assist me to be gone.

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"'How quiet are the dead, in rows,
With tombstones white and broad!
God help me! but I wish I was
Beneath the peaceful sod!

"'Did I intrude, you might upbraid;
But be my bitter ban
On him and his for ever laid,
Who stoned a friendless man!'

"Full furious was the sexton then;
And, with malignant jeer,
'Get out! get out! you vagabond!
You have no business here!'

"He beat and dragged him, in his wrath,
Across the church's yard;
And, when without the inner path,
The gate the sexton barred.

"'T was evening; and full fast and chill
The dews began to fall;
The stranger, weak and weaker still,
Now staggered near the wall.

"And anxiously he looked around,
To see some place of rest;—
At last he stretched him on the ground,
By mortal pangs oppressed.

"He laid him down, a living man,
A clod beneath his head;
But when uprose the morrow's sun,
The houseless man was dead!

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"Yes! he was dead, and stiff, and cold;
As lifeless was his clay,
As was the dull, insensate mould,
On which his body lay.

"A calmness rested on his brow,
So smooth, so broad and high;
It seemed as he were sleeping now,
With half-unclosing eye.

"Methought, whilst looking down upon
His meekly-mournful face:
'The soul from thee so lately gone
Is in some better place.

"'Where is thy little daughter now?—
Thy mother, frail and old?—
Alas for them! with grief they'd bow,
To see thee here so cold!'

"But none were there who knew his name,
Or shared his weight of wo;
None knew nor cared from whence he came,
Nor where he wished to go.

"And when his hot and heaving breath,
His gasping, choking sigh,
Betokened that he strove with death,
They turned him out to die.

"And e'en a grave they did refuse,
Scooped from the hallowed ground,
Whereon he met with vile abuse,
Near where his corpse was found.

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"No means had he wherewith to buy
Permission there to rot;
And so * * * these tears bedim mine eye,—
My curses on the spot!

"'A box! a box!' the beadle cried;
'Bring any box that 's near!
We 'll take him to the commons wide,
And hide his carcase there.'

"They took him just as he was dressed—
For none would make a shroud;
And in the box his form they pressed;—
Then rang the hammer loud.

"'Now back the cart!—'t is some expense,
Much labor, and no fee:
He might have died a few miles hence:
Who can the varlet be?

"'Come! lend a hand to lift the box—
'T is light, you may believe;'—
For few grow fat from kicks and knocks;—
'Yo! heave, my boys! yo! heave!

"'So!—steady now!—there, that will do;—
Whip up the old gray horse!'—
And thus they drove the village through;—
'T was but a beggar's corse!

"And on the commons, bleak and bare,
They dug his lonely grave; * * *
I 'd sooner sleep beside him there,
Than in that church's nave!

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"For this was done by Christian men,
Whose creed was peace and love;—
No doubt they 'll be rewarded — *when*
They wear their wings above,

"And when the pitiless and proud
A greater grace can crave,
Than that meek man without a shroud,
In his unhallowed grave.

"And no one sang his funeral hymn,
Nor sighed a last farewell;
Nor prayers were said, nor eyes were dim,
Nor tolled the village bell:

"None lingered there, with quivering lip,
To gaze his grave within —" * * *
"'T was all for want of fellowship,"
Said little Lucy Lynne.

NEW YORK, *May*, 1846.

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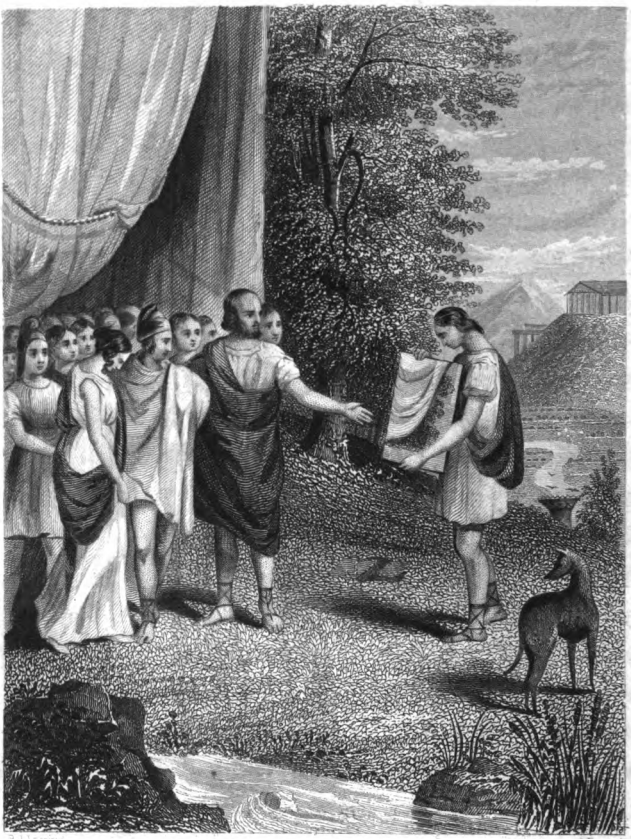

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THE RIVALS:

A PENCIL SKETCH.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING, F. S.

Zeuxis was the pride and boast of Athens. His pencil had no rival, and thrice he had been crowned victor at the Olympic games. The dwellings of the rich and nobles, and the shrines and temples of the gods, were decorated with the fruits of his genius. He was courted by the wise and powerful. Artists and magi came from distant cities to look upon the Athenian painter, whose name was sounded world-wide. Even the proud ruler of Syria, the "Tadmor of the wilderness," sent a deputation of nobles to invite his presence at [illegible] Contemporary artists acknowledged his superiority; and Apollodorus, the father of Athenian painters, declared that Zeuxis had "stolen the cunning from all the rest." Thus [illegible] no equal [illegible]

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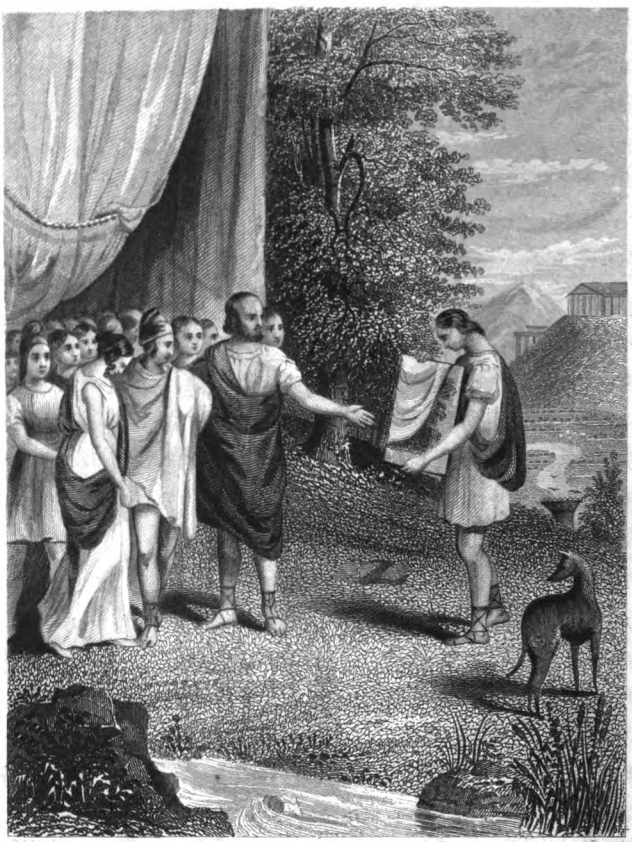

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The Agonothetai employed him to paint a wrestler or champion, to adorn the peristylum of the Gymnasia. Assembled thousands gave a simultaneous shout of applause when the picture was exhibited on the first day of the games. The victors in the *chariot-race*, the *discus*, the *cestus*, and the *athletæ*, were almost forgotten amid the general admiration of the picture of Zeuxis. Conscious of his superiority, the artist, with pedantic egotism, wrote beneath his picture, "*Invisurus aliquis facilius quam imitatarus!*" — "Sooner envied than equalled!"

This inscription met the eye of an obscure youth, who resolved to prove its falsity.

The third day of the games had terminated. The last rays of the sun yet lingered upon the Acropolis, and burnished the crest of hoary Olympus that gleamed in the distance. Zeuxis sat alone with his wife and daughter, listening attentively to the strains of a minstrel who swept the lyre for a group of joyous dancers assembled near the grove sacred to Psyche. As the music ceased, a deep sigh escaped the daughter, and a tear trembled in the maiden's eye.

"Cassandra! my sweet Cassandra," said Zeuxis, "why that tear, that sigh?" A deep crimson suffused the cheeks of the maiden, and she was silent.

"Tell me, Cassandra," said the father, affectionately placing her hand in his own, and inquisitively eying the blushing damsel; "tell me what new grief makes sorrowful the heart of my daughter? Thinkest thou yet of the

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worthless Parrhasius—even now, upon the eve of thy nuptials with the noble Thearchus?"

"Nay, dear father," said Cassandra, "it was the music that made me weep. It awakened memory to the recollection of the many happy hours spent with my dear Portia, who is now among the immortals. Four years ago we danced together to the same strain, and the lyre was touched by the gentle Parrhasius."

"*Gentle* Parrhasius, sayest thou, Cassandra?—*gentle* Parrhasius! Wouldst thou call him gentle, the poor plebeian who sought to rival the noble Thearchus in thy affections?—who openly avowed in the streets of Athens, in the Gymnasium and the Hippodrome, that his pencil would yet make Zeuxis envious?"

"And yet he *was* gentle," mildly replied Cassandra, while the big round tears coursed down her cheeks, and her bosom swelled with the tenderest emotions of pure affection.

The brow of Zeuxis lowered, and indices of a whirlwind of passion were in his countenance. Four years had elapsed since Parrhasius had asked his daughter in marriage, and was indignantly refused. Affection, deep and abiding as vitality itself, existed between the young painter and Cassandra—affection based upon reciprocal appreciation of mutual worth; but the ambition of Zeuxis made him forget his duty to his child and, without estimating consequences, he resolved to wed her to Thearchus, a wealthy Athenian nobleman, and son of one of

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the judges of the Areopagus. When Parrhasius modestly but firmly pressed his suit, Zeuxis became indignant—taunted him with his plebeian birthright and obscure lineage; and denounced him as a poor Ephesian boy, unworthy, because of his poverty, the friendship, much less the confidence of sonship, of the great Athenian painter.

The spirit of Parrhasius was aroused, and, standing erect in all the dignity of conscious equality of genius, full-fledged and eager to soar, he boldly repelled the insults of Zeuxis, and with a voice that reached the listening ear of his beloved, exclaimed—"Know, proud man, that thou, the unrivalled master of Greece, of the world, will yet envy the talent and fame of Parrhasius, though a poor plebeian boy of Ephesus!"

The rage of Zeuxis was unbounded, and he ordered his helots to thrust the youth from his presence. The order was instantly obeyed; and, ere the setting sun, Parrhasius left the walls of Athens behind him, and turned toward Ephesus, to practise his skill in seclusion there.

During the interim of the games, the young painter assiduously practised his art, in utter seclusion from the world; and those who knew him before departing for Athens, believed him dead. Nor could Cassandra, during these four years, hear aught of her exiled lover. Her constancy and hope whispered to her heart the fulfilment of the prediction of excellence, and that destiny would yet unite them in holy ties by its mysterious web.

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This hope and this constancy had thus far delayed her marriage with Thearchus. Like Penelope, she framed reasons for repelling her suitor, and daily looked for the return of her lord, wearing the bay of success. Her father, wearied by procrastination, and ambitious for display, had resolved to have the nuptials celebrated during the festival of the Olympic games. His persuasions became commands, his arguments positive orders, and his paternal government by the power of love, a stern executor of the behests of his ambition. The herald had already sounded the proclamation, and all Athens greeted with joy the approaching nuptials of the noble Thearchus and lovely Cassandra.

Yet the stern ambition of Zeuxis was susceptible of tender impressions. He adored his daughter, and her tears melted the ice of his heart. He knew she loved the Ephesian, and the war of duty and ambition waxed warm as he witnessed new proofs of her constancy and love.

"Come, come, Cassandra," said he caressingly, "these tears ill become the daughter of the Athenian painter on the eve of her nuptials with one of the noblest sons of Greece. Forget that childish passion that attaches thee to Parrhasius, and thank the gods for his exile from Athens."

"Would you see your Cassandra happy?" asked the weeping maiden.

"I would, indeed," replied Zeuxis; "and it was for her happiness that I spurned the Ephesian and favored Thearchus."

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"But Thearchus has no place in my affections," replied Cassandra. "I love him not; and to wed him is but to plunge me into deeper misery! What is wealth?—what nobility and the applause of the people, if the affections of the heart have no participation therein? They are ministers of wo to the broken spirit. Without love, there is no happiness; without happiness, life is nothing worth. I would sooner wed a shepherd than an archon, did he but bring with him the riches of true affection."

"Madness, madness!" exclaimed Zeuxis. "This philosophy may do for a peasant-maiden, but should not pollute the lips of a daughter of Zeuxis. Talk of love! Why, it is but a passion born of circumstances. To-day, it burns with volcanic violence; to-morrow, it is but a glimmering taper. To-day, its intensity warms the most cheerless cabin of poverty; to-morrow, its flickering rays will barely illumine the most cheerful abode of wealth. It is a delusive light, that too often dazzles to blind."

"It may be so with the sensual," replied Cassandra. "With them, it is indeed a passion born of circumstances. Yet, after all, it is *not* love. It is but a poor semblance of the holy passion. Pure affection comes not from the dross of earth, the wealth, power, and pageantry of individuals or of society, nor from the ephemeral loveliness of the human form. Such is, at best, the gross counterfeit of love, and undeserving its divine name. When moral and intellectual worth—the beauties and amiability of character—the noble evidences of exalted genius, excite

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our admiration, and win our affections for the possessor, then, indeed, do we truly love, and love a worthy object. Such, dear father, is my love for Parrhasius. Submission to thy will must unite me to Thearchus, whom I can not love; but the undying flame of first affection will only make me more miserable."

Zeuxis was silent. He loved his daughter with exceeding tenderness; yet burning ambition presented a paramount claim, and would not permit him again to delay the nuptials on which he had resolved. He kissed the tears from the cheeks of Cassandra, and was about to retire for the night; but the maiden seized his hand, and, looking imploringly in his face, said—

"Hear me once more, dear father, ere the decree of my unhappiness shall have irrevocably gone forth. Hope whispers in my ear that the prophetic taunt of Parrhasius may yet be verified. Thou well knowest the genius and spirit of that youth; and I know thy gentle nature will now forgive him the utterance of words spoken in passion. Forgive, and Cassandra will be happy."

"For thy sake," replied Zeuxis, "I will pardon the rashness of the Ephesian boy. But why thy hope? Wouldest thou see thy father rivalled, and the voice of Athens—of the world—loud in praises of another?"

"No," replied Cassandra, "it is not for that I hope; but thy daughter loves Parrhasius, and she desires to see him worthy of that love in the eyes of her father. This is the foundation of my hope. Is it not just?"

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"Truly, such an aspiration is worthy of my daughter," replied Zeuxis; and again bidding her good night, he was about to depart. But the maiden still clung to his hand. "One word more," she exclaimed; "one more boon, and your Cassandra will be completely happy. Promise me that I shall wed Parrhasius, if his prediction be fulfilled."

"I promise," replied Zeuxis, conscious that her hopes were groundless, and that the last day of the festival would witness the nuptials of Thearchus and Cassandra, and thus crown his paternal ambition with a more valued bay than the laurel of the victor.

On the following morning, Zeuxis prepared for the games. Just at the moment of starting, a helot approached him with a small roll directed to "Zeuxis, the unrivalled painter of Greece." He was delighted with the flattering superscription, and, having unbound it, read: "PARRHASIUS, THE PLEBEIAN BOY OF EPHESUS, TO ZEUXIS, THE GREAT ATHENIAN ARTIST, GREETING: Ten days, and the games of Olympia will terminate. On the ninth, I challenge thee to a trial of skill. The subject is left to the choice of the challenged."

Zeuxis rent the challenge in a thousand pieces, and, burning with rage, exclaimed, "Tell your master that Zeuxis stoops not to compete with plebeians! Tell him I trampled his insolent challenge beneath my feet, even as I would crush its author. Begone! Gods, has it come to this!" continued he. "Must I first bear the taunts of

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that boy, and then, in the face of thousands, have him challenge me to trial? I know him well. If I refuse, a herald will proclaim that refusal in every street of Athens, and the gymnasium and the circus will ring with my shame. It must not be." And he commanded the helot to return.

"Tell your master," said Zeuxis, "that I accept his challenge: the subject, fruit." The helot departed.

"Now," said Zeuxis, "my triumph will be complete, and Cassandra's delusion will be broken! Now will I prove the insolent Ephesian unworthy of my exalted notice and the noble Cassandra's love. It is well. Destiny bids me stoop to the trial, only to add another laurel to my brow!" And Zeuxis, with haughty step, proceeded to the circus.

Within a few hours, all Athens was in commotion. A new impulse had been given to the popular excitement, and the first sound that fell upon the ear of Zeuxis, as he entered the circus, was the voice of a herald proclaiming that an Ephesian painter had challenged the great artist to a trial of skill.

The voice of the herald also sounded throughout the streets of Athens, and fell like sweetest symphony upon the ear of Cassandra. She knew not the name of the competitor, but the revealings of hope and love assured her that it was none other than Parrhasius. And that hope and that love also gave her assurance that her beloved one would be the victor, and that holy affection

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rather than proud ambition would be crowned by the hand of Astrea.

The time fixed upon for the trial arrived. The thousands who were congregated in Athens to witness the games, flowed like a living torrent through the eastern gate of the city, and halted upon a hill overlooking a flowery plain bordering upon the Ilyssus. The sun had journeyed half his way toward the meridian, when, amid the thundering shouts of applause of the populace, Zeuxis, with a proud and haughty step, left the pavilion of the judges, and, with a tablet in his hand, on which was painted a cluster of grapes, proceeded to the plain. Upon a small column erected for the purpose, near a grove, the artist placed his painting, and withdrawing the curtain that concealed it, returned to the pavilion. The multitude were astonished, for they expected to feast their eyes on the production of the great artist. Murmurs of dissatisfaction ran through the crowd, and a few loudly denounced the conduct of Zeuxis in placing the picture beyond their observation.

Suddenly a deafening shout, and a cry of "Zeuxis and Athens!" arose from the throng. A whole bevy of birds from the grove had alighted upon the column, and eagerly sought to devour the pictured fruit!

This decision of the birds of heaven was deemed sufficient evidence of the superiority of the Athenian painter, and the people clamored loudly for the crown of laurels and the branch of palm for Zeuxis. His competitor had

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not yet been seen, either in the crowd or with the judges; and Zeuxis gloried in the thought that his conscious inferiority had made him shrink from the trial. The branch of palm was placed in the Athenian's hand, and a virgin was about to place the crown of evergreen upon his head, when, from a small tent opposite the pavilion of the judges, stepped forth the "Ephesian boy," pale and trembling, and, with a tablet in his hand, approached the multitude. Not a single voice greeted him, for he was unknown to that vast concourse, and the silence weighed like lead upon his heart. There was, however, one heart there that beat in sympathy with his own. It was that of Cassandra. She, too, stood pale and trembling; and by her side was Thearchus, watching with intense anxiety for the result.

Parrhasius drew near to his rival. At first, he would not deign to notice him; but a few faint voices crying out, "Victory for Parrhasius!" the judges demanded an exhibition of the picture of the Ephesian. Turning around, with ill-concealed rage, Zeuxis, with a bitter, scornful tone, cried out, "Come, away with your curtain, that we may see what goodly affair you have beneath it!" Parrhasius handed the tablet to his rival. Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astounded. The curtain was painted upon the tablet, and so exquisitely was it wrought, that even the practised eye of the great painter did not till then detect the deception!

"I yield! I yield!" cried the Athenian; "Zeuxis be-

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guiled poor birds, but Parrhasius hath deceived Zeuxis! Bring hither the laurel and the palm: my hand alone shall crown the victor!"

"And thy promise!" exclaimed Cassandra, bounding forward and grasping the hand of her father.

"I here fulfil it," said he; "Parrhasius is indeed worthy of my Cassandra. Embrace and be happy!"

The laurel and the palm were brought—and there, in the presence of assembled thousands, Zeuxis crowned the young Ephesian. Then, mounting a pedestal, he addressed the multitude. He recounted the love and constancy of Parrhasius and Cassandra, and told of his promise; he also tenderly related his engagement with Thearchus. He was proceeding to vindicate himself from the imputation of treachery to Thearchus, when another deafening shout arose from the assembly, as a noble youth came from the pavilion with a branch of palm, and placed it in the hands of Cassandra. It was Thearchus. He had before heard, and now witnessed the devotion of the lovers, and his generous heart melted at the spectacle. He had tenderly loved the maiden, but he nobly resigned all.

"Laurels for Thearchus!" shouted the multitude—and he, too, was crowned victor, for he had conquered love.

Matrons and virgins strewed the path of Parrhasius and Cassandra with flowers, as they returned to the city; and on the following day their nuptials were celebrated with a

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splendor fully adequate to the wishes of the ambitious Zeuxis, for the city made the marriage a high festival in honor of Genius and Constancy.

The games ended—the city became quiet. A few years of happiness cast their sunlight around the footsteps of the great painter, and he went down into the tomb honored and mourned by a nation—by the world, wherever his fame was known. His mantle fell upon Parrhasius, who is revered by Genius as the greatest painter of antiquity.

New York, *June*, 1846.

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SONG OF THE ODD-FELLOW'S ORPHANS

Our brightest hopes have perished,
In the morning of our day;
And the happy dreams we cherished
Like a thought have passed away.
We are sad, but we bewail not
With the sadness of despair;
There 's a comforter can fail not,
If we come to Him in prayer.

We are lonely, but not friendless,
For our father was of those
Whose pledge of faith is endless,
And whose love around us throws
Plenty, science, social feeling,
Guides the slippery feet of youth —
Those whose secrets we, revealing,
Learn are "Friendship, Love, and Truth.'

New York, *July*, 1846. F. J. O.

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NOTHING GOOD SHALL EVER PERISH.

BY J. HAGEN.

Nothing good shall ever perish,
Only the corrupt shall die;
Truth, which men and angels cherish,
Flourishes eternally.

None are wholly God-forsaken;
All his sacred image wear;
None so lost but should awaken
In our hearts a brother's care.

Not a mind but has its mission —
Power of working wo or weal;
So degraded none's condition,
But the world his weight may feel.

Words of kindness, words of warning,
Deem not thou mayst speak in vain;
Even those thy counsel scorning,
Oft shall they return again.

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Though the mind, absorbed in pleasure,
Holds the voice of counsel light,
Yet doth faithful memory treasure
What at first it seemed to slight.

Words of kindness we have spoken,
May, when we have passed away,
Heal, perhaps, some spirit broken,
Guide a brother led astray.

Thus our very thoughts are living,
Even when we are not here;
Joy and consolation giving
To the friends who hold us dear.

Not an act but is recorded,
Not a word but has its weight;
Every virtue is rewarded,
Outrage punished, soon or late.

Let no being, then, be rated
As a thing of little worth;
Every soul that is created
Has its part to play on earth.

NEW YORK, *July*, 1846.

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DETACHED THOUGHTS.

FROM AN ODD-FELLOW'S LETTERS.

NATURE.

You speak of the beautiful and romantic scenery of our happy country! If there is anything that can raise the soul to the pinnacle of enjoyment, it is to dwell with Nature in her secret and undisturbed abodes; to stand on the verge of the mighty precipice, and watch the impetuous torrent dash headlong down the rocky steep; to contemplate that for thousands of years the same grand song has ascended, unchecked by cold or heat, or by the great events that have agitated the human race from centre to circumference; to stand on some bare mountain-top, and gaze over the boundless prospect of wood and field, of fertility and barrenness, of brawling brooks and silent rivers, of peaceful lakes and restless oceans—till the undying mind, drinking in the sublime glories of creation, leans as it were over the very threshold of eternity, and sees in dim perspective the vast field of existence beyond

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the grave! From such communion with Nature, the soul returns to the painful realities of life with hopeful courage, filled with holy delight and universal good-will; and waiting, not with fear and trembling, but with a truly Christian patience, its joyful deliverance from its prison-house of clay.

MISPLACED AFFECTION.

When some strong desire assails the heart, the senses are apt to put a favorable construction if possible upon every word or look that can be supposed to relate to the subject. A glance of the eye, though meant to pass for naught, has often awaked emotions of the strongest and happiest kind; a word, spoken in jest or inadvertence, can change the whole tone of feeling — transport the soul from despair to rapture, and scatter sunbeams and roses upon a previously sterile soil. Too much care, then, can not be taken, in all concerns of importance, to guard against hasty conclusions, wrong understanding, and careless use of language. In every affair concerning the happiness of the soul, calm deliberation, passionless thought, and close adherence to the directions of conscience, will point out the true path. How many a soul has been blasted by its own folly! What floods of tears have fallen for one misguided step! What withering self-reproach has hung upon a thousand hearts for careless and unadvised resolves! How many a life of wretchedness has ensued

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from youthful indiscretion! How many an untimely grave has closed over the broken-hearted, self-sacrificed victims of misplaced affection!

FAME.

TWENTY-THREE years have rolled off the log-line of Time since this poor specimen of humanity was placed upon the earth to pass a brief existence of sunshine and showers, of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows, and then drop to the dust whence it sprang, and be forgot. *Forgot!*—In that brief word there is a greater pang for the ambitious soul than the accumulated woes of threescore years and ten could throw upon its tottering tabernacle. Who, that has the least spark of the fires of immortality, can endure the chilling thought of quitting this planet without leaving some perpetual memorial of his existence? And yet, small is the ground for hope, when we summon hoary ages from their tomb, and know how few of all earth's earlier denizens have stamped their names upon the scroll of fame. No matter: "We do but row—we 're steered by Fate." From the low and obscure hovel, through the chilling blight of bigotry and intolerance, young Genius *has* arisen, and soared triumphant through the blue empyrean—"rich dewdrops shaking from his plumes of light." And will he yet arise? or has a more equal diffusion of the lights of science and religion elevated all a little, and depressed a few immensely? We

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have no Homer or Shakspere now — no Socrates or Newton — and, thank Heaven! no Alexander or Bonaparte. The age of the demigods has passed away; miracles have ceased; and all mankind have settled down in the dreamy twilight of existence, calm as a stagnant pool at summer noon — a calmness to be disturbed only by that future Champion whose *entrée* will be like the light-outspeeding comet — whose gauntlet will be thrown, not to one poor sceptred worm, but to the whole human race — whose career will be vivid as the red bolt of Jove, resistless as the scythe of Time, boundless as the extent of space, triumphant as his combat with Death, and his reign as endurable as the throne of his Father! . . . . . Such appears to be the probable destiny of the earth; for, when all are wise, who shall excel? Though vast fields are yet unillumed by science and unblessed by religion, a short time will enlighten all. As the waves of the sea beat upon a sandy cliff until all is submerged, so the light of knowledge combats and subdues the darkness of ignorance; the ultimate result of which must be, equal intelligence, equal rights, equal laws, equal capacities, and equal fame — or, no fame at all.

AN HOUR WITH THE DEAD.

I HAVE just returned from St. Paul's churchyard, where I spent an hour in reading the inscriptions on the various monuments of love or pride, of joy or regret, of affection

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or disdain, that rear their sculptured heads above the forms of those who *were*. How long ere I shall be with them? And will any one drop a tear on my grave, or plant a flower in the sod which covers all of me that can die? 'T is sweet to think that, when the vigorous form sinks to the parent earth, some gentle being, with soul all purity and love, will kneel on the lowly mound, and breathe devoted prayers for the soul of him whose form is mouldering beneath. . . . . A walk among the tombs! Voiceless communion with the shadowy past! Face to face with the coffin and the shroud—the mouldering bones of the rich and the poor, the high and the low, with feeble infancy, with giant manhood and tottering age, with the conquering warrior and the timorous maiden—may well call up reflections not of earth—reflections having their spring beneath the feet, but their course in futurity. Here families, in life, perchance passion-sundered and hostile, dwell peacefully together, "each in his narrow cell for ever laid." Here stands the monument of one whose eloquence fell like the "still, small voice" upon the ear, and wove around his spell-bound auditors a chain of wondering silence. Alas! the brilliant peroration no longer falls from the lips of Emmet, for they are lastingly joined by the seal of death. There, in its garniture of sword and shield, "and discord's dire emblazonry," rises the monument of the fearless warrior-chief, Montgomery, whose breath once fanned the flame of war, and whose path to fame was over a causeway of corpses.

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Further on, the ostentatious marble points out the resting-place of that eccentric and mercurial man, and talented actor, George Frederick Cooke — erected by Edmund Kean, the undisputed lord of the sock and buskin. "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a wind-driven cloud —
Like a flash of the lightning, a break of the wave —
He passes from life to his rest in the grave!
'T is the twink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death —
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:
Then why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Farewell, city of the dead! The setting sunbeams fade cold and palely over your spectral spires — the great-voiced organ peals a requiem for the day, as my lingering feet pass the iron portal, and mingle with the living — the present.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

What though the dark clouds for a moment may lower,
And pall us in saddening gloom and despair?
As the earth smileth sweeter just after the shower,
So will Hope from the storm shine more joyfully fair.

'T is the gloomiest moment that ushers the dawn,
'T is the weightiest sorrow that 's nearest relief,
And the deepest despair that a mortal hath known
Hath changed in a moment the current of grief.

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Then sigh not, my dearest, though Fate interpose,
And chill for a moment the pleasures of hope:
Life's cup is a mixture; its joys and its woes
Must be drained from the foam to the death-giving drop.

Were the sky but one concave of dazzling blue,
Were the earth but one prospect of summer's deep green,
We should sigh for the clouds where the thunderbolt flew,
We should pine in the sameness of starlight and sheen.

Ask the tar from his home on the wide-spreading ocean,
To choose 'twixt the tempest by lightning made warm,
And the dead, breathless calm, without ripple or motion·
How quickly he 'll covet the dangers of storm!

For the calm, though secure, brings no prospect of home;
The eyes of the loved ones are watching in vain;
Thus, thus it is ever, where'er we may roam —
'T is the tempest o'ercome makes us happy again.

Then smile on the dangers that threaten thy path —
Still hope for the best, and still baffle despair:
And the clouds that have gathered in darkness and wrath
Will reveal the far future all spotless and fair!

POVERTY *versus* GENIUS.

Oh, what a weary lot is poverty! How many hopes of high and noble aim have vainly fluttered with their feet fast riveted to its mountainous weight! How many souls, wearied with its continual cares and toils, have, like the afflicted patriarch, cursed the day of their arrival on the

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shores of Time! Yet, with all its privations, its unsatisfied longings, its strugglings to escape, there is consolation in the knowledge that contentment, love, virtue, and even fame, have had their brightest dwellings in the cottage—that the noblest names on the record of glory, the first in the Book of Life, the purest in the list of the world's benefactors, are found in "the short and simple annals of the poor." Whatever the misfortunes of to-day, the sun may shine to-morrow. And hope, the faithful angel, still sustains the drooping spirit. It is a cheering picture to a young man, without friends or fortune, to look back through the long vista of the past, and learn that the brightest jewels in the crown of immortality are the souls of the poor and friendless. Moses—priest, prophet, philosopher, historian, legislator, and warrior—had neither friends nor fortune. David, the royal minstrel, was a shepherd boy. The Savior of the world, Son of the eternal God, maker of all created existence, was poor and lowly, and "had not where to lay his head." The philosophers of Greece—the orators, poets, and warriors, of Rome—were poor. The deathless names that have adorned and eternized English literature, are synonymous with want, suffering, and despair. Who hears of Crœsus, but to call him illustrious fool? Who reads Virgil, and Livy, and Cicero, but to drink beauty from the poetry of the first, to be grateful for the noble history of the second, or to pant for the eloquence of the Roman Demosthenes? "Some have their greatness thrust upon them," and death seals

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for ever their breath and their fame. The self-made man dies — his body returns to its mother dust; but his fame dwells on every tongue, as if his soul, bursting from its prison, had suddenly diffused itself through all space, and gave tone to all speech under the whole heaven! Where are the Shylocks, the Crœsuses, of the Elizabethan age? There were such: they died — and all their gold could not purchase one moment's reprieve from oblivion. Had the historian aided them no more than they did him — had he refused their petty acts a place on his page as firmly as they refused him a seat at their tables, their very names would have perished from the memory of their own children. The penniless lamplighter in a London theatre also died: and now, canonized in the temple of every mind, he is the idol of an admiring world — the sun of the intellectual firmament; and his soul, displayed in "words that burn" on his undying pages, proclaims him the most *perfect* man, next to the *all-perfect* God-man, who "spake as never man spake." The apostles, the early fathers, the giant reformers of all times, were self-made men — men who rose by the energy of their own souls, aided by the favor of God, and forced from a reluctant world the homage which mind will ever wring from matter. Then why should the humble despair? "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." It is easier for poverty to *command* the homage of the world, than for gold to purchase one hour's posthumous fame.

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THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

WHILE the languages of the ancients are fast fading from the earth, we have the hope and the reasonable anticipation that our own noble and expressive English, the roots of which may be found in the dialects in which Demosthenes thundered and Homer sung — in which Cicero wreathed his laurel crown, and Livy, and Virgil, and Seneca, built up imperishable fame — the body of which is the solid, vigorous, and natural Saxon — the branches of which are compounded of all these, moulded into graceful form by the progressive improvement of ages — the leaves of which are the light and elegant contributions of modern tongues — the flowers of which are the glorious strains of the silver-toned harp from Chaucer to Campbell — and the fruit of which is the advancement of science, knowledge, religious and political freedom throughout the earth — will soon be the only recognised language of the world. Hebrew is found only in schools of divinity; Greek is found only in the musty tomes of the antiquarian; Latin feebly articulates at the bar: and dull oblivion waits to whelm them all. But the English is pushing north and south, and east and west; it startles the drowsy Esquimaux in his snow hut, and echoes with the "wolf's long howl" from Onalaska's shore; it wakes its strange tone by the solitary Pacific, and reverberates with the Indian's war-whoop among the barren spires of the Rocky

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mountains; it is heard in the isles of the sea, in the wilds of Ethiopia, in the bland atmosphere of the Mediterranean, in the sandy deserts of the Nile, in the spice-groves of the Indies, in the tea-gardens of the celestial empire, and far and wide over the vast empire of man: and it will continue to spread, until all nations shall unite in one vast "empire of Saxondom."

BEREAVEMENT.

She sits in sadness and in grief,
Her heart is torn by many a sigh;—
"Oh! God! come thou to my relief—
And suffer me to die!"

For one, on whom, in girlhood's years,
Her fresh young heart had been bestowed,
That morn, 'mid bitter, hopeless tears,
To Death's stern power had bowed.

And hushed was now his manly voice,
And closed to her his speaking eyes;
All buried now the fond wife's joys,
And rent her dearest ties!

Alas! Death heeds no tender ties!
The loved—the beautiful—the brave—
May spare their supplicating sighs—
There is no reas'ning with the grave!

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PATRIARCHAL TIMES.

THAT was a glorious old time, when the patriarchal form of government held whole nations in filial obedience; when the heart of the ruler overflowed with love to his subjects, because they were his children. No stranger, raised to a throne by factitious circumstances, wielded the sceptre with the unfeelingness of an automaton; no victorious murderer, from a far-off land, spread terror and death among the peaceful pastoral families of early time; but a *father*, with all a father's zeal for his children's welfare, dictated the line of conduct, and drew the path of life over the great plains of Peace, through the aroma-laden groves of Love, and by the melody-making and prodigal rivers of Charity and Benevolence. The young and aspiring soul was taught to *love*—to love the sunlight and the starbeam—to love the stillness of the summer noon and the wild music of the tempest—to rejoice when gentle Spring waked Nature from her sleep—and to give thanks when solemn Autumn lulled the great mother to repose; it was taught to look up in hopeful desire to Him who is the perfect incarnation of love, whose very name is Love, and whose every act flows from the pure fountain of fraternal affection.

NEW YORK, *June*, 1846.

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THE PIONEER'S PERILS:

OR,

AN INCIDENT OF BORDER ADVENTURE.

BY FRANKLIN J. OTTERSON.

In the year 18—, there were but few settlers in the now densely-populated valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio—few, we mean, of white lineage. The red men were there in the fulness of their strength and glory; there they had concentrated all their power and wisdom for the last desperate struggle with the pale faces who were slowly but firmly rolling over the Alleganies the tide of European usurpation and civilization. This broad region of primeval forests, prairies, lakes, and rivers, was the place of all others on the earth where nature gave the greatest promise to the white adventurers. Those who had penetrated to the Father of Waters, and explored the forests and prairies, returned with such marvellous tales of the fatness of the land, as were only exceeded by the stories told of the South American El Dorado. And well they might expa-

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tiate in glowing terms of the glories of the mighty rivers; of the ocean-like lakes; of the boundless prairies walled in by the blue sky; of forests whose tall trees seemed to brush the clouds as they swept along on the wings of the wind; of a soil whose richness was unequalled since the closing of the garden of Eden!

In those days the spirit of adventure was abroad — not as it has been since, in the blind recklessness of speculating folly, but in a desire to distinguish oneself by deeds of war and privation incident to the frontier settlers, whose cabins, far in the bosom of the great forest, seemed to invite the vengeance of the red man, and too often were the scenes of tortures and murders, the relation of which even at this day chills the very blood of the hearers. How many of these fearful scenes of blood are unrecorded and unknown, we can not tell; the vengeance of the red men upon the pale faces was often so sudden and complete, that not even a groan or a cry for mercy disturbed the air that received the last breath of the devoted family; not a breath was whispered of the terrible deed by the perpetrators; and the only evidence of the melancholy fate of the daring pioneer was the fire-scathed walls of his cabin, and perhaps a few bleaching, half-burnt bones of various sizes, where father, mother, and children, fell together!

In these adventurous times, George Wilkes, a young man descended from an ancient English house, whose ancestors had been among the first settlers of New England, and had done good service in the cause of liberty when

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the government of the mother-country sought to subdue the young giant Freedom — inheriting a love for deeds of daring, and excited by the wonderful stories told of the great western wilderness — prevailed upon his fond young wife to leave the peaceful and secure valley of the Connecticut, to bid farewell to all the scenes of youth, and share the dangers and toils of a borderer's life on the lonely shores of one of the large rivers falling into the Ohio.

Nor did it require long argument to induce her to accede to his wishes, though the separation from home and kindred was, as it ever is, a most painful step. Yet she had that firm confidence in the man of her choice, that self-sacrificing devotion to his interest, which overcomes all opposition, and sends the devoted one forth with no other attendants than faith and hope.

On a bright day in April, George and Emily Wilton bade adieu to their assembled friends, and turned their faces toward the west, where, in the fair valley of a beautiful river, he had staked out his claim during a visit the previous summer. Their long journey was uninterrupted, and ere the month closed they were housed in a log cabin erected for them by some of the nearest settlers, and left to pass their first night in the lone wilderness, with no human being within a distance of ten miles — no earthly friend on whom they might rely save a large dog, a mastiff of powerful proportions and astonishing sagacity. Commending themselves to the paternal care of their heavenly

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Father, they sank to rest amid a solitude as profound as that of the grave.

At that time peace reigned over our fair land; and even the inveterate hate of the Indian felt its soft influence, and the white pioneers dwelling on the borders of the Indian country began to deem themselves perfectly secure from the dangers of midnight massacre which had often fallen upon them. Many of the principal chiefs of the red tribes visited the cabins of the whites to obtain ammunition and clothing in exchange for furs, moccasins, and other articles of their production.

Five years passed since Wilton's settlement in the beautiful valley. His log cabin had given place to a more commodious house; instead of the heavy forests at his door-sill, he now saw fields of grain and smiling meadows; and instead of one dear smile to welcome him at night, he now found four happy faces at his door — those of his devoted Emily and her three children — with whom his leisure hours passed more pleasantly than if he had been surrounded by all the crowds and luxuries of a mighty city.

Thus peacefully dwelt they, independent of all save God, and with hopeful prospect of years of prosperity and happiness, when all these golden dreams were dissipated by the declaration of war with Great Britain. The pioneers feared and prepared for the worst, knowing that the eminently enlightened and professedly Christian government of Great Britain would form a compact with the

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savages, and set a premium of so much gold upon every American scalp; they knew that the British army boasted officers who seemed to delight in the cold-blooded butchery of prisoners-of-war—who incited their red allies to the massacre of manacled men and helpless women and children, and then swore in the face of outraged humanity that they could not control the bloodthirsty savages.

This diabolical compact was soon manifest from the haughty and insolent demeanor of the Indians, and was irresistibly and terribly confirmed by several midnight murders in the vicinity of Wilton's residence. A few weeks after, an attack was made upon his house by a number of Indians who had always been friendly. At that time, muskets and rifles were almost unknown among the western Indians, and all their warfare was with the tomahawk and knife. This first attack made upon his house was on a dark, stormy night, when the noise of the wind was sufficient to prevent him from hearing his foes. Indeed, he did not anticipate any attack; and after the usual caution of fastening doors, retired to rest. About midnight he was aroused by a confused noise in the main room; and, on striking a light, he beheld an Indian on the floor struggling to free his throat from the jaws of the mastiff; his neck was terribly torn, and the flow of blood was so rapid that he died in a few minutes. He had crept down the chimney, intending to open the door, and let in his companions; but the faithful dog was on the watch, and seized him the moment he reached the floor. Wilton

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took down his rifles, examined the priming, placed them within reach, and, without awaking his family, sat down to receive any other red foe who might offer himself. The party outside, however, were too well aware of the fate of their comrade to attempt a second trial, and quietly withdrew.

This adventure showed Wilton the danger around him. He knew that this was but the first of a series of attacks, which must ultimately prove successful; and he resolved, if possible, to remove his family to some town or fort where there was greater security. It was now August, and he thought before the end of the month to remove his family, and come back, with men to assist him, and secure some valuable crops which were fast ripening. But before he could put any of these plans in operation the event which our artist has portrayed in the engraving transpired, and hastened his departure under circumstances of great peril, but fortunately unaccompanied with any tragical consequences. One of the most relentless and unsparing of the Indian warrior-chiefs, who had marched along the frontier, leaving a train of smoldering ruins and scalpless sculls, made an attack at the head of his warriors on Wilton's house, on a beautiful sabbath morning, at the break of day. Knowing the place well, and the extreme watchfulness of the dog, he attempted no secret entrance, but marched with all speed up to the house, and made a violent effort to break through the door. The dog, however, had "scented the battle afar off," and Wilton, who

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had just risen, was prepared to receive them. The party was large, but as they had no guns, he feared not their efforts as long as the door resisted them; and before they succeeded in breaking through this, he hoped to do such execution among them with his rifles as would induce them to give up their object. Stationing himself at a loop-hole which commanded the doorway, he used his trusty weapons with deadly effect, and nearly a dozen of the Indians had fallen in death, when the remainder of the party suddenly drew off and held a short council, which resulted in a determination to fire the house. In a few minutes they returned, some bearing dry limbs and leaves, and other combustibles, and others with fire. In an instant this was heaped against the door and set in a blaze.

Here was an unlooked-for and fearful auxiliary; and Wilton's heart stood still when he thought of the now-certain fate of his beloved wife and little ones. While he hesitated a moment, in doubt what course to pursue, his eye fell upon his dog, who was running to and fro from the back-door to Mrs. Wilton and her children, seeming to desire them to fly by this route. Wilton hastily glanced out on this side, and seeing no Indians (for they were all dancing and yelling like fiends around the fire, thinking their prey was sure), opened the door, and, commending his wife and children to Heaven, bade them escape to a boat on the river-side, some distance below, to which the dog would lead, and where he would almost instantly join them. They departed, and he watched them with his rifle

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at his shoulder, to drop any Indian who might observe them. A moment seemed an age to Wilton; but it ended at last: they were in the woods, and comparatively safe—his little boy manfully bringing up the rear, with a loaded rifle, which the mother feared not to use, if occasion demanded. The fire was now beginning to blaze through the crevices of the door, and the joy of the Indians was almost unbounded at the prospect of vengeance upon one who had destroyed so many of their numbers, when Wilton suddenly opened the door, leaped over the flames, and, before the astonished red-men could recover from their surprise, he had got several rods away from them, in a direction nearly opposite to that taken by his family. About half a dozen of the savages were quickly in pursuit, headed by the chief, while the remainder rushed into the house, to murder those they expected to find there.

For nearly an hour, Wilton led his enemies over the worst ground he could find; for, although he was remarkably swift of foot, he knew his only hope was in a better knowledge of localities, and by means of this he gained on his pursuers slowly, but surely. His wife and children, in the meantime, had reached the boat, got into it, and waited with the most intense anxiety for his arrival. They began to despair, and feared that his devotion to them had cost him his life, when the sound of his rifle brought hope again to their hearts—for the father, as if by a magnetic sympathy, began to imagine their feelings, and, recollecting that his rifle was loaded, fired it into the air to let them

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know that he was alive. In a few minutes he arrived, jumped into the boat, and pulled across, the dog swimming alongside. Before they reached the opposite shore, the Indians were on the water, in a canoe, in hot pursuit.

The sun had just risen when they reached the shore, and all attempts to secrete themselves would be in vain. Directing his family what course to take, Wilton loaded his rifle, and waited until the boat was within range, when he selected for his mark the Indian who had proved the best runner, pulled the trigger, and saw him fall over the canoe into the water. Loading again, he killed another just as the canoe touched the bank, and then ran, loading his rifle as he went. There were now four Indians in pursuit; too strong a force for close encounter. They were led by a chief whose indomitable perseverance had obtained for him the title of the Bloodhound, and who boasted that he never was foiled or defeated by the pale-faces. Wilton's strength, too, was severely tried; and had the stake been less, he would have been quite exhausted. His only hope was in killing his pursuers; and if the chief fell first, he presumed the chase would be abandoned. With this reflection, he "treed," and waited for the Indians, who were out of sight. A moment after, the sharp crack of his rifle was the death-signal of another foe—but not the chief; *he* appeared invulnerable. Another flight became necessary; and now he began to fear that all was lost, for, by his last halt, he had greatly shortened the distance between his pursuers and himself.

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Within a hundred yards of his family, Wilton turned and brought his rifle to his shoulder. All now depended upon his aim; and he breathed a prayer for his beloved ones, while, with limbs of marble, and an eye of fire, he calmly awaited his enemy's approach. They saw him, wavered, hesitated, and appeared on the point of turning back, when the Bloodhound, whose pride was wounded, and spirit stung to madness, by this determined and successful resistance, waved them onward with an impatient gesture. A minute after, the ring of the rifle, and the death-cry of the Bloodhound, came to the fugitives' ears like sweet music of deliverance. The two surviving Indians gazed a moment on the form of their chief, and then fled precipitately toward the house, to join the main body of warriors, who were destroying everything that could be killed or burned, in revenge for their great disappointment.

Wilton and his family arrived before dark at a small settlement, where they found welcome rest after their severe peril, and where the story of their escape raised up a strong party of friends, who proposed to go in pursuit of the savages. Indeed, they had arranged to start the next day; but before they left, a large force of Indians, headed by Tecumseh, made an assault upon the village; and had it not been for the preparation which every man had made for the expedition, the place would have been captured. When peace was restored, Wilton returned to his first location, now one of the most splendid farms in the West.

New York, *June*, 1846.

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CHANGE AND DEATH.

BY J. E. D. COMSTOCK.

EARTH'S loveliest things talk of change and of death,
And bid us take heed to our shortening breath.
Go back in thy thought to the summer hours,
With thy playmates passed among fields and flowers:
For they have a voice; and that voice to thee
Doth speak to thy heart of its destiny.

And our usual paths, in our lonely moods,
That lead us afar through the Autumn woods:
They, too, will speak in their pensive way,
And tell us, "Be humble, and watch, and pray;
So our path shall lead to the shining just—
And remember, O man, thy frame is dust."

And the smiles of those we have loved of old!
Again shall we ever those smiles behold?
Alas! they are changed, and furrows and tears
Have come in their stead, and sorrow appears,
And frowns o'er the place where joy loved to reign:
Those smiles, as they have been, shall ne'er be again

Lo! what saith the wind that is sweeping by?
What voice hath the sea that is running high?

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And the clouds that go on their wondrous way —
In their frowns and smiles, what word have they?
With a lightning wing they 're for ever gone:
So the years of our life are darting on.

The cataract thunders of time and change;
And on and below, as its waters range,
They murmur the matter to dell and plain,
And flee with the truth to the boundless main:
And the boundless main doth its wisdom utter,
And the thunders at night in the distance mutter;
So they talk together of change and death,
And bid us take heed to our shortening breath.

NEW YORK, *July*, 1846.

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

[See Vignette.]

"CHARITY suffereth long, and is kind." Professions of all kinds are but words: words are but symbols; and, to be true, should always represent what is behind them. Kindness is effective; but it consists of acts, not words. Fine expressions are nothing to the sick and suffering.—The ready hand, the willing heart, the prompt movement, the *effective* assistance,—these alone do good; and he is a good man who uses them voluntarily; he truly does unto others as he would have others do unto him.

Have we ever given this matter one grave thought? When confined to the bed of anguish, when bowed to the earth by suffering, how much have we asked—how much more have we *expected*—from others! What painful reflections passed through our minds on the least appearance of reluctance, or negligence, on the part of others, to perform what we conceived to be their duty toward us! We gain a clear conception then of what we would have others do unto us; but does it as clearly strengthen in us

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the resolution so to do unto others?—not always. We are too selfish. When our flesh is pained, we feel the wound, and we cry aloud. When the pain is gone, it is forgotten, and another's anguish can not revive it. The voice of another's wo may reach the ear, but, before it can find the heart, it has to encounter all the obstacles of our selfish nature. "Charity begins at home;" "others are more able than I;" "others are more in duty bound than I;" and numberless other special pleas are alleged; and throwing around us the mantle which selfishness too readily weaves, we drown the cries of another's suffering in the fathomless gulf of indifference. Yet we are all charitable! or at least we think—nay, *know*—ourselves to be so! We are certain of it; all we want is to be presented with the proper object—the right one for *us*—and then what wonders in the way of charity we will perform! But the proper object;—there 's the difficulty with us: we are the sole judges of that fact. We have, out of the wonderful laboratory of our minds, furnished a standard to determine what shall be the length and the breadth, the height and the depth, of the merits and sufferings of the objects of our bounty. But how few of us would dare to commit to paper a description of those whom we would esteem proper objects of charity? Shame would blot the page, and the record would be illegible. Why is this?—Because in our minds we create, rather than in our hearts relieve, the distressed. The ideal creations of the brain never find their counterpart in real existence.

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The real objects of charity are everywhere. The poor we always have with us. Charity springs from the heart; and he who yields not to its impulse until his mind has weighed, and judged, and decided, is too calculating to be excited to "good actions." If Justice is blind, Charity is nearly so. It sees just enough to find its object, and the liberal heart does the rest. No attending circumstances are considered. The object of distress may be a stranger or an enemy, but he is a sufferer still; and ours is the duty to relieve, without inquiring his country or his creed. By whatsoever vice he may have fallen — by whatever destiny he may be controlled, — view him as we may — degraded, worthless, criminal — still he is our neighbor.

The parable of the "good Samaritan" furnishes a happy, an impressive illustration of true charity, as well as a ready answer to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" He who fell among thieves was doubtless of the Jewish nation. The priest and the Levite, who had ministered at the altar of the living God — who had expounded the mysteries of the Holy Scriptures, and who by precept at least had inculcated the duties of hospitality, kindness, charity, and sympathy — were of the same chosen race; and yet they passed by on the other side, heedless of suffering, and deaf to the cry of distress. They were, of all others, in a condition to relieve him who was stripped of his raiment, and wounded, and half dead. Yet, the one "saw him," the other "looked on him," and neither afforded any assistance. These two were the most likely, of all the

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Jewish people, to help the distressed; but they went on to revel in the luxuries and pleasures procured at the expense of the labor of the Jewish people, who by the levitical law were bound fully to maintain the seed of Aaron. The sufferer remained in destitution and pain, until "a certain Samaritan," of a race despised and hated by the Jews—an enemy—"as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.'" Such is the brief recital—but oh! how much was done! No inquiry as to country, or faith, or connexions; no hesitation; no pondering in the mind all the questions, pro and con, as to expediency: he saw, had compassion, and relieved. More he could not do. This was true, genuine charity; this was neighborly.

The lesson before us not only teaches who our neighbor is, but also that, as distress may overtake all, without regard to country, or faith, or profession, so must true charity be prompt to relieve all whom distress overtakes. All mankind compose one great brotherhood, but how few realize this! It is the aim of Odd-Fellowship to make men feel this—and feeling, to act as becomes brothers. But we must yield to the teachings of the Order, or all

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our lectures are in vain. They may sound well; they may make a good impression upon candidates; the ear may hear with pleasure, and the mind may acquiesce in the truth of all we would inculcate: but all this is not charity. It will not dry up a single tear, heal a single wound, or relieve a single want. It is but as "the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." Charity reaches further, and strikes deeper. Our lessons, like the sunshine and dew from heaven, nourish and strengthen the tree, and ripen the fruit. That fruit is charity, and by it we shall be known. If the tree be barren, what care we for the rain and heat it has enjoyed? If the tree bring forth that good fruit of charity which blesses and refreshes the wasted and the poor with its rich abundance, it, more than all our lectures and addresses, attracts the attention, and receives the approbation of the world. Upon each individual in our great fraternity does the duty devolve of showing that ours is an institution, not of profession merely, but warm with active benevolence — a universal good-will — a ready sympathy in the afflictions of mankind.

New York, *July*, 1846. D. P. B.

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A TRIBUTE TO THE ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY ONE UNINITIATED.

ARGUMENT. Invocation, introductory, to the Muse — Apostrophe to the Order — Its Motto, "Friendship, Love, and Truth" — Difficult for one uninitiated to do justice to the subject — Fancy and Imagination are not requisite; Truth and Reason are amply sufficient — The Order ancient, harmonious, beautiful; though the name be "odd" — The threefold cord which binds this Order in strength and harmony; viz., Curiosity, Pleasure, and Utility — The Mandate of the Grand Lodge, "We command you to visit the sick, Relieve the Distressed, Bury the Dead, and Educate the Orphan:" — This Precept, a compendium of Benevolence and Philanthropy, is the principle of vitality, imparting life, energy, and practical beneficence, to the various ramifications of the Order.

WHICH muse shall I invoke? — I know the NINE,
And incense oft have offered at their shrine:
Erst, when I sought, they deigned my muse to inspire,
And strains harmonious gave my votive lyre.
—In solemn stillness long that lyre hath slept,
Or sorrow's notes alone its strings have swept:
But now a theme presents — a novel theme,—
And let "ODD-FELLOWS" wake it from its dream.
Odd-Fellows? — Yes: and ODD although the name,
Its SPIRIT shall our FOSTER-*ing* influence claim;
And though no heathen Muse attune my lyre,
Omnific Love shall sweetest strains inspire.

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Then let this heavenly Muse, celestial LOVE,
Breathe inspiration from her realms above;
That, while with feeble hand I strike the lyre,
Harmonic tones may "walk along the wire."
Primeval Order! of Creation's youth;
With aptest Motto,—"Friendship, Love, and Truth;"
In vain the uninitiated mind
Appropriate epithets must look to find,
Wherewith to paint thee, what indeed thou art,
Or in thy praise to bear an equal part.
Yet need we not inventive fancy's power
In regions of the mind aloft to tower;
In vain might we in realms of fiction soar,
And gorgeous strains of panegyric pour.
Let vestal TRUTH stand forth in pristine pride,
Let just encomiums REASON's dictates guide.
That ray primodial, from the ETERNAL's Throne,
When spake Omnific Wisdom, "IT IS DONE,"—
That potent ray, all nature's mass which warmed,
When out of nothing nature's mass was formed,
Shone from eternity!—still, still it shines,
And opes to darkling man exhaustless mines!
To human minds unfolds the Almighty's plan,
To test the Love of God, with love to Man.
Philanthropy, our being's holiest flame,
Embalms this ORDER—consecrates its name:
Its name, though *sui generis*, and odd,
We learn to love:—Its spirit came from God.
For, every good and perfect gift, we own,
From God descended, and from God alone.
And *such a gift* is this fraternal tie,
Which binds in union *brethren* far and nigh:
Whose magic influence, with sweet control,

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Unites all parts in one harmonious whole;
Draws with the cords of Love the human kind,
While its mysterious light pervades the mind.
"Odd" though in name, its frame-work if we scan,
We find it formed on Reason's noblest plan.
Here reason, science, philosophic art,
Conspire in concert, and each bears its part.
Order, confessed, is Heaven's primeval law:
Here, order's rules our approbation draw:
A threefold cord this mental fabric binds,
And in sweet bondage holds dissentient minds;
Bids all aspire, with undivided aim,
To win, by deeds of love, a deathless fame.
Here selfish man owns a fraternal tie,
Which makes him willing or to live, or die,
If he by life can ease a brother's pain,
Or, by his death, a brother life may gain.
Curious to *know*—he first is led to seek
The mystic *secret* no one dares to speak;
The odd and mono-phonious name he hears,
And, *curious* still, though not without his fears,
He enters the initiating room—
Unconscious whether for his *weal*, or *doom!*
Onward he presses, curious still to know
If *good*, or *ill*, shall from th' *arcanum* flow.
He finds, though "odd," all—order, mystic light.
Visions of wonder burst upon his sight!
Oddness pervades the Lodge! odd is the scene;
Odd all the "work;" as if the fairy Queen
Ruled the machinery!—Silence seems to reign—
A solemn silence, fraught with conscious pain!
Solemn, yet decent—chaste, devout, and pure,
While all the officers respect insure.

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A strict decorum strikes the enchanted gaze,
Yet all redounds to the Odd-Fellows' praise.
Thus — first by *curiosity* impelled,
He rests well pleased, when, *as a brother*, held.
Next in the order, in this threefold chain,
Calm *Pleasure* holds her mild and equal reign.
Pleasure a constant motive holds to view
To man, for ever seeking something new.
Pleasure a motive gives, the ranks to increase,
Where love prevails, and all contentions cease;
Where kindred feeling holds perennial reign,
Where each aspires the worthiest name to gain:
And all, while seeking intellectual food,
Enjoy the luxury of doing good.
And TO DO GOOD — to alleviate mortal pain —
The third constituent in this threefold chain —
In order claims analysis: — And here —
What is it, that in man we most revere?
What, but true merit, and the gifts of mind,
Can mark distinction in the human kind?
MIND is the acknowledged standard of the man; —
'T is wisdom, then, the mental powers to scan.
To those, who deepest drink of wisdom's lore,
We first appeal; from these expect the more.
Where much is given, we there may much require,
And love fraternal fans the generous fire.
Here Charity, on systematic plan,
Dispenses gifts to assuage the ills of man.
The good Odd-Fellows, with their treasured gains,
Diminish tears, and sighs, and groans, and pains!
Obedient to their honored HEAD'S behest,
The SICK they VISIT, — SUCCOR the DISTRESSED;
BURY the DEAD, — the ORPHAN EDUCATE,

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And countless human miseries mitigate.
They kindly wipe the tear from Sorrow's eye;
They list the widow's groan, the orphan's sigh;
Lend timely aid to brothers in distress,
And feel — to *enjoy* a *blessing*, is, to *bless!*
A brother's household when stern death invades,
And bears an inmate to his dreary shades;
When dire bereavements rend the heart with pain,
Which with the Priest and Levite plead in vain,
These odd Samaritans, with love divine,
Come forth spontaneous, bearing oil and wine.
These healing elements they freely pour,
And wounded hearts to healthful tone restore;
Bear their dead brethren to the friendly tomb,
And with their Christian light dispel the funeral gloom!
— With mourners thus they mourn — give sigh for sigh,
Wipe off the tear from many a weeping eye;
And, in accordance with our LORD's behest,
"*Be merciful to all*" — they, "MERCIFUL," are "BLESSED."

N. LANESFORD FOSTER.

PHILADELPHIA, *August* 21, 1845.

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FUGITIVE STANZAS.

BY P. SQUIRES.

The world is glad and gay without: I hear
  The voice of mirth, and merriment, and joy;
Music's sweet breath comes softly to my ear,
  From many a palace grand, where pleasures cloy,
  And wealth's proud heirs their wasting hour employ
In listless luxury, or thoughtless cheer.

Yon spacious hall sends forth a dazzling ray,
  Athwart the shades that darkly round it fall;
And liveried menials hasten to obey,
  Obsequiously, their pampered master's call:
  Anticipate each wish, each thought, till all
The heart can crave is theirs, by night or day.

Oh, little think they of the woes that wait
  Along the pathway of the friendless poor —
There famine stalks — who early toil and late,
  The smallest wants of nature to secure,
  And many a hardship patiently endure,
Which ne'er disturbs the wealthy and the great.

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And yet their gilded joys I envy not,
Nor all that honor, wealth, and fame, can give;
If sweet contentment may but be my lot,
I have a wealth which princes can not give—
A wealth for which alone 't is meet to live,
When years increase, and childhood is forgot.

Give me this boon, and when the hand of Time
Shall leave its impress on my brow and form,
And point me to the tomb, scenes more sublime
Than those of earth, and all the thoughts that warm
The heart of love, shall cheer me through the storm
With hopes of joys more heavenly and divine.

NEW YORK, *June*, 1846.

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A SEASIDE SABBATH.

A SABBATH in summer — how glorious the morning;
The air all dew-laden, delicious, and cool!
The day-king mounts upward, in splendor adorning
The mountains and valleys that joy in his rule.

Look abroad, thou repiner! and say if thy vision
E'er roamed o'er a prospect more wondrously fair;
If the Paphian fables, or dreamings Elysian,
Could e'er with the glory around thee compare.

Away in the orient, rolling and swelling,
The moon-loving billows of Neptune's domain,
From their strife with the whirlwind (of night-tempest telling),
Are sinking to calmness and quiet again.

The crest of each wave, as in snow-foam it dashes,
Dissolves in a torrent of many-hued flames,
And the sea, as in sunlight it sparkles and flashes,
Seems a river of fire in an ocean of gems.

Look out to the landward, thy home and dominion,
Thy scene of probation, the realm of thy rest —
From whose cold, clayey bosom, on Faith's mighty pinion,
Thy soul will upspeed to the world of the blest.

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Around thee the zephyr, surcharged with aroma,
Is breathing a flood of the richest perfume;
Above thee the tree-branches, ghostly and gnomy,
Inweave their lithe arms and spread arches of gloom.

Fair meadows are smiling, and grain fields are waving,
And kine on a thousand hills bask in the sun;
Far waterfalls thunder, wide rivers are laving
The soil, and rich blessings dispense as they run.

Like a giant fast locked in the still arms of slumber,
Yon city reposes in silence to-day;
Its voices are dumb, for its souls without number
Are in God's holy temples, to hear and obey.

Oh, sweet is the Sabbath! I love in its quiet
With Nature to ramble, with her to adore;
The slave-peopled city — oh who would not fly it,
To wander and ponder by Ocean's lone shore?

NEW YORK, *August*, 1846. J F

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THE WIDOW'S FRIEND.

BY T. H. MATTESON.

"Work — work — work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags:
A shattered roof — and this naked floor —
A table — a broken chair —
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!" — HOOD.

I HAD seated myself, after a day of unusual application, to the enjoyment of a prime old Havana, when it occurred to me that a little quiet chat with my old friend Harry Barton would serve to lighten the tedium of the hour before bed-time. The wish was no sooner formed than gratified; for at that moment, as if I had given an unconscious rub upon the enchanted lamp of the genii, the door opened, and, *sans ceremonie*, in walked the identical Harry, looking for all the world as if he had stumbled upon a gold-mine, or discovered the philosopher's stone. His face was radiant with happiness.

"Talk of the devil, they say, and here he comes!" I exclaimed, offering him a chair and a companion to my

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Havana. He seated himself in the former, very deliberately placing his feet upon my writing-desk with a sigh of immense satisfaction, and lighting the other with a flourish, was soon lost in the fragrant cloud. It was evident, from the vehemence with which he ejected the clouds of smoke, and the peculiar twinkle of his eye, that he was brim-full of satisfaction, either with himself or some other equally favorite object, which I was quite clear I would in due time be made acquainted with.

After the lapse of a few moments, my patience, which, by-the-way, was never extraordinary on the score of endurance, was getting rampant, when I kicked the chair, on which I had been easing my ankles, beyond my reach, and rather abruptly exclaimed—"Come, Harry, leave your abominable faces, and begin. I know you have something to tell me: what is it?"

Another cloud of smoke completely obscured the upper part of his person; and I was just on the point of concluding that my friend was literally "lost in a fog," when the volume broke, wreathed and curled into a myriad of graceful and fantastic forms, and his face was revealed, gazing with a strange earnestness into mine. "Mat," he began, in what I conceived to be an ominous voice, "were you ever in love?"

I think I started from my chair—I am quite sure I did—at the strangeness of the question from a bachelor of thirty-five, who, so far as my knowledge of him extended, had never in his life spent one hour alone in female so-

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ciety, nor ever whispered a tender word into a gentle lady's ear. When my astonishment had partially subsided, I replied—"Harry, you forget that I am married!"

"Oh! ah! true—I *had* forgotten that!" Another pause.

"Permit me, my taciturn companion," I said, at length, "to propound the same pertinent query to yourself: have *you* ever been in love?"

A smile of peculiar meaning played for a moment about the muscles of his face, when he drew his chair nearer to mine, as if afraid that the very walls would prate of his confession, laid his hand confidingly upon my knee, and almost in a whisper replied—"I own the soft impeachment! Listen to me: the story is brief. I had thought never to impart it, even to my best friend, but circumstances have changed my determination."

"One moment," said I. "Take another cigar."

"No! this will do very well: it will outlast my story. Some years ago, when I was about twenty, if my memory serves me rightly, I was spending my time in the pursuit of my studies, in a charming village situated in the heart of what we proudly denominate the 'Empire state.' It was located upon one of the then great thoroughfares traversing the state, and bordered one of the most enchanting sheets of water I ever beheld. It was not my home, but I loved it as much as if I had been born there. One of the strongest links that bound me to the spot was a sweet creature of some sixteen summers. I will not at-

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tempt to describe her. To own the truth, I rather liked her, to use the most moderate phrase; but I had a rival: and, though the confession is not a little mortifying to one's vanity, candor forces me to admit that he was successful. Yet, strange as it may seem to you, we—my rival and myself—were the best of friends. We were both inmates of the same house with the object of our boyish attachment, who was the only daughter of a widowed lady, reduced by a series of misfortunes to the necessity of taking boarders: we were of the number. The mother had been bred in affluence, was well educated, and accomplished in all the graces that adorn the female character. Still she had her share of pride—a commendable pride—pride of family, and pride of personal character—though she had the tact not to obtrude it upon the attention of others. But, above all, she was proud of her daughter; and good reason she had to be so: for though not eminently beautiful, in the common acceptation of the term, yet she was endowed with the qualities of mind and heart calculated to inspire all who approached her with ardent friendship, if not with downright love. Her manner was artless, confiding, and fraught with that exquisite grace and tenderness which invariably leads captive the heart of the rougher sex: at least I was literally overwhelmed by it at the first encounter.

"I never was expert at love-making; for, to own the truth, I had essayed it on one or two former occasions; but, to my chagrin, either because I had not enough of

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the slap-dash gallant about me (I was tolerably good-looking—at least my best friends always told me so), or the ground being occupied before me, I was always unsuccessful.

"At length an opportunity was offered me to try my hand with the lovely Clara. I found her alone one evening, seated by the parlor-window, peeping through a fragrant jessamine at the moon, in all likelihood, for that from time immemorial has been a favorite pastime with young ladies. Time and place were favorable, and I thought—'Now or never!' I seated myself near her, and after rambling through the customary labyrinth of comments upon the state of the weather, the brightness of the moon and stars, and the delicious odor of the flowers—which, by-the-way, I have a very indefinite recollection of likening to the breath of affection, or something of that sort—I made a bold *detour*, and alighted by some adroit movement upon the subject of love. I really believe I was quite eloquent—at least I felt so—but I failed. She felt flattered with the honor I had done her, to fall over head and ears in love with her; was grieved that my attachment was misplaced; she was not worthy of my regard, of which I modestly thought I ought to be the best judge, seeing that I was the party most directly interested; she would always be proud of my friendship: in short, she entreated me earnestly to excuse her from falling in love with me, and I was silly enough to do so, inasmuch as I had discovered, in the course of the interview, that my friend

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Charlie Jordan was a more fortunate youth than myself. They were already pledged as lovers. I will not deny that the blow fell heavily, but I survived it—manfully, I trust.

"Charles Jordan was one year my senior in age; a fine, manly, dashing fellow, full of fun and spirit, and a universal favorite with the ladies. He was always foremost in a frolic, and gave direction to all the amusements projected by the young people. He was looked upon as something of a flirt, from the circumstance that he was general in his attentions, and devoted in his friendly attachments to both male and female; but it was left for the gentle Clara to conquer his heart and engross all his affection. It was this indiscriminate attention that kept me ignorant of the attachment which had for some time existed between him and Clara; indeed, it afterward appeared that I was the only individual blind to the fact, for it was very generally understood that they were affianced. Clara's mother was not altogether reconciled to their union, because she thought Jordan too volatile and unstable in his deportment and character to form a matrimonial connexion; but she had been persuaded that the happiness of her daughter depended upon it, and at length yielded her assent.

"The father of young Jordan was a plodding, painstaking man, who, by dint of great industry, first as a mechanic, and subsequently as a general speculator, had contrived to garner up a handsome competency; but he had a large family to maintain, and in the event of a divis-

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ion of his property, little could be expected by the individual members of it. Charles was his favorite, and he looked anxiously for his permanent settlement in some business which would divert his mind from what he conceived to be the follies of youth. He had observed the growing attachment between his son and Clara Hamilton, and approved of it as a means to bring about the result he so ardently desired. He knew enough of the temper of his son, to be aware that when once he should feel the responsibility of a husband, he would abate his frolicsome humor, and devote himself more assiduously to the sterner business of life. Accordingly, he proposed to him to hasten the union, and embark in business for himself as a merchant, at the same time proffering every facility in his power to aid him in the enterprise. The offer was cheerfully accepted, and the marriage soon after consummated. About this time I finished my academical course, and left the neighborhood."

"And did you see no more of them?" I inquired, observing by the gravity that had settled upon the face of my friend that he was approaching a point of painful interest in his story. He relit his cigar, puffed at it for a moment, then detaching the ashes from the end with the tip of his little finger, resumed his narrative.

"About a twelvemonth since, I had occasion to replenish my wardrobe, and stepped into a depôt for the sale of ready-made linen for the purpose. After turning over the dealer's stock for a time, selecting such articles as came

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within the catalogue of my wants, and while endeavoring in my own mind to square the quality of the linen with my slender resources — a habit I sometimes indulge in — a pale, thin, but elegantly-modelled hand, was passed across the counter, depositing a small parcel in front of the dapper shopkeeper. There was something about the hand that induced me to turn toward the owner of it. I could not resist the impression that the face was one I had seen and known intimately — but where or when, it was impossible for me at the time to remember. Her eye was full and clear, but circled with a halo of sickly blue, in striking contrast with the thinness and whiteness of the skin, which, together with the worn and wearied frame, betokened the effects of too constant application upon one who was apparently yet in the prime of life. So forcibly was I struck by the appearance of the form before me, that she no doubt set me down for a very impertinent young gentleman: for I had suspended my purchases, and stood for a full minute staring at her like a fool, when, or I should rather say before the expiration of the minute, she removed her position, and drew her plain hood further over her face. I might have been mistaken, but I fancied that a considerable degree of embarrassment was apparent in her manner, and that a shade of color passed over her wan cheek. Recalled thus to my recollection, I turned again to my employment; but the little episode had so confused my mind, that I was scarcely conscious whether I was examining shirts or shingles.

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"'Well! Mrs. Jordan,' interrogated the shopkeeper, 'what have you brought to-day?'

"'Jordan!' I repeated mentally—'Clara Jordan, the wife of my early friend Charles Jordan! Impossible!—and yet I can not be mistaken.'

"'I have brought the two shirts you gave me last week,' answered the young woman, meekly.

"The tone of voice confirmed me in the belief that she was indeed my early and cherished companion. It was more plaintive and humble than formerly, but there was the same silvery intonation, and it awakened the same emotions as of old. It struck a link in the chain of memory, and, with the speed of electricity, shop, linen, and all, were wheeled into oblivion, and I was borne back to the parlor-window, looking out through the fragrant jessamine, where I had poured out in vain all the fondness of a devoted heart. Many years of anxious toil, through a series of hopes deferred, promises delayed, and anticipations blighted, had nearly obliterated these scenes from my memory. How strange it is that so slight a thing as a note in music, the odor of a flower, or a tone of voice, will thus startle the shadows of the past, and cause them to pass before the mind arrayed in more than the vivid colors of reality!

"I could not be mistaken. The person before me was no stranger: of that I was certain; but as the recognition was not mutual, I could not summon audacity enough to address her. My mind, thus diverted from its occupation,

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was soon recalled from its wanderings by the conversation between the shopkeeper and his dependant, for in that relation they appeared to stand to each other.

"'These shirts were to have been brought in last week,' he began, somewhat tartly.

"'I know it,' was the submissive reply; 'but it was really out of my power to perform my promise. My little girl — little Helen — has been ill, very ill. I am sorry, sir, if I have disappointed you,' continued the patient mother, with rising emotion; 'my child required much of my attention, both night and day, and it was quite impossible for me to perform my task as I promised.'

"'I can't help your excuses,' rejoined the shopkeeper with brutish pomposity. 'I make it a rule whenever work is delayed beyond the time specified, to make a reduction of ten per cent. from the price agreed upon.'

"'Very good, sir,' answered the woman; 'I must, of course, comply with your rules. That would leave due upon the last bill three shillings, which, in addition to the ten shillings before due, would make thirteen.'

"'Right!' added the employer. 'Call on Saturday night, and your money will be ready. Here are two more shirts, which must be done by that time; and if you disappoint me again, look for no more work from this quarter!'

"She lingered, with evident hesitation and depression in her manner. At length she ventured to say, 'I am sorry to be compelled to trespass upon your custom, but

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in truth, sir, I am much in want of this small amount, and would consider it a great kindness if you would let me have it to-day; I am——'

"'How many of the shirts shall I put up for you, sir?' interrupted the obsequious shopkeeper, addressing himself to me, without paying the slightest attention to his dependant.

"'I have not yet made my selections,' I replied, pained beyond measure at the disappointment of the suffering mother. 'I will look further,' I continued, with some emphasis, 'while you arrange your business with the lady.'

"Thus admonished, he could not well avoid turning his attention to the young woman. 'You know my custom, Mrs. Jordan,' he said; 'I never pay money except on a Saturday night: besides, business has been dull this week, and I have none for you.'

"I could not, for my life, help turning to observe the effect of this denial upon the applicant, and her eyes were full of tears. I had my hand in my pocket, unconsciously fingering a silver coin, and would have given two more for the privilege of placing it in her possession without wounding her sensibility. She turned in silence to leave the shop, when the stony-hearted dealer called to her that she had not taken the new parcel. A lucky thought! 'Permit me,' I said, taking the bundle from the counter and approaching her. I had a twofold object in view: first, to scan her face more narrowly, without the show of imperti-

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nence; and, secondly, to slip the dollar into the folds of her bundle. The latter object was happily accomplished, but the former was frustrated by her averted look and sudden departure. This incident changed the purpose for which I had entered the shop; and instead of purchasing a complete stock, as I had designed to do, I selected only some trifling articles, enough to compensate the dealer for the trouble I had occasioned him in the display of his goods. I inquired, 'Who is the young lady who has just left us?'

"'Lady! sir?' he ejaculated, with a stare of inquiry.

"'Yes, sir! the young woman who went out just now,' I replied, altering my phraseology to square with the comprehension of this retailer of tapes and linens, who did not understand my application of the term lady to a poor sempstress.

"'Oh! ah!' he exclaimed, 'the young woman—not so very young neither, seeing she has got two children, and a widow besides—is Mrs. Jordan. She is a very nice woman, so far as I know anything about her, and she lives—let me see—' Here he referred to his memorandum. 'Ah! here it is: Mrs. Clara Jordan, number —, ——— avenue.'

"I made a note of the address, and left, with a determination to know more of her present situation.

"On the following day I furnished myself with materials for the articles I had intended to purchase, and set forth in search of my long-lost acquaintance. It was with

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no little difficulty that I discovered her abode, which was far up one of the avenues, in a thinly-populated neighborhood. On inquiring at the door for Mrs. Jordan, I was told by one, who chanced to be of Yankee origin, that she 'expected there wa' n't no sich person lived there.' The building was a crazy old tenement, and bore indications that it was occupied by several families. Accordingly, I pursued my inquiry, with real city adhesiveness. 'You are mistaken,' I replied. 'I have certain information that the lady I have named does live here. Do you know all the persons in the house?'

"'Wall! I expect I du.'

"'And there is none of the name of Jordan?'

"'Not's I know on. Is she a widder?'

"'Yes.'

"'Has she got three or four children?'

"'Very likely,' I replied.

"'Have her children got towy heads and blue eyes?'

"'Very likely,' I repeated; 'I know but little of her family.'

"'Wall!' she resumed, 'there was jest sich a woman I used to know down in Fairfield, about tu or three months ago, but I do n't know where on airth she is now.'

"'This is not to the purpose!' I exclaimed, somewhat vexed at the ill-timed loquacity of the girl. 'The person I mean is a young widow, and, I believe, has a sick child, a little girl—'

"'Oh!' interrupted the girl, with a significant smile,

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'I know who you mean now!—it's the pale woman in the basement. If you go down and knock at the airy-door, somebody will let you in, I guess.' So saying, she closed the door in my face.

"I followed the direction I had received; and after repeated applications of my knuckles to the door, it was opened by Mrs. Jordan herself. This circumstance threw me somewhat off my guard, since I had not reckoned upon meeting her so abruptly, face to face; and my movements had been thus far so precipitate, that I had neglected to study the part I was to enact in the coming scene.

"'Madam—your pardon,' I contrived to stammer out —"Mrs. Jordan, I believe?'

"'Yes, sir,' she replied, with visible embarrassment, while her eyes were bent upon the ground.

"'You may remember that I met you yesterday at the shop of Mr. Smith, where I learned some facts that have induced me to bring my work to you, instead of paying the profits on the labor to him. Will you do me the favor to undertake the task of making up my linen?' Seeing her about to reply, I interrupted her: 'You have no time for it at present, you would say; I heard you say yesterday that your child was ill. I am in no hurry—do it at your leisure; and as I am a stranger to you,' I continued, deliberately, at the same time observing her closely, to discover whether she did or did not recognise me, 'do me the favor to accept one half the price of the labor on deposite, until such time as the work shall be completed,'

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She made no reply, for some reason which I did not at the moment comprehend, but beckoned me to enter. I did so; and she led me the way through a door that opened out of the dark passage and communicated with the room into which we entered. She motioned me to a seat, and threw herself into a chair, with her face buried in her hands, and wept bitterly."

At this stage of the narration, my excitable friend started up from his chair, took a few hasty turns up and down the room, and smoked his cigar with redoubled vehemence.

"Fool! precipitate fool that I was!" he exclaimed, resuming his seat. "She knew me; and my well-meant but clumsily-proffered kindness had startled her from her self-possession. I could have bitten my tongue in twain, for spite, when I discovered the pain I had unwittingly inflicted upon her. I had sense enough left, thank Heaven, not to interrupt her paroxysm of grief, which lasted, perhaps, for the space of ten minutes, when she raised her head, looked eagerly into my face, and, in the most touching manner, asked me, 'Harry Barton, am I right, you recognised me yesterday?'

"With some confusion, I answered that I did.

"'I thought as much,' she rejoined; 'and the circumstance has caused me much pain. Why, I leave you to imagine now that you know nearly all that you can know of my situation. Yesterday, I would have sacrificed much —yet that could not well be, either, since I have but little to sacrifice, except my dear children—' Here her voice

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became again partially stifled by emotion, and she hesitated for a moment to proceed. I observed that she was morbidly sensitive, and that the most trifling indiscretion on my part would be likely to open the fountain of her tears afresh. The effect of my first blunder admonished me not to risk anything in the shape of consolation, and accordingly I waited for her to proceed in her own way. After a moment, she continued: 'Yesterday, I would have shunned this recognition by every means in my power; but since it has occurred, perhaps it is for the best. I see that you comprehend my present situation, and it would be the foolishness of pride in me to reject your proffered kindness; and Heaven knows I have endured enough already for that sin to make me very, very humble.'

"'Permit me,' I said, anxious to withdraw her mind from a subject which I perceived to be a painful one to her, 'to inquire after your little daughter. Is she better this morning?'

"'Thank you,' she replied, 'she is much better; and I trust her fever has entirely left her. You shall see her.'

"She turned to a bed, standing against the wall, and leaned over the pillow of her sleeping child. While she was thus occupied, I took occasion to glance about the room, and felt sick at heart at the want of comfort it exhibited. There was no carpet upon the floor, and manifold wide cracks were visible, through which the cold autumn air found its way, that gave to the atmosphere a chilly feeling, notwithstanding there was a fire on the

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hearth, kindled from pine shavings and carpenters' chips, doubtless gathered about the door of some neighboring shop. Upon the mantlepiece stood a black junk-bottle, which appeared to perform the office of candlestick, and a flatiron, the handle of which was partly broken off. Further along, was suspended upon the wall a rude cupboard, containing a few articles of crockery ware; and beyond this a shelf, with a few odd volumes. A coarse, pine table, a broken stool or two, and a barrel for charcoal, with a few cooking utensils, completed the furniture of this cheerless abode, with the exception of one article, that arrested my attention to that degree that I involuntarily approached to examine it more carefully. It was an Odd-Fellow's certificate of membership, mounted with a plain walnut frame, and suspended over the chimney-piece. I looked at the name: it was that of my old friend Charles Jordan. I was about to make some remark in reference to it, when she beckoned me to approach the bed. The little creature lay in a sweet slumber. The rosy tint of health was banished from her cheeks, and she looked more like the marble creation of some skilful sculptor than a thing of life. The doting mother bent over her, and parting the bright locks tenderly from her temples, pressed the pale forehead gently with her lips; then looking up, with tears in her eyes, asked me, in a whisper, 'if I did not think she looked like Charles.'

"The resemblance was striking, and I said so.

"At this moment, a light step drew my attention to the

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door, when I observed a boy, about four or five years old, who had entered cautiously, as if not to disturb the slumbers of the child. He took no notice of my presence, but approached the bed, and looking anxiously up into the face of his mother, asked if 'sissy was well.' He was a fine, manly little fellow, and the mother seemed to dote upon him. While her attention was occupied with him, my own thoughts were dwelling upon the reflection that this woman, still young and attractive — blessed with all the advantages of education and eminent moral culture — was doomed to waste her life in incessant toil for the support of herself and her darling children, exposed to every temptation and vice, and subject to the will of a mercenary being, whose only aim it was to procure the greatest possible amount of labor for the smallest possible compensation, regardless that death lurked in every stitch drawn by his victim. Little do the sons and daughters of idleness know of the woes that wring the heart of the young mother as she bends over her lonely toil, working on from early morn till night — nor ceases then from her labor. Oh no! She trims her sickly taper, and works on, and on, through the long vigils of the night, that her little ones may not perish before her eyes for want. Little do they see of the silent and insidious approaches of the tyrant *Disease*, who, one by one, despoils her of her faculties — pales the lustre of her eye, and blanches the rich carnation of her cheek — palsies the once elastic frame, and drags her to the fearful brink where Death steps in and shuts the scene! —

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"'The sempstress, lean, and weary, and wan,
With only the ghosts of garments on;
The weaver, her sallow neighbor;
The grim and sooty artisan;
Every soul—child, woman, or man,
Who lives—or dies—by labor!'

"'I perceive,' said I, pointing to the certificate above the fireplace, 'that my old friend your husband was a member of the Order of Odd-Fellows.'

"'He was,' she replied; 'and respected it so much, that, though I know little of its character, I have, somehow, always felt that I must preserve that, the only relic of his attachment to the Order.'

"'Was he in good standing at his death?' I inquired.

"'He was, for aught I know.'

"'Was he not visited, then, during his sickness, by the brethren of the Order?' I asked.

"'He was not. I must relate to you something of our history since we parted.' She then proceeded to relate her history from the time of her marriage. I will not repeat it to you in detail, since you could not feel the same interest in it that I did, but I will relate enough of it to apprize you of her situation at the time, and what we have since been able, jointly, to accomplish. Soon after her marriage, she removed with her husband to Philadelphia, where he embarked in business with an old mercantile friend of his father. This was in the year '34. His father furnished him with all the means at his command, to

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establish him respectably, and for a time matters prospered abundantly. Then came the overwhelming revulsions of '36 — a time when the stoutest hearts were appalled — when old firms, that had stood stoutly up against repeated revulsions in commerce, trembled to their foundations, if they were not absolutely crushed, by the whirlwind of ruin that swept the country like a deluge. They were involved in this common ruin. For a time they struggled manfully against it, calling in the aid of their friends, and availing themselves of every expedient suggested to their minds by the imminence of their peril, with a vain hope that the storm would pass over without leaving them altogether shipwrecked. The elder Jordan proffered and lost all he had, and was left in his old age little better than a beggar. It was a cruel and decisive blow to the pride and spirit of the light-hearted Charles, and he became in consequence melancholy and dispirited. When all hope of being restored to his former position was over, he sought and obtained employment as book-keeper with another firm, at a moderate salary. In this situation he remained for two years, at the end of which time, hearing of an opportunity to mend his circumstances in New York, he came hither with his little family. Clara's mother meanwhile had died, and Charles was determined, under no circumstances, to burden his father with his wants. I should have mentioned, that soon after he went to Philadelphia, he united with the fraternity of Odd-Fellows, as the wife assured me, more in a freak of curiosity, than with any expectation of

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profiting by the affiliation, for he always protested against receiving anything in the form of benefits from their hands. He was too proud to be the recipient of anything that smacked of charity, and Clara was the last person in the world to insist upon his doing so. On his removal from Philadelphia, he withdrew his card and deposited it with a lodge here; for, though averse to receiving benefits himself, he was happy to be the instrument of good to others. Here he was in a fair way to retrieve his fallen fortunes, until, worn down by too constant application and the want of proper exercise, Disease laid his iron hand upon him, and he sunk gradually to his grave, leaving a lovely wife and two young children to mourn his loss, and struggle alone with the storms of fate. Too proud to call upon his impoverished father for assistance, and opposed to receiving benefits from the Order, when he found his health gradually failing, he converted his stock of furniture into money, receiving enough only for the mere necessities of life, removed to more humble quarters, and never notified the officers of his lodge of his removal or illness. At his death, their little stock of means was nearly exhausted, and the widow was driven to the necessity of procuring such needlework as she could perform for the maintenance of herself and her little ones.

"I procured from her the name of the lodge of which he was a member in Philadelphia, and addressed a letter immediately to its officers: to which I received answer that he was an active member while with them, and, when

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he left, was in good standing. I then made inquiries here; and after some time spent in the search, succeeded in discovering where he had deposited his card, and learned that his dues had been regularly paid. He was thus entitled to benefits accruing during several months' illness, besides the funeral charges, which, together with the annuity belonging to the widow and orphans, swelled the amount to nearly three hundred dollars. I made known to his lodge the distress of his bereaved family, and also advised the lodge of which he was originally a member of their situation, which was promptly answered with a donation of one hundred dollars. Thus, then, she was mistress of about four hundred dollars, without so much as being aware of it, until I waited upon her with the intelligence. I shall never forget that scene, and I would perform a pilgrimage to Mecca to witness just such another.

"I found her busy with the eternal needle. On my entrance, however, she threw her work over the back of a chair, and little Helen and Charles came forward and greeted me with smiles of welcome, for somehow I had contrived to win their good-will. 'Come,' said I, in the excitement of the moment, forgetting all forms — 'throw aside your needle! You are rich now! — you shall have a little home all in your own right, and my little friends here shall be well provided for and happy. You are rich, Clara, rich! Come, stay no longer in this dismal abode! You shall have a shop of your own, and employ your own sempstresses!'

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"I never could be cool and deliberate on occasions of this kind—a fig for the man who can! The little family must have thought me distracted, and for a moment they seemed to have caught the infection. The mother partly rose from her chair, and, looking eagerly into my face, placed a hand upon each of her darling children, as if she thought I was about to abduct them from her. Little Charlie started up eagerly, and pointed to the door, exclaiming, 'Come, mamma, come—you are rich now—and you said, when you was rich, we should have a new house to live in, and nice books to read, and ever so many things to play with'—while little Helen grasped my hand, and gazed alternately at me and her mother, as if at a loss to account for this strange exhibition of enthusiasm. It was a long time before I could persuade the mother of the reality of her good fortune; and when I showed her the documents, she shook her head mournfully, and remarked that the brethren of the Order were very kind, but so long as she had the ability to earn food, raiment, and shelter, for herself and her children, she could not consent to accept of alms. I well nigh exhausted my stock of argument and explanation before she would be convinced that there was no charity in the matter—that it was hers by right, just as much as if her husband had left it to her in the form of a policy for a life-assurance. At length she did comprehend it, and consented to accept the amount.

"I proposed to her to hire a shop, and procure the stock necessary to establish what is termed a thread and

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needle store, which the sum now at her command would enable her to do. To this, after a little objection on the score of exposing herself behind the counter to the impertinence of shoppers, she assented, with the remark that 'she had little to do now with pride, and was willing to engage in any employment, not absolutely degrading, to secure the happiness and prosperity of her children.' She has opened her shop on the corner of Hudson and ——— streets; and if you have a mind to take a turn out before you turn in, I will introduce you."

I assented, and we sallied forth. She received us with a beaming smile, and I fancied that she bestowed manifold glances of exquisite tenderness upon my bachelor friend; but that was none of my business!

Reader—I profited by the moral of this simple little story. On the following evening my name was presented as a candidate for admission to the Order of Odd-Fellows. One week from that time I was initiated into its sublime and touching mysteries; and when I returned to my lodgings, I found two embossed cards, neatly enveloped in gold-edged satin paper. On one I read the name of the charming young widow, and on the other that of my bachelor friend HARRY BARTON. They were to be "at home" on Thursday morning, at ten o'clock.

NEW YORK, *July*, 1846.

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HUMAN GLORY—WHAT IS IT?

Behold! my coming muse approacheth near;
She circles in her flight with pinions strong:
And hark unto her voice: 'tis full and clear;
She sweetly carols as she skims along.
My gloomy thoughts are fled — they disappear
Before her charming witchery of song:
No matter what her chosen theme may be,
'T is all-sufficient if she sing to me.

No doubt she 'll rhyme whate'er comes uppermost;
Of Mr. Smith, perhaps, or Mrs. Brown;
Mayhap 't will be about a finger-post,
Which points each country squash the way to town;
Or else she 'll tell of some big Dutchman's ghost
That walks the cabbage patches up and down:
No matter what her chosen theme may be,
'T is all-sufficient if she sing to me.

I wish of mortal man she 'd make her theme;
I long to hear her sing the sordid elf,
Who every morning plans some precious scheme
To aggrandize, at once, his noble self,

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Until at last he wakes, as from a dream,
And lays his foolish plans upon the shelf:
Himself is lain beneath the coffin's lid,
With his high hopes and rotten carcase hid.

We seek for knowledge, which we seldom find,
And still more seldom do we save a stock,
But onward wander with a wavering mind,
Which shifts and veers as does a weathercock;
For passion's power stirs up the straggling wind,
Which reason's boasted sway doth ever mock,
Till all our fickleness is fixed by Death,
Who dodges every step to gain our breath.

Poor gains are his — a gasp of putrid air
Absorbed by stealth, or wrenched from wretched man,
Who sweats and toils in partnership with care,
And clings to weary life's contracting span,
Because he fears the grave, whose dark despair
And gloomy portals he is loath to scan:
But Fate forbids escape, and soon he must
Beneath the yawning earth give dust to dust.

* * * * * * *

Some rob for glory — for religion some —
'T is queer religion, but we have the like:
The bigots of the Bible, or the drum,
Find fit pretext their fellow-worm to strike;
To human suffering they alike are dumb,
They gulp the smaller fishes as a pike:
'T was ever thus the mass of men must bleed,
To raise a hero or to build a creed.

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Heroes are footpads on the largest scale,
They put their fingers in a nation's fob;
For, on the world's highway, their arms assail
The weak wayfarer, and whole realms they rob;
Their sweetest music is the helpless wail
Of weeping widows, and the orphan's sob:
Each hawklike hero soars to glory's view,
By killing such tomtits as I or you.

We wish that those who clamor so for war,
Themselves could struggle through a battle-field,
And see the slaughter streaming, near and far,
And hear the horrid shrieks the dying yield,
When Carnage, sweltering in his crimson car,
Sends thousands to their Maker unannealed:
We wish, too, they could *feel* what glory is,
And catch a sabre-gash across their phiz!

A brace of pistol-balls, or rifle-bullet,
Might cool their courage 'mid the mortal strife;
Or else to keenly feel within their gullet
A deadly dagger-point or bowie-knife:
Fierce love of war — no doubt they 'd soon annul it,
And make their legs do duty for their life!
But their proud, conquering chief—would they forsake him?
No doubt they would, and wish Old Nick might take him.

There once was one whose title was "the Great" —
A bellowing madman fresh from Macedon —
Whose thirst for gore no human blood could sate;
Millions he butchered, till the world was won;
And when no kings were left for him to bait,
He wept because his reckless race was run:

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No victims could he find, his rage to glut,
No armies to destroy, no throats to cut.

And one there was whose pride it was to boast
That awe-struck nations trembled at his nod,
And that beneath the trampling of his host
No grass should grow, nor grain spring from the sod
While men in multitudes, to manhood lost,
With shout and cymbal hailed the demi-god:
The demi-devil 't were more fit by far
To name each thirsty thunderbolt of war:

The spoilers of the earth who prowl for prey,
The single Cæsar, and the swarming Hun,
Whose thought is murder, and whose lust of sway
Consumes each lovely land it lights upon —
The burning cities, through each fearful day,
Roll up their volumed smoke to blot the sun:
They strive to hide (but that can never be)
Man's worse than demon deeds from Deity.

* * * * * *

We each look forward to some future good,
And see it plainly through the telescope
Of mental phantasy, which doth intrude
Upon our vision all the hues of hope;
New strength we gain to breast the billows rude,
But with the swelling wave we vainly cope:
Down, down we go — and when we thus descend,
We leave a dozen foes for every friend.

NEW YORK, *July*, 1846. J. W. M.

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WAITING FOR INSPIRATION.

BY A MEMBER OF EMPIRE LODGE.

To SIT and muse, with quill in hand,
And eye in "phrensy rolling,"
While o'er the silent, slumb'ring land,
The midnight hour is tolling:

To conjure up all forms of thought,
The grand, the wild, the gentle —
To see the forms your mind has wrought,
Glide, ghost-like, 'neath the lintel,

Till, by the dim, uncertain light,
Thrown from your sulph'rous taper,
You see a thousand shapes of night
About your table caper:

Such scenes may suit the addled brain
Of some Parnassus climber,
But truly give a deal of pain
To this poor sleepy rhymer.

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I 've dipped, and dipped, and still the ink
Has dried, while thought was busy:
Oh, what a torment 't is to think!
E'en now my brain is dizzy.

I 've ranged the whole creation through,
Each system, sun, and planet;
And where the comet swept the blue,
My laboring thought outran it.

I 've trod the glorious courts of Jove,
I 've "supped with Pluto," even;
But not a subject could I move,
From Hades, Earth, or Heaven.

Then, since the mind is loath to choose,
Though thick with fancies teeming,
I 'll take a nightcap and a snooze,
And try what luck 's in dreaming.

O. J.

NEW YORK, *July*, 1846.

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SHORT PASSAGES FROM A LONG ADDRESS,

BY A MEMBER OF JEFFERSON LODGE.

* * * * Do WE, as Odd-Fellows, exhibit to the world the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship — the all-conquering and universal spirit of LOVE? Do we, amid the strife of business, the turmoil of life, the hue-and-cry of partisans and visionaries, regard those duties toward each other which we have promised always to perform? * * * * It is well enough for us sometimes to analyze our feelings and actions, and to ask ourselves whether we are truly actuated by the promptings of that Love which our lectures and charges illustrate and teach. * * *

All are not Odd-Fellows, in the true sense of that word, who profess to be such. Many — too many — are members of the Order, who disgrace it by their palpable selfishness. They neither befriend nor love any one; but they expect everybody to love and befriend them. From such men nothing can be expected; and *to* such men it is useless to talk of friendship and love. But the true Odd-Fellow knows what is required of him, and strives to per-

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form it. He is often willing to forego an advantage himself, if he may thereby aid or assist his brother.

* * * To these latter we would say, Let not the conduct of the selfish and heartless "Odd-Fellow" discourage you. He has *promised* only; you have accomplished. Men will honor your truth, while they contemn his falsehood; and they will despise him while they respect you. The fact that he is a curse to the Order should make you more eager to prove a blessing to it. * * * How much is there for you to perform! how many objects of sympathy are around you! You have done well in time past. —"Be not weary in well-doing."

It is the duty of Odd-Fellows to illustrate in their lives and conduct the spirit of Charity. Nothing is more incompatible with Odd-Fellowship than selfishness. * *

* * * What is LOVE? what its spirit? It is as mild as an infant's breath, yet resistless as the lightning-shaft; it is gentle as the lamb that licks the hand of its destroyer, yet more controlling and powerful than the elements that rend the mountains. Tempest, earthquake, and fire, were less powerful than the still, small voice, that softly fell on the prophet's ear from the lips of Jehovah. So, the soothing words of kindness and sympathy will melt the heart to tenderness when the tempest of passion shall have spent its violence in vain. LOVE shall conquer, and subdue, and win her trophies, when the earthquake of rage shall have wasted its energies, and the fire of hatred have been for ever quenched.

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* * * * Odd-Fellowship is emphatically a benevolent institution. It teaches the meaning of charity in its broadest sense; and, as members of this fraternity, we should so practise that virtue. It instructs us never to turn a deserving brother away, and it tells us to be merciful and forgiving to all. It requires us to pity and strive to reform an erring brother. "Charity stands among the desolate homes of men, by the poor and the neglected, an angel of light and mercy, always ready to pour the balm of consolation into the bleeding heart."

But while our laws require us to be "men of benevolence and charity," and to do all the good we can to our neighbor, they also teach us that a lodge of Odd-Fellows is not a *merely* benevolent association, in which the relief afforded to brothers is a bestowment of alms. Perhaps this subject has not heretofore been presented even to the brotherhood in this light; and I would therefore beg to impress it on their minds. As Odd-Fellows in good standing, brothers, you are under no obligation to this lodge for what you receive during sickness; for you obtain, in such cases, no more than is strictly and justly your due. Does the merchant who insures his property against loss by water or fire, feel himself under an obligation to the company to whom that insurance is paid? Assuredly not. If his property should be lost or damaged, he receives the amount he has agreed for. So with Odd-Fellows: they insure themselves against destitution in sickness. They pay a certain amount per year for such

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insurance; and when disease overtakes them, they receive that for which they have contracted, and nothing more. Charity, then, as it is understood by the world at large, is not, in that sense, the prominent feature of Odd-Fellowship; and those who, in their public addresses, present it in that light, do great injustice to those brothers who are so unfortunate as to need "benefits."

* * * * The opponents of Odd-Fellowship are not now very bitter in their prejudice. They have seen the *good* this society has effected—and they are dumb. Let us do nothing that may tend to eradicate the good opinion our enemies have been *compelled* to form concerning us. Let us be united in our efforts to give character to the Order; let us, in a word, act as becomes those who have taken on themselves the task of ameliorating, as far as may be, the condition of the human family.

NEW YORK, *August*, 1846.

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REFLECTIONS OVER A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY P. SQUIRES.

Soft be thy rest, thy slumber sweet, my boy;
Drink thou to fulness from the sunny streams
Of life's young spring; and may no base alloy,
No rude alarm, disturb thy cherub joy,
Or call thee from the pleasant land of dreams.

What are the thoughts that swell thy sinless breast?
And what the scenes thy spirit wanders through?
Perchance thou 'rt holding converse with the blest,
The cherub throng, in shining vesture dressed,
And joining their sweet songs, for ever new.

As thus I stand and gaze upon thee now,
And watch upon thy curling lips the smile,
And the deep calm upon thy placid brow—
Whose heart, nor sin, nor grief, nor perjured vow,
Hath known—I fain would cease to breathe awhile,

Lest I should break the silken links that bind
Thy spirit in its cloudless home of light,

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And call thee back again, and thou shouldst find
Each cherished vision fled, and thy young mind
Become a prey to sorrow and to blight.

But thou wilt wake again, and time, ere long,
Unfold its checkered scenes for thee to meet;
And life, which now is like the early song
Of birds, will darken; but if thou art strong
In virtue's cause, God will direct thy feet.

Then slumber on, sweet babe: thou art the care
Of Him whose hand the arching heavens outspread;
Who set the stars on high, and holds them there;
Asleep — awake — he 'll save thee from despair,
And be a flaming shield above thy head.

NEW YORK, *July*, 1846.

THE END.

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